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SKETCHES

BEYOND THE SEA.

By FRANC B. WILKIE,
(“POLIUTO,”)
ans^o 6

Author of “Davenport, Past and Present;” “Walks About Chicago;” “The Chicago Bar,” etc.

SECOND EDITION.

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CHICAGO.

BELFORD. CLARKE & CO.
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P R E F A C E.

The letters which make up this book are a part of those sent to THE CHICAGO TIMES from Europe, during the years 1877 and 1878. They include no portion of the correspondence which related to the Russo-Turkish war, or English politics.

When their issue in their present form was first decided on, it was thought best to modify the views taken of the English people in the earlier portion of the correspondence. It afterwards occurred to the writer that it would be more in accord with the details of the situation to let the letters stand as originally published; because their progress keeps step with the march of one who visits a strange country, encounters first its more repellent qualities, and gradually moves on till one gets face to face with its real, inner life. The letters herewith given are believed to be fairly representative of observations, whose commencement developed a thorough dislike of, and whose end was a hearty regard, and a most substantial respect for, those among whom they were made. It should be noted that the fault-finding, in the case of the English, is confined to what may be termed their external character; and that there is no partisanship in the writer's views, because he has nowhere failed to denounce the weaknesses and follies of his own countrymen whenever the opportunity to do so fairly presented itself.

In Part II., while it is true that there was an excursion party made up substantially as represented, it is also true that the majority of the conversations reported did not occur. The writer, in using the four characters, was governed by a desire to present things from various points of view; such as would naturally be seen by travelers of different ages, sexes, and conditions in life.

For the permission to use these letters in book form, the writer is indebted to Wilbur F. Storey, Esq., editor and proprietor of THE CHICAGO TIMES; a gentleman whose great ability as a journalist, and incessant devotion to his profession, have in no sense impaired the kindness of his nature.

F. B. W.

CHICAGO, March, 1879.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The second edition is herewith presented. The sale of the first edition within a week from the time it left the press, is a compliment from the public for which the author desires to tender his very grateful acknowledgments.

F. B. W.

APRIL, 1879.

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PART I.----ENGLAND.



SKETCHES

BEYOND THE SEA.

LETTER I.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

LONDON, June 25, 1877.

HAVING been here only some three days, I am unprepared to write anything intelligent in reference to the war, or any other subject, in fact. London roars like a hundred Niagaras. The new comer is stunned by the tremendous clamor. It takes a week to become used to this uproar. Meanwhile, thought is suspended, the perceptions are dulled, the senses become as if chloroformed.

A stranger who enters into this diabolical region of racket goes about as helpless as a blind man lost in an interminable forest. I have lost myself at least a thousand times since I have been here. Sometimes others have found me when thus lost, and sometimes I have found myself. Rarely the latter, however, because after having gone up one street and down another, and through four others, and then discovered I was just where I started from, instead of being, as I supposed, two miles away—I have been bothered with the idea that it perhaps might not be myself, but somebody else whom I had found going about thus lost and bewildered. Generally, under such circumstances, I have referred the matter to arbitration—let it out to a policeman.

All this is merely preliminary to saying that, as I as yet have not had time or opportunity to get posted on the war question, or any other of importance, I shall have to devote this letter to

something less complex. There's the ocean voyage, for instance. It has been written about before, perhaps. I think I have somewhere seen something in the public prints about a trip across the ocean; and, if such be the fact, then anything of the kind would not have the charm of complete novelty.

They are pretty much alike, these ocean voyages—as much so, almost, as one trip from Chicago to Omaha is like every other one. There is always the same crowd at the piers at starting. There is the husband who can't go, and his wife who can; and his grief at parting is generally intense in proportion as she is young and handsome, and he reflects upon the awful temptations of the further shores. There is the wife who can't go, and the husband who must. She weeps, but whether from joy or sorrow varies according to circumstances. There was one of those bereft souls at our parting. Her husband stood by the guards throwing yearning glances at her through misty eyes. She had her face buried in a handkerchief, and the handkerchief rested upon the shoulder of a handsome young fellow, who seemed in nowise unhappy at the situation. As I afterward learned from the bereaved husband that it was neither brother nor cousin, but a "friend of mine, a devilish good fellow, you know," I am satisfied that there was one wife who found the separation at least not beyond endurance.

Two-thirds of the men and a certain percentage of the women commence the voyage by ballasting themselves very liberally with stimulants. Why men should get full on this particular occasion, any more than at a wedding or a funeral, or going to take a walk, or planting their mother-in-law, I know not. They do, however, and the result is that "sea-sickness" commences early in the voyage. One passenger was taken down by this malady before we left the dock, while two or three others, having, perhaps, a fear of becoming affected, were helped by sympathizing servants to their state-rooms. In fact, the most of the "sea-sickness" on our trip occurred before we had lost sight of the steeples of New York. One or two young misses left the breakfast table the first morning out with very pale faces and tightly compressed lips; but this was all. The sea was almost as smooth as glass; and, were it not for the absence of the odor, we might have believed ourselves sailing along Chicago River.

On the voyage there are three things for the male passenger to do: To do nothing, to make love, or to drink British ale. Which

is the most demoralizing of the three I am unprepared to say; nor will I assume to advise any one about to cross the ocean as to which of these three rocks it is most desirable, or least undesirable to split upon. The love making is perhaps the most pleasant and exciting while in progress; but then, it is much worse to "get over" than a debauch arising from Allsop or Dry Verzenay. Perhaps the role of doing nothing is the thing, because, while it does not afford any positive pleasure, it has the substantial recommendation that it nowhere affords any supplementary pangs.

The trip was absolutely without incident. We left to the half hour as advertised, and reached Liverpool within an hour of the time that had been set for our arrival. The whole run had the regularity of that of a well-managed railway train.

As this letter is to be devoted wholly to nothing in particular, let me glance over the depot of the Midland Railway, which connects Liverpool with London. It is grand in its proportions, great in its dimensions, and complete in its finish, as appear to be all the railway stations in this country.

What will attract the admiration of any American is the marvelous attention to detail everywhere exhibited. The dining rooms are graded according to the purse of the traveler, as are the cars, into first, second, and third classes. Everywhere are the most scrupulous cleanliness and the most exact order. There is a large wash-room with an abundance of towels, combs, brushes, and other usual supplies.

The water-closets are in ample rooms, with cheerful walls, and are as clean and free from odor as any similar appliance in any private house or hotel in Chicago. Herein our British brethren have it a long way the best of us. There is no excuse for the atrocious water-closets with which the great majority of American railway stations are provided. Their existence shows a most wretched indifference on the part of officials to the comfort of their patrons.

The difference in the two systems of railway management appears to be that among us the official is the magnate, the dignitary, and the public the servant, while here the official is the servant and the public the master. Perhaps the most desirable situation is one located about midway between the two, in which the public and officialism should occupy a common level, while each should compromise between its own dignity and the demands or rights of the others.

This letter may be very stupid, but it shall at least have one merit, that of being short. As soon as I can take the cotton out of my ears and am able to go around a corner without a guide, I may be able to furnish something of more interest. Meanwhile, *vale.*

LETTER II.

A GLANCE AROUND.

LONDON, June 28, 1877.

WHILE the Russians are crossing the Danube and getting their forces in line, preparatory to forcing the Balkan defenses, I may as well fill up the time by handling some commonplace subjects. We Yankees have something to learn from Johnny Bull; and I am proud to say that, in many respects, we are prepared to reciprocate. We know how to keep a hotel, how to check baggage, how to build and run elevators, and how to do a hundred other things concerning which our British cousins have either very limited information or else know absolutely nothing.

Wherein those differences lie, and what their character, may perhaps be best shown by touching here and there upon a few, things familiar to both countries. Many of the comforts of life differences in peoples, and characteristics of nations are made up of comparatively little things, a few of which are herewith presented.

The most intolerable crucifixion which an American has to undergo is at the hands of the English barber. He is not a barber, however; he is a "hair dresser"; but he adds shaving, or skinning, faces to his multifarious accomplishments. In one shop, after an attendant had taken some of the hair and most of the skin from my jaws and throat, he inquired with all the vigor of a Chicago operator about to dispose of a piece of real estate, if I did not want my corns pared or removed. Upon answering him that I was just out of corns, he proposed to clean my teeth. To this I demurred, on the ground that I was thinking some of buying a tooth-brush and going into the business on my own account. Not yet repressed, he contemplated the patches of gore

on my face,—produced by his razor,—and proposed to sell me a bottle of wash which was a sure cure for all such lacerations. "Mangling done here" should be the legend written over every English barber shop. The chair is an ordinary low, cheap, modern affair with arms, and a narrow head rest, which seems rather more designed for breaking the neck than supporting the head. But it's all right and logical. A man, even though an Englishman, can't do everything well. If he excel in cutting corns or cleaning teeth, he cannot be expected to excel in shaving. Life is too short for the complete acquisition of all these accomplishments. The manipulation of corns requires an artistic mind—one too lofty and too ethereal to ever fully master the coarse and vulgar details of shaving a face. Yankees coming here will do well enough to bring their corns, but, if they cannot shave themselves, they had better leave their faces at home.

I am about to relate something which will be regarded in Chicago as a scandalous exaggeration.

Passing down Chancery lane a couple of mornings ago, I saw a drunken man. The sight of a drunken man in this great metropolis is not so singular as to deserve special mention; but this is not all there is of it. He was engaged in an altercation with a policeman, was this inebriated Briton. He called the municipal guardian some hard names, did this obfuscated Englishman. He went further; he struck out from the shoulder,—somewhat unsteadily, it is true,—and "landed one" on the policeman's "bread basket."

Now, what was done by this insulted and outraged policeman? I hear this answer from distant Chicago:

"First, he took the offender by the collar and mopped a couple of square rods of the street with him.

"Then he tore off his clothes, except a piece of his shirt and a remnant of one stocking.

"Then he went at him with his club, smashed his jaw, broke his skull, flattened his nose, and reduced the number of his front teeth.

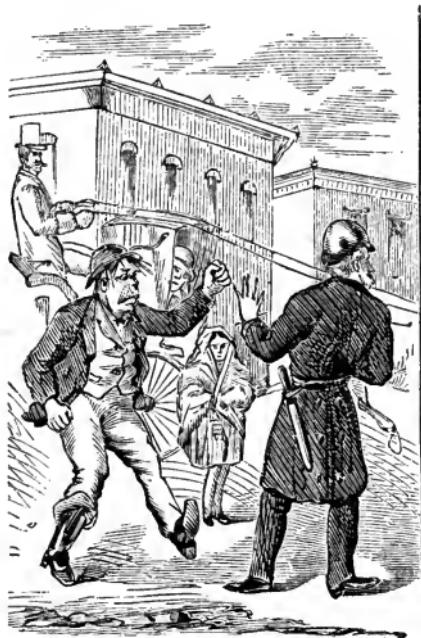
"After this he took him by the legs and dragged him to the station, where he was rammed into a cell and allowed to remain in gore and unconsciousness till the next morning."

Ah, no, Chicago, that won't do. You are judging things over here from your own standpoint. You are all wrong. Nothing of the kind occurred. The policeman simply put out his hand and

gave the fellow a slight push, which sent him off the sidewalk into the street.

This is grossly improbable, I know, and I dislike to state it to an intelligent Chicago public. It is, however, not so improbable as what I have yet to state. For pushing the man into the street the policeman was arrested, and the next morning was fined by the magistrate!

Roars of incredulous laughter from every voting precinct in Chicago.



LONDON.



CHICAGO.

The London policemen are not so fine in their physique as our Chicago guardians—who, by the way, are probably the finest appearing body of men in the world. But the London policeman, although rarely a giant, has some compensating traits. He can be found occasionally when he is wanted. He is always civil when applied to for information. He is not hampered by the interests of ward politics. In fine, his life is so arranged that he has some little time each day to devote to his business as a policeman. Upon the whole, I think he has an occasional point of superiority over the average policeman of the States.

We will tally one on barbers, while Johnny Bull may take a

mark on policemen. On hackmen, the score is certain to go against us. Nobody here, on reaching a depot, would mistake a hack driver for an Indian howling through some fantastic war dance. He never shakes a whip at you, or seizes upon your luggage, or yells in your ear, or floods your face with the fumes of a tobacco-laden breath. He doesn't stamp, spit, or swear or gesticulate. An American wouldn't know him without a letter of introduction. The hacks are drawn up in a line, and the drivers sit quietly upon their seats. An official inquires as to the kind of vehicle the passenger wishes, and then he is led to the foremost one in the line. He enters this and is driven away, the whole affair occupying but a moment, and not attended with any noise or altercation.

Of course, it is scarcely to be expected that the free-born sovereign who bosses a hack in our glorious land would ever consent to submit to any such slavish regulations. Still, if his free and soaring soul would consent to come down to the level of the British hackman, it would be an enormous comfort to the American traveler. This, however, is too much to ask. Let us wait, and meanwhile continue to suffer. We cannot consent to adopt the examples of the effete despotisms of the Old World.

It is a very common idea or belief on our side of the water that living is much cheaper in England than in America. Whatever may be the fact elsewhere, it is certain that London is far more expensive in this respect than either Chicago or New York.

The hotels here charge from five to ten dollars a day for accommodations which are in nowise comparable to those furnished by American hotels of equal pretensions. At a restaurant the cheapest kind of a dinner of two courses costs about a dollar. Several of these places advertise what they term two shilling six penny dinners, and which looks on the face to be very reasonable—being only about sixty-five cents in American money. But when the customer comes to settle he finds a charge of fifteen cents for "attendance," and something else for other matters, which, with the gratuity to the waiter, will bring the cost of the whole to about one dollar.

A small bedroom costs about four dollars a week, and this only on the upper floors. On the lower floors the cost of a bedroom with a small sitting room is from twelve to twenty dollars a week. To this outlay must be added the cost of omnibuses or other form of travel, because nobody lives in the city proper.

Everybody does business in the city and lives in some one of the suburbs or additions.

Wherever one lives, whether in hotels or in lodgings, he never knows what his expenses are until he comes to settle. Extras seem to form no inconsiderable stock in trade of the thrifty Englishman. The soap is extra, the towels are extra, the light is extra, boots are extra, until in settling an account the extras become the bill, and the regular charges are a comparatively insignificant element in the transaction. It is pretty nearly safe to estimate that extras will nearly or quite double the original amount of the agreement.

In some respects clothing is somewhat cheaper than at home. A fair, substantial business suit can be had, made to order, for about twenty dollars in gold. Finer goods cost about the same, while gloves are scarcely more than half what they are in the States. Upon the whole, one can dress more cheaply here than at home, but in other respects the cost of living is from one-third to one-half more.

In some of the hotels in London they have introduced the elevator, known here as the "lift." If a person has all day to go from the top of a hotel to the bottom, or *vice versa*, the "lifts" are a good thing—otherwise not. Once in them, it requires a good deal of nice calculation and close observation to know whether or not they are in motion; and if so, whether they are going up or down. When at the Charing Cross Hotel, I made one or two pilgrimages in the "lift," but had to give it up, lest during some one of the journeys peace would be declared in Turkey and the armies all disbanded before I should get up or down where I could hear of it. The individual who is the engineer on this particular "lift" is as deliberate and immovable as the machine. I said to him:

"This is a very slow 'lift.' Now I can tell you how you can get people up and down much faster."

He looked very much astonished, as if the idea of going any faster were preposterous and absurd. Finally, after pondering over the matter a few moments, he said:

"'Ow?"

"Well, you can do it by anchoring the 'lift' and then raising and lowering the rest of the hotel."

He looked at me with a sort of dumb astonishment for a while, and then, failing to comprehend, he evidently put me down as a

crazy "furriner," and wrapped himself in a contemptuous reserve.

Speaking of "furriners" reminds me that one morning on the steamer I asked the waiter, an unmistakable Briton, if the eggs were fresh. He said they were not. Why?

"Cos furrin heggis isn't to be depended on, you knaaaw."

Further inquiry revealed the fact that the supply of "heggis" on board was of American origin. My patriotic instincts outraged by this indirect insult to the American flag, I queried:

"Look here! Do you mean to insinuate that American hens can't lay fresh eggs?"

Just then he conveniently had a call to another part of the saloon; but I am satisfied from his appearance as he left that he *does* believe the American hen utterly incapable of laying an egg less than from two to five weeks old.

So much for British prejudice against "furriners."

LETTER III.

IN EDINBURGH TOWN.

LONDON, July 14, 1877.

ALTHOUGH this letter is dated London, it will mainly have reference to some features connected with a late, brief visit to Scotland. My correspondence * from Edinburgh was so much taken up with Pan-Presbyterianism that much else of interest was not made a matter of notice.

One of the very first things which will present itself to one who goes from England to Scotland, or *vice versa*, is the marked difference in the sociability of the people on both sides of the dividing line. I had an excellent and characteristic illustration of this difference in my journey between the English and Scotch capitals.

At King's Cross Station, London, I found an unoccupied compartment, of which I took possession. Just before the train started, a young Englishman made his entrance, escorted by the guard, and from some remarks he made to the other, I infer-

*Omitted.

red that he was laboring under a high pressure of disgust at his inability to secure a compartment all to himself. He gave me a slight glance, and took the corner furthest from mine, and thenceforth he devoted himself to making himself supremely alone. He turned his back to me, glued his face to the opposite window, and steadily peered at nothing out in the darkness. His position was an exceedingly uncomfortable one; and as he evidently took it in order to avoid the possibility of speaking, or being spoken to, I felt somewhat sorry for him, especially as I entertained no conversational designs whatever in reference to him.

We made occasional stops. Whenever we began to "slow down" for a halt, he would apparently be seized by the dreadful apprehension that I might ask him what station it was, or how far it was to somewhere, or some other equally frightful interrogatory. To avoid such a dire calamity, he would drop the



A SOCIALE BRITON.

glass, thrust himself far outside the car, exposing only a broad, substantial British base, supported by a pair of sturdy legs; and would thus remain until the train, having gotten under full motion, the danger of a remark had passed away.

Just after daylight he left. Not a word had passed between us. He left with the supreme satisfaction of knowing that the beautiful chastity of English reserve had not been damaged by any illicit or any other kind of intercourse with a stranger. He was as happy as must have been some Sabine virgin who was overlooked in the fierce raid that bore away her shrinking and shrieking sisters.

A half hour later we crossed the Tweed and were in Scotland. At Brunswick, there entered my compartment a young, handsome, intelligent Scotsman, who was about the same age as my companion of the night. He said "Gude mornin'" in a hearty, good-natured way; and, five minutes later, we were conversing as glibly and as unaffectedly as if we had known each other for months. He knew all the proprietors by whose beautiful domains we were passing; he knew the name of every rock, ruined church, tower, castle, villa, and village; and all these he gave me in response to my questions, or volunteered information when I could think of no questions to ask.

The difference between my two traveling acquaintances is exactly the difference between the English and Scotch character in respect of sociability, geniality, and a regard for the comfort of others. With but a single brief card of introduction to a resident of Edinburgh, I made more acquaintances during my stay there of a week than I probably will make in England in five years—were my banishment to extend over so long a period.

Coming from Edinburgh to London I was fortunate enough to have for my companion a large and wealthy manufacturer from Glasgow. A more genial gentleman I have rarely met. The very least that I could promise him when we parted was that I would find time to spend a week with him, at his country residence, in one of the most romantic portions of Scotland.

I do not flatter myself that the treatment I received was wholly from compliment to my nationality—although it is a fact that the Scotch are very favorably disposed toward America and Americans, while precisely the reverse seems to be the case in England. I heard but one thing charged against America in Scotland, and that is the character of our tariff laws. This is a grievance among the manufacturers, and one which they omit no opportunity of bringing to the front. So far as I could I applied balm to their wounds, by assuring them that the great

party of the future, as it once was of the past, is the democratic party, every member of which is pledged to absolute free trade, and with a tendency even to pay a small premium to encourage the import of the better class of foreign goods. If I did not relieve them wholly, I at least left them hopeful for the future, and the success of the democratic party.

Speaking of American goods, there are evidences everywhere of American push, energy, and success that are highly gratifying. I see our reapers in every meadow and wheat-field wherever I go into the country. A Grand Rapids man came on the same steamer that I did, and although it has been less than four weeks since landing he has disposed of a very large number of forks, shovels, and the like, which he brought with him, and has taken orders for all he can supply for a long time to come.

"Oh, what lovely beef," said an American lady at the Balmoral Hotel in Edinburgh, one day at dinner. "Why can't we have such beef at home? And the mutton we get here—its just perfectly lovely! I've heard so often of Scotch mutton; but I had no idea that it is so superior!"

Hereupon, having previously posted myself, I proceeded to inform my fair compatriot that every pound of beef and mutton she had ever eaten in Edinburgh was American; and that Edinburgh is as much dependent upon America for its supply of beef as Chicago is upon Lake Michigan for its water.

Such is the fact. I am not in possession of statistics as to the trade in American meats, but I believe that Edinburgh alone consumes some many car-loads each week of American beef and mutton. A very large trade in canned American meats is carried on, not only in Great Britain but in every state in continental Europe. I cannot now go into this matter of American goods to any considerable extent. I will only say that the American "drummer," or commercial traveler, is about as common here as he is in any part of the country surrounding Chicago.

I am not going to bore *The Times* with any guide-book description of Edinburgh. I did not have time to take in the town. I climbed up to the castle, of course, and from its lofty battlements took in one of the loveliest scenes ever spread out on the surface of this dull earth. I visited a dilapidated old court, in which Sir Walter Scott used to come of an afternoon to gossip and sip his whisky. I stood for a moment in front of John Knox's house—a quaint old structure, whose overhanging upper story

suggested somehow the massive forehead of the great reformer. I stood a moment in a paved court-yard, where a small square plate with the letters I K is believed to indicate the spot beneath which, for so many generations, his ashes have rested.

I took in Holyrood palace; lingered for a few moments in its roofless chapel; strolled through the bed-room of the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots; inspected her supper-room, in which the brutal Darnley and his co-assassins seized the miserable Rizzio and stabbed him as they dragged him from the presence of his shrieking mistress; and I even tried to discover the stain of blood where he fell and breathed out his soul. In this I was unfortunate; and assuring my guide that I hoped he would kill another sheep and renew the blood before I should come again, I left — left one of the most interesting places connected with the history of Scotland.

I saw a few other things which I need not describe; but I may say that, if there be anywhere in the world a more charming city than Edinburgh, I have never seen it. It is not, however, a business place of any great importance or enterprise. The shops are rarely opened before ten o'clock in the morning; and then it is apparently done more from habit than from any expectation of doing business. The great publishing houses of the city, once so famous, have become dwarfed by the enterprise of London, or they have disappeared. Glasgow is now the great manufacturing city of Scotland, as well as its principal seaport. Edinburgh's merchants, however, are wealthy and do not require a heavy business to meet their wants. There is accumulated in the city the wealth of generations. There is no need for exertion among its residents. Even its laborers move about and handle their barrows and picks more as if they were doing it to pass time than from any motives relating to bread or earning their wages.

There is one peculiarity about the locality which I had not expected, and which I had never heard mentioned. This is the shortness of the nights. I frequently wrote in my room till half past nine in the evening without artificial light. It was not fairly dark till after ten o'clock, and daylight began to dawn at half-past one to two in the morning. Of course this is owing to the place being so far north; and equally, of course, the exact reverse is true during the winter season.

All the faces that one sees among the Scotch are characterized

by a marvelous shrewdness. This indicates a real trait in the character of the people. It is said, and I have reason to believe in its truthfulness, that not a single trader of that class of operators commonly known as "Jews" is able to do business in Edinburgh, owing to the superior sagacity of the native residents. Even the mendicants have a facial expression as if they were engaged in studying the best method of making a financial investment, or of calculating the interest upon a sum of money yet to be gained. While the faces of the Scotch are rarely handsome, they are invariably strong, indicating great power and self-reliance.

The first night after my arrival, I strolled into the smoking-room of the Balmoral to enjoy a pipe. Close by where I seated myself were three persons at a table, who were sipping whisky and water with infinite enjoyment, and whose loud tones and jolly laughter satisfied me that the present bowl was not their first by half a dozen.

Discovering me, they discovered a Yankee, and forthwith, in their good nature, resolved on a little amusement.

"How very singular," said one in a broad Scotch accent which I won't attempt to reproduce—"How disorderly America is. Now in the Highlands there hasn't been a man hung in forty years."

As he looked at me very pointedly as he spoke, and as the others seemed to be watching the effect of his words, I saw that a foreigner was attempting to pull down the American flag, and at once I rallied to its defense.

"How strange!" I remarked—"Is it because you can't catch them?"

"No, it's"—he burst out, but I calmly interrupted him, and proceeded:

"Or perhaps, it's the same as where I live, in a place called Chicago, in America. There hasn't been a man hanged there for ten years, but there's a — many of them who ought to be."

"I tell you no! It's"—he roared out, but I hadn't finished my discourse, and taking the floor, I proceeded:

"Or may be it's the same as in the case of our American Indians, who seem very like the Highlanders. They both wear breech-clouts, have bare legs, steal cattle, wear bright colors, stick feathers in their hat, and fill their belts full of knives and pistols. We rarely hang these Indians, although they are very

disorderly, and commit a great many murders. We don't hang them because we regard them as savages, and don't hold them amenable to the same laws that we do the civilized races. Perhaps this will account, also for there not having been any hanging in the Highlands for so many years."

The individual who had taken a pull at the American flag was a small man with a flat, bald head. When I had finished, he rose, and unsteadily, but with immense dignity, and evidently in high dudgeon, left the room. He was accompanied by one of the others, who, also, departed in evident ill-humor. The third one remained. He was a paunchy man, with protruding, saucer-like eyes, puffed, cheesy face, and a head surmounted by gray-white hair. He was a good-natured looking chap, who seemed rather pleased at the turn matters had taken.

"D—n it, mon," said he, "that's a Highland chief you were talking to. But you served him right. Gie me yer haun!"

I gied him my haun, and we shook cordially. We sat around for an hour or two. He told many very juicy and very improper stories, and interlarded their recital with many a strange oath. About 2 A. M., by the assistance of a couple of waiters, he went to his room, cursing vigorously that "last glass of whisky," without which he would "have been all right."

The next day I went up to the convention. I gained a seat among the press people and began looking around to see what kind of a crowd was present, when suddenly I was caught by something in the appearance of a delegate who sat in one of the very front seats. He was a large man whose hands were clasped devoutly across his ample paunch. A pair of gold-bowed spectacles covered a pair of blue, saucer-like eyes. His face was puffed and beery in hue. His gray-white hair stood straight up over his forehead. He had on a white choker, and on his face there rested a profound, imperturbable solemnity exceeding anything which the imagination could reproduce. His eyes were fixed intently on the speaker, and his ears seemed to drink in every word of a speech which was half Latin, and otherwise as dry and unintelligible as a Chaldaic oration. No more dignified, devout, grave, serene, imposing man was in all that gathering of delegates.

While thus staring at him, with a vague idea that I somewhere had seen him before, he suddenly turned his head a little, and his gaze rested on me. It remained there a moment; and then,

without the slightest interruption in the solemnity of his visage, there was a perceptible dropping of his left eyelid, and a corresponding rise, on the same side, of a corner of his mouth.

At once recognition came over me like a sudden burst of sunshine out of a dark cloud. It was my jolly companion of the night before.

A few moments after he looked at me intently, and then went out. I took the hint, and followed. We met on the sidewalk. "D—d hot and dry in there," said he, as with an air of relief he took off his gold-bowed specs, and put them in his pocket. "Let's go somewhere and get a nip!" said he, and we went. A "nip" is Scotch for a half drink of whisky; and a half drink here is from four to six American drinks.

I had a great deal of curiosity relative to the Edinburgh newspapers, and I took the time to go through all of them and to inform myself as to their operations, cost of management, and the like.

Edinburgh has three morning dailies and one evening issue. The last named is *The News*; the others *The Review*, *The Courant*, and *The Scotsman*. The latter is the leading newspaper in news, profit, energy, and circulation in Scotland. Like all the others, it is a Presbyterian organ, and represents the liberal party in politics. *The Courant* is the tory sheet, and is a very old journal, having been established in 1705. *The Review* is rather independent and newsy, leaning somewhat to personality, sensationalism, and head-lines—a faint imitation of the American type of newspaper. *The Scotsman*, however, is to Scotland much what the London *Times* is to England. It is a quarto, like *The Chicago Times*, with the same number of columns, which, however, are wider. Like *The Times*, on Saturdays it issues an extra sheet as a supplement. Its average circulation is sixty-five thousand; and its annual profits reach the comfortable figure of \$100,000.

It is printed upon the Walter press, and employs three of these to work off its edition. The minimum performance of each of these presses is thirteen thousand an hour, but I was assured by the manager that, under wholly favorable circumstances, twenty thousand an hour could be accomplished. Each machine has two folders attached, and each takes the dry paper from the roll and dampens it by passing it over a roller, whose surface, covered with coarse cloth, is wetted by steam, which is admitted to the center of the cylinder. The presses work exquisitely, but

are noisy beyond all conception. In no part of the press-room is conversation, except by signs, at all possible.

In the composition of the paper about seventy-five men are engaged, or about the same number as is required by *The Chicago Times*. These men receive thirteen cents per thousand "ens" for day work and fifteen cents for the same amount for night work. The paper used is a strong, clear, white article, and costs from five to six cents a pound, with five per cent. off.

As is the case with all the leading papers of Great Britain, *The Scotsman* has what is termed a private wire, which connects it with the British capital. It ends in the room of the telegraph editor, and has operators who are furnished by the company who owns the wire. It is not, as its name would indicate, the property of the newspaper. It is put up by a company, and is rented to *The Scotsman* during certain hours—that is to say, from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M. During this period the paper has the exclusive use of the wire; and for such use it pays £3,500, or \$17,500 a year.

In addition to this, *The Scotsman* pays from three hundred to five hundred dollars a month for specials from various portions of the country. This amount represents a good deal of news, for the reason that telegraph news from any part of the kingdom costs only twenty-five cents per one hundred words during the day, and seventy-five words during the night.

This paper, containing an average of sixteen to twenty columns of advertising, seven of market and commercial matters, four to six of telegraph, and the remainder filled with editorial and miscellany, is sold on the streets at two cents. The wholesale price is one and one-half cents a number—a figure which does not admit of a very large profit on the circulation. The paper, however, has no middlemen between itself and the newsdealers. It supplies them direct, as if *The Chicago Times* were to take orders direct from dealers at Rockford, Beloit, and other places. I found that *The Scotsman* had formerly disposed of its issue according to the American system, but had finally abandoned it, because the present method is found to work perfectly well, besides affording a large additional profit.

The management of the journal, like the system everywhere in the kingdom, is dual,—there being an editor, who controls the literary department, and a manager, who has charge of everything else. Editorial writing is rarely done in the office except in the case of what is done by the editor. Other editorials are

furnished from the outside by men who may or may not have a permanent connection with the paper. And here may be noted the somewhat queer fact that editorials are required to be of a certain length. They may overrun, but they must not fall short. Hence it is that everywhere in Scotch and English newspapers the editorial articles are almost invariably about three-fourths of a column in length.

In stereotyping, the machinery and other appliances are inferior to what we have in Chicago. In casting the plate, the inner surface is ribbed to the height of about one-eighth of an inch. These ribs are about two inches apart, and cross the plate from side to side. Their advantage is that the plate requires less metal, and in planing the inner surface of the plate only the ribs have to be "evened," which is done by a half revolution of a cutting edge. If I remember correctly, in the American system the planing is done by revolving chisels, carried forward on a screw, and some little time is required for the operation. A ribbed plate is planed in less than a second. In all other respects our mechanical system is very much more complete.

The various offices in the building occupied by *The Scotsman* are models of beauty and taste. The carpets are specially woven for each room, and differ in design, while all have some apposite reference to the location. The windows are beautifully stained, and the furniture is massive, rich, and at once most convenient and luxurious.

The cheapness at which the paper is sold and the comparative smallness—sixty-five thousand—of *The Scotsman* circulation may give birth to some astonishment at the comparatively great magnitude of the yearly profits—one hundred thousand dollars—were it not that the small cost of composition and of telegraph news forms a partial explanation of the problem. A complete explanation will be found when it is known that the rates of advertising are about twice as high as in Chicago.

I may add that the office sends out every morning a special newspaper train which goes to Glasgow. It thus supplies not only the west of Scotland, but it intercepts all morning trains running north and south, and thus reaches every part of Scotland within two or three hours after publication.

As I was shown through *The Scotsman* building, I gave in every instance the corresponding methods of doing the same things in the office of *The Chicago Times*. The enormous engines, the vast

boilers, the duplicate system of machinery, the elevators, pneumatic tubes, and electric calls were, to them, all novelties. At the urgent request of the manager, I gave him drawings of the pneumatic tubes, the "headers" in the stereotype department, and of some other features which attracted his attention. It is quite possible that some of these features of *The Times* will be introduced at once into the leading newspaper in Scotland.

That *The Times* is doing a missionary work is shown in the fact that, when taking leave of the manager and thanking him for his courtesy and information, he assured me that the obligation was the other way, as *The Times* had given *The Scotsman* more information than *The Scotsman* had *The Times*. While this may be in part a compliment, in the main it expresses his honest convictions.

LETTER IV.

A FEW HOURS IN PARLIAMENT.

LONDON, July 21, 1877.

NIIGHT before last, through the influence of a member of Parliament, to whom I have letters, I secured exceptionally good seats in the House of Commons and that of Lords. In both I happened to be present when the Eastern question came up in various shapes, and therefore had a very fair opportunity to judge the merits of the two parties. Whatever may be said of the amount of brains on either side, it is certain that the drill, the cohesion, are with the war party. They were readiest with their remarks, more concentrated in their movements, and more enthusiastic in their action than the opposition. The "hear, hear!" from the war partisans were concentrated as though uttered by one voice and animated by one purpose, while those on the other side were scattering, and not at all indicative of a mutual and thorough agreement. It was artillery fire on the one side, and on the other the dropping shots of independent skirmishers. In this condition of things is exemplified the actual condition of the two parties.

In order not to make this letter too tedious it may be well to give the readers of *The Times*, who may not have an opportunity

of seeing for themselves, a brief sketch of what I saw in and about the House of Parliament. Let me, then, first glance briefly at the Commons.

It requires some influence to get into the houses, as the public is not regarded here as of very great consequence except in the abstract. Policemen are at the outer door, along the hall, at the foot and top of the stairway leading to the floor on which the two houses or halls are situated. Once on this landing, one finds himself in a large arched hall, from which passages lead in all directions. Two of the broadest of them lead in opposite directions—the one to the House of Commons and the other to the House of Lords.

A stranger, if he be decent in appearance, can get as far as this central hall or rotunda without difficulty. Three doors, on the one side, and a small army of helmeted policemen in blue, separate him from the Commons, and, on the other, the same obstacles bar his progress to the Lords. Only officials, or spectators with orders, are allowed to pass.

I sent in a card to my friend, and, a few moments later, I was tucked under his arm, and we passed the first line of police and the first door. Soon a second door and more policemen, and then another arched rotunda, with passages leading to committee rooms, library, and other rooms more directly intended for the use of the Commons. Directly across from the large folding-doors through which we entered is another pair of large folding-doors, which open into the hall occupied by the members. This rotunda seems a sort of lounging room for members, pages, and the like, and has at every exit the inevitable policeman.

It was nearly 4 p. m. when we entered this room, and almost immediately after a stalwart policeman roared out: "Hats off! Make way for the honorable Speaker!" Instantly two lines were formed by the people between a side door and the entrance to the main hall, and every head was uncovered. I was so astounded by the announcement and the quick falling into line that I scarcely took in a procession which came from the side room, moved at a swift pace between the human walls, and then disappeared in the hall of the Commons. I think that the procession was headed by a gorgeous individual, who wore plush knee-breeches, a swallow-tailed scarlet coat, with brass buttons, a white wig, who had a red, bulbous nose, and who carried at "present arms" a club, knotty and bulbous at one end, like his

nose, and gilded till it looked like solid gold. Behind this gorgeous skirmisher—he is the mace-bearer, I think—came the main body, which consisted of a small man, who bent forward as he walked, who had on his head and hanging down his shoulders and covering his ears, what seemed a sheep-skin, with the front cut out so as to show his face. He had on a black gown with an enormously long trail which was tenderly borne, at a respectful distance in the rear, by a solemn young man in black tights, a cocked hat and a sword. Behind him was the chaplain, also with sheepskin and gown, but whether somebody bore his trail, in my confusion I failed to notice. A clerk or two followed, all be-gowned and be-sheepskinned like their predecessors, and then the weird procession vanished.

It came so suddenly, passed so quickly, was so astounding in appearance, and disappeared so instantly, that sometimes I think it must all have been a marvellous dream.

My friend very kindly secured me a seat just over the main seats, so that I had an excellent view of the hall. Unlike our Representative Hall, there are no desks. A wide aisle runs through the center of the hall. The seats are long benches running parallel with this aisle and each rising above the other toward the sides. Thus the members, when seated, all face the aisle, and exhibit only their profiles to the Speaker, who sits in the center of the aisle at the end opposite the main entrance.

Every member has his hat on, except when entering or leaving the room or addressing the Speaker—that is to say, he can keep it on if he so elects. The most of them did so elect during my visit, and, as the room was quite warm, the operation could not have been a very comfortable one. This absurd custom goes to show how closely our English cousins are attached to precedent. They wear their hats simply because their fathers did, and their children will wear their hats for the same reason.

To the right of the Speaker were the conservatives, to the left was the opposition. On a bench immediately at his right were the heads of the various bureaus of administration. They were there in order to reply to such questions as might be put to them by the House. These questions, by the way, are all printed on a sheet, which is a programme of the work of a day's session. The intention to ask any of the ministers a question on any subject is always embodied in a notice at some previous meeting, so that the party to be questioned has time to frame a reply.

In this process are seen some of the workings of a responsible ministry—a something which we may yet find it advisable to come to in order to amend our defective form of administration. It is as if Evarts, Schurz, Sherman, and the remainder of the cabinet were to appear before the House each day and answer such interrogatories as might be put to them by the members. Fancy Belknap coming up daily and being questioned on the sale of sutlerships; or Robeson to answer concerning repairs of rotten steamers, or the letting of timber contracts. It is certain that under such constant supervision and examination, maladministration and malversation such as have disgraced our country during the last decade, would be unknown.

I saw several notabilities in the House—Gladstone, Fawcette, the blind member; Sir Charles Dilke, Gathorne Hardy, Major O'Gorman, and many others—whom in some future letter I may find room to sketch. I pass them for the present in order to notice a more famous character than all of them—second to no one in Europe in statecraft unless it be Bismark—the lately created Earl of Beaconsfield, better known, however, as Disraeli. Hearing that the Prime Minister was to speak, I left the House of Commons, and upon the order of a noble Lord, was finally admitted, along with a select few, into the “strangers' gallery” of the House of Lords. The hall employed by the Lords is substantially like that of the Commons in its shape and furniture. The news that Disraeli was to speak filled all the seats belonging to members; and all other points where he could be seen and heard were crowded by members from the other house.

I did not need to be told which of all the men below me was the famous Prime Minister. On the front bench, in nearly the center of the hall, sat a figure in black, in whose motionless attitude, swart face, and Hebrew cast of countenance I at once recognized the famous Tory leader. He was the most marked and striking figure in the house. His features are large; his face smoothly shaven and dark; his expression a dull, sullen immobility. This sullenness of his swarthy features is intensified by his raven black hair, worn long, and cut squarely around the neck. His forehead is wide and high; his perceptive organs prominent, giving him a strong intellectual appearance, and which is added to rather than detracted from by his broad, massive jaws—indicating intellect backed or reinforced by enormous physical powers.

For a long time he sat on the bench with one leg crossed over the other, head bowed a little forward, and motionless as if cast in bronze, save a twisting in and out of each other of his white, shapely, slender hands. I may except another motion, but which was so slight as to escape notice, unless one like myself were watching him with close attention. This was in his eyelids. They are very large, and drop over his eyes like two great curtains. Ordinarily they were down, concealing the whole eye; but now and then they would rise quickly for a short distance, and a thin background of intense black would flash out upon the audience. Until he rose to speak, had it not been for this nervous twisting and untwisting of his fingers, and the occasional raising of his eyelids, he might have passed for a chiseled marble, or a casting of sternest bronze.

Whether he were posing or not, I cannot say; but even if he were, he shows himself an artist of the highest power. Nothing could have been arranged more striking, nothing which so bristled with salient points and mysterious suggestions. He sat there displaying power in his heavy physique and unbroken repose. One who saw him, saw not only suggestions of power, but of secrecy, dark and unyielding as that of the grave. Not only these, but cunning, thoughtfulness, endurance, obstinacy; and everywhere a mysterious something which defies reading, which makes the face enigmatical, sphinx-like, and renders abortive all attempts to penetrate through the swart and sullen mask, and read what lies beneath.

When he rose to speak he seemed to be a powerful figure, a little above the medium stature. He wore a frock coat, buttoned about his waist, and which displayed to good advantage a strong rather than a graceful figure. There was a table in front of him, and to this he walked, so that he stood with a half-face to the Speaker. He commenced his address in a low, but yet not indistinct, and withal a rather musical voice. His head was thrown forward, his eyes were fixed on the table, and his manner was singularly hesitating. He appeared laboring under a painful embarrassment. His voice had a tremor in it; he seemed to stumble over a word here and to catch at some other one there. His hands and arms were incessant in a species of nervous shifting. The fingers would rest for a moment on the table. Then the arms would be clasped behind his back, only to remain there a second before swinging by his side, or being moved forward again to rest upon the table.

He was as uneasy with his feet and legs as with his hands. He moved at first incessantly—now forward, now back, then poised upon one leg and then upon the other. He was so uneasy; he so twisted, and swung, and rocked; his utterance was so broken and so hesitating, that one might almost fancy that he was about to break down.

Nevertheless, all this time it was the eye and ear which took in these developments. Beneath the senses was a conviction that all this was of no account, and that despite them he was moving forward swiftly and irresistibly. And such was the case. His ideas were clear, logical in their arrangement, and his words fitted to each other like the jewels in a diamond cluster. By degrees, the apparent nervousness, hesitancy and indecision disappeared. The feet became immovable; the shifting motion of



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the arms gradually grew into quiet but artistic gestures; the twisting of the body into a swaying motion full of power, deference, yet dignified and graceful. The heavy head was thrown back; the sullen, motionless features became lighted up and permeated by a flexible mobility; the broad eyelids rolled up, and the great eyes flashed out with a sombre brilliancy.

He spoke for nearly an hour. It was only upon some unimportant matter—a vote of censure by the Commons upon an appointment he had made of a Mr. Pigott to the head of some minor department. Nevertheless, he held his auditory intact. If he can do so well upon so insignificant a topic, what can he not do when handling any of greater importance?

To-day he is one of the shrewdest, most ambitious and most powerful men in Europe. Despite his age—he is now about seventy years—he is as ambitious as when, many years ago, after failing miserably in his maiden effort in Parliament, he defiantly informed his jeering auditory that they would one day listen to him, and that he should one day succeed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, is the one who answered for the government, in the House of Commons, when pressed by the questions of Messrs. Fawcette and others as to the intentions of the government during the adjournment. He spoke evidently from inspiration afforded him by the Prime Minister; and, from the tenor of his remarks, he is, at least officially, in entire harmony with the chief of the cabinet. This harmony is almost or quite a matter of course, so far as it relates to official utterances. As to private opinion, it is hinted that the Chancellor is not at all a believer, at least, in the “manifest destiny” of the Oriental races. He may share the belief that the capture, or even temporary occupation, of Constantinople by the Russians would be inimical to British interests, but he certainly goes no further.

In fact, his personal appearance will at once negative any suspicions of any Shemitic tendencies such as control his leader. He is in every possible particular the exact opposite of Disraeli. He is a blond of the purest type, with a long, abundant beard of a rich yellow, and thick hair to match. He is almost pale as to complexion, and with his blue eyes, substantial figure and open face, he contrasts remarkably with the smoothly-shaven, swarthy-faced, raven-haired Prime Minister. As a speaker he is just as remote from the other. Disraeli, although somewhat awkward, and seemingly to some extent embarrassed at the outset of his speaking, soon becomes self-poised, collected, graceful. Northcote, however, is awkward, stuttering, hesitating, at the beginning, middle and end of all his speeches. He leans with his hands upon the table in front of him, bends ungracefully forward, and accentuates his remarks by pushing himself forward

in a stiff and unpleasant manner. Every word he utters is bridged to the next word by an "aw-aw" of several spans in length, and whose enunciation is singularly harsh and disagreeable. His ideas, however, are good, when he succeeds in delivering himself of them; and his statements, when the "aws" are dropped out and the files have closed up, are found to be a strong and handsome presentation.

LETTER V.

ENGLISH ORATORY.

LONDON, July 26, 1877.

TMUST say that, as a general thing, I like the English style of oratory as exhibited in Parliament. There is no spread-eagleism. A speaker does not saw the air, or howl, or stride up and down the aisles—*a la mode* Blaine—shaking his extended finger, or his closed fist, in the faces of his auditory. There is nothing stagey; there are no sweeping windmill gestures, no passion, or straining after mere oratorical effects. Now and then the member from Skibbereen, or thereabouts, becomes dreadfully in earnest, as he gets on the question of home rule, or the oppression of Ireland, or British tyranny, and lets off a few fireworks; but ordinarily there is nothing of the kind.

Nor is there among any of the members that air and attitude of self-satisfaction so common among our own speakers, and which seems to say that the individual is entirely pleased with his own effort, whatever may be the case with his hearers. I have heard several of the leading men in both houses make speeches, and in every case, from Disraeli down, each has invariably commenced as if embarrassed, as if he felt he were about to address a body of men of whose intelligence and dignity he had a full appreciation, and as if he entertained serious doubts as to his ability to properly demean himself and properly present the subject of his discourse. There is an indirect but nevertheless a very strong and grateful compliment to an audience in this modest demeanor of a speaker at the outset of his discourse.

It is quite the reverse of the I-don't-care-a-d—n-for-you style with which so many of our Congressmen present themselves before an audience.

The gestures of the average English speaker are few, but effective. I do not know that I have seen a full-arm gesture in the case of a single speaker—or, at least, in any case where the arm was above the head. A half-arm movement, horizontally given from the elbow, is about the extent of the demonstration indulged in by the majority. The delivery is close upon the conversational, rarely rising above this, but always earnest and emphatic. In Disraeli's speech to which I alluded in my last, there was not a superfluous gesture, or accent, or inflection in it from exordium to peroration, and yet, by turns, he was humorous, pathetic, indignant, denunciatory, ironical, and always convincing,—holding the attention of the audience, without a break, from beginning to finish. A stronger speech, one which held so completely the sympathies and which so perfectly carried the convictions of an audience, and yet which had so few *apparent* oratorical graces or displays, I never before heard.

Of course, all the speakers do not rise to the force and general superiority of this style of oratory. There are some inferior ones; some whom to hear excites mingled feelings of contempt and pity. A member named Brown is an exception to the average excellence. He is very tall, and thin, with a small head, and no very commanding intellectual development. What he said I do not know, owing to the infernal confusion; nor does anybody else, unless it be himself. I could see his lips move, and that was nearly all. His gesturing was of the queerest description, and altogether original and unique. About every six seconds his head, his right forefinger, and his left knee would be all pushed forward a few inches, as though he were using his sharp nose, pointed finger, and bony knee to transfix his enemy. This automatical shooting forward of these portions of his person gave him a very bristling, and withal a very ludicrous appearance, which I fancy may have had something to do with the laughter and ironical cheering and other noisy demonstrations which attended him at every step of his remarks, and most completely obliterated every word that he uttered. Still Mr. Brown is a conspicuous exception to the mass of speakers, who, while in many cases lacking poise and finish, are nevertheless convincing, and full of a quiet but potent energy.

Mcday evening, I was sauntering about the large room or lobby just outside the hall of the Commons. There were some twenty or thirty others, some of whom were members; others members' friends, loungers from the House of Lords, and the inevitable lackeys and policemen.

Suddenly a small electric gong somewhere in the vicinity began to give out a regular devil's tatoo, which was taken up by imitative gongs in various other parts of the building. Instantly there was a dreadful, a terrific commotion. Everybody started to run; and, not to be out of fashion, I started on a run also. Thinking there might be a fire, or a riot, or an impending earthquake, I did not propose there should be any running away unless I had a hand — or a leg — in it. Accordingly I ran. Various people ran over me, and as far as I could, without going too much out of my way, I ran over various other people. As I was not running anywhere, but simply running on general principles, my going out of my way to run over somebody or be run over by somebody did not affect my average.

"This way! Come on now!" shouted the policemen as they turned us down a long hall. Away we went, devil take the hindmost, down the long passage-way until we reached the great octagonal room beyond. Into it we went pell-mell, helter-skelter, breathless and demoralized as a column of runaway Bashi-Bazouks. Here we found a line of policemen who ordered us fiercely on our arrival to pass behind them. We did so; and a moment later the fugitives were behind the line of police, who had so arranged themselves as to leave about one-half of the octagon a clear space. Along this open space men madly shot from outside passages and cantered madly down the hall along which we had just retreated. The gongs still kept up their infernal clatter, and Hades seemed suddenly let loose upon us.

Finally, feeling somewhat secure behind the line of policemen, and being assured of their valor by the loud and imperative manner in which they ordered the fugitives to "Stand back, there!" I asked a party near me what it all meant.

"It's a division of the 'ouse."

"My God, is it possible? Do you suppose the casualties would have been tremendous if we had left only on a walk?"

My companion evidently did not master the proposition readily, and I dropped him. But I was relieved. It was not an earthquake, or a conflagration, or the discovery of a Guy

Fawkes' plot, but a division. A division! There was about to occur the awful ceremony of ascertaining how many British legislators were in favor of a motion to add tuppence a month to the salary of Irish school teachers, and how many British legislators opposed this colossal, educational outlay. A division—the terrific and awe-inspiring ceremony of counting affirmative noses and negative noses, prior to which the vulgar public must be run out, lackeys must become suddenly insolent, and policemen must assume the airs and the powers of a grand Llama in dealing with the public.

For just forty minutes we stood behind the impervious and immovable policemen, while the sacred work of counting noses went on. From the line of police in our front, down the hall, there were other policemen at every few steps. The door at the further end of the hall was closed, and policemen guarded it zealously and jealously against every attempt that might be made to secure a forcible entrance. No lodge of Freemasons; no meeting of hunted Covenanters; no conclave of assassins conspiring against a throne, was ever more closely guarded, and approach prevented, than the House of Commons during the startling occurrence of a "division."

I am now entirely satisfied that the most sacred, exclusive, and altogether awful ceremony in the world is that involved in ascertaining how the member from the Red Dog and Yellow Lamb district proposes to vote on a motion to make it a penal offense for a non-landholder to catch a bullfinch without a license.

I may add that, after the first stampede was over, and I had gotten back into the lobby next the Hall of Commons, I, in company with some others, was, in less than five minutes, run out in precisely the same way, pending the performance of another of these Eleusinian mysteries—a division.

Demoralized at this second stampede, I continued retreating until I had left the Parliament buildings a long way in the rear, and had established myself at such a distance from the scene of operations that further stampedes from the advent of a Parliamentary "division" became an impossibility.

So far as I have been unfortunate enough, as a member of the general and unknown public, to encounter a certain class of English officialism, I have found it insolent and tyrannical in the extreme. I mean by this class more especially the lackeys and others who surround and guard the approaches to officials.

The men in brass buttons who bar the progress of the public toward the office of a foreign secretary or the House of Commons are a hundred times more imperious, condescending, insolent, and overbearing than is the foreign secretary himself, or any member of the house. Upon the approach of a superior they grovel, as it were, in the very dust; they salaam; they crawl about *ventre a terre* in their wondrous humility; and then turn around and avenge themselves by bullying the first poor devil of a citizen who has to pass them or wishes for information. I am getting so permeated by this universal bullying of inferiors that I feel seriously inclined to kick every bootblack and blind match-peddler whom I encounter.

There is one commendable feature in all this; and that is, that while the average British citizen will stand any amount of airs and insolence from these flunkeys, he regards his person as sacred. A policeman, in ordering men to stand here, to go there, or to go away, or to move on, may be just as arrogant and insolent in his tone and demeanor as he likes; but he is mighty careful not to lay the weight of his finger upon any one whom he is thus ordering about like cattle. To touch a man, to push him back, under such circumstances, would result in a tremendous row. You may abuse the British public all you please, if you are an official, but woe unto you if you ever lay even your little finger upon his sacred person.

For which redeeming trait I greatly admire the British public, and almost forgive him for the patience with which he submits to the arrogance of subordinate officialism.

LETTER VI.

THE HAPPY BRITON.

LONDON, August 2, 1877.

 UR British cousins have each made a Jonah of himself. He has planted a vine, beneath whose shade he can sit in comfort while he looks across and watches to see the American Ninevah tumble into ruins.* The ancient Jonah, sitting beneath a gourd, and watching and hoping for something

* Allusion is here made to the American labor riots in July, 1877.

which never came to pass, has always seemed to me a credulous and superlative old ass. I do not think the British Jonah is any improvement upon the Hebrew original.

But they enjoy it. I don't believe the English people have had so much right-down substantial enjoyment as they are having now, since the days of Bull Run and the Confederate advance on the National Capital.

In all this jubilation; in the assertion that the "strike is a far more serious affair than the civil war, and one more indicative of the weakness of the system of government," and in scores of similar expressions, one finds only an exemplification of English dislike for America and Americans. In fact, this dislike of Americans prevails everywhere here except among a very few. There are some English people who hate their own kind, and have a most extraordinary liking for people from the States. They profess to admire the American "temperament" whose flexibility and activity are in violent contrast to the phlegmatic and heavy disposition of the representative Englishman. Outside this very small class, the word American is a synonym for barbarism; and not only this, but it means something to be disliked, to be avoided, and oftentimes to be hated.

I can imagine no good reason for this. It is true that the class of Americans who periodically invade this country are not the best we have on the other side. They are often vulgar in dress, and "loud" in manners, and narrow in their views and estimates. Still it is not fair to estimate the whole American people by the specimens who drift over here, any more than it would be to judge the English people from the zebra-striped Britons who invade America. There must be something inherent which creates and keeps alive this mutual dislike. It may be the case that a Briton does not dislike an American more than he does any other foreigner. He seems to dislike all foreigners, and we are made particularly aware of it because we happen to speak the same language. He dislikes us rather more than others because we reciprocate his hostility in a language which he understands. In some sort, we are his relatives, and, as is well known, there are no quarrels so intense, bitter, deadly as among families.

It is true that, in speeches, we hear a great deal about kinship, and all that, but you may be assured that, so far as the English people are concerned, it is all bosh and pretense, without one shadow of earnestness.

While it is true that the Englishman hates all foreigners, there may be special reasons why he is so averse to an American. The two are utterly unlike in every conceivable respect, not excepting even the language. An American coming here can no more understand the street cries of 'bus conductors, peddlers, newsboys, and the like than if they were spoken in Choctaw. In fact, it is often difficult to understand what is said by ordinary people in conversation on common-place topics.

But the contrasts between the two are much more marked in other directions. An Englishman is a monarchist in government, and an aristocrat in social organization; an American is a republican in the first sense, and a democrat in the other. The American is dark, the Englishman a blonde; the women of the former are slight, graceful, willowy—those of the latter are stout and often unwieldly. The American is social; he makes the acquaintance of his traveling companions, and of all with whom he comes in contact. The Englishman is just the reverse, and will travel all day in a car crowded with people and will not exchange a word during the trip.

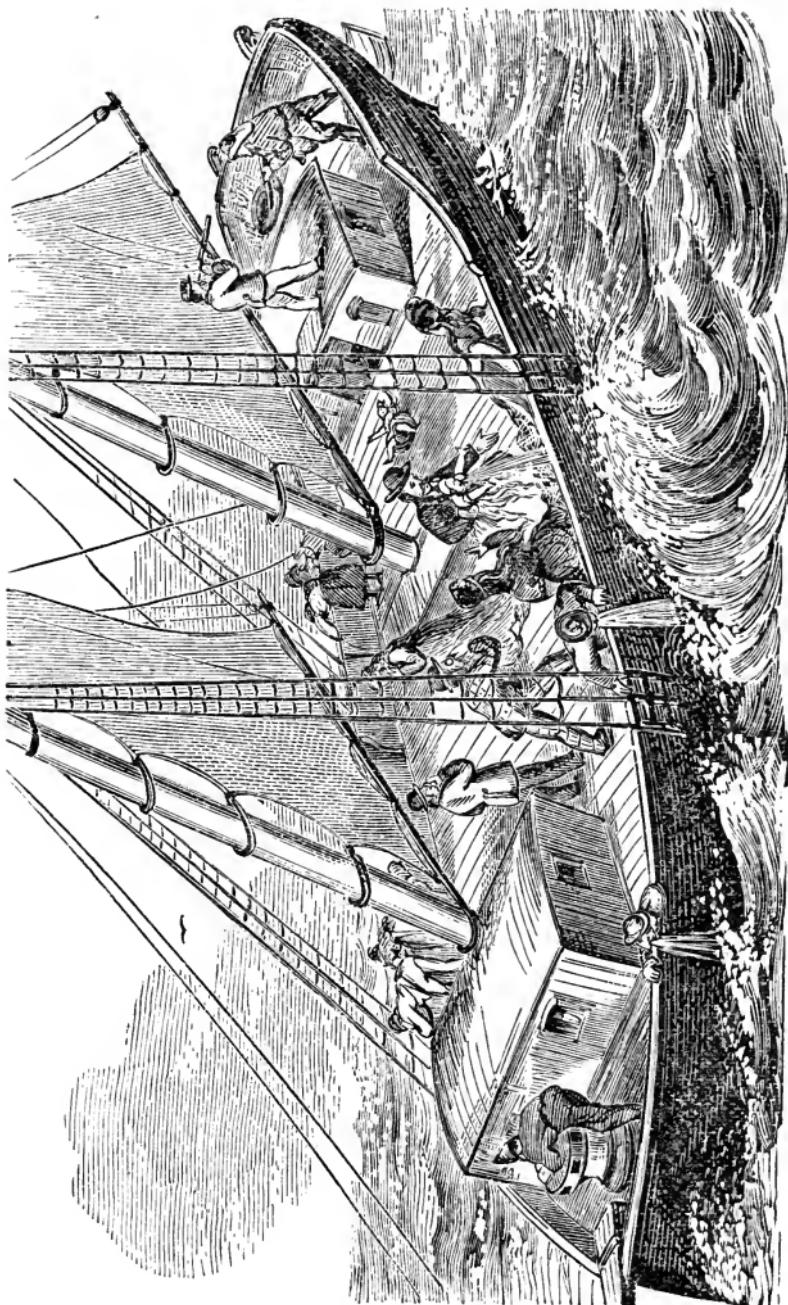
Going to Brighton, a couple of days since, there were nine Englishmen and your correspondent in one compartment. Not only was there not a word spoken on the trip, but each Briton seemed to be laboring under a most distressing apprehension that somebody might do the "beastly" thing of speaking to him. All the way, each of them was incessantly engaged in trying to look in a manner that would arrest the calamity of being addressed by anybody else, and in a laborious effort to keep his knees, coat-tails, and elbows so well in, that nobody else could touch them.

The American is exceedingly polite and reverential to women; the Englishman either exactly the reverse or else stupidly indifferent. I have never seen an Englishman give up a seat to a woman, or in any way, in public, show her any attention. If a man and wife are out walking, and there is a baby, the woman generally carries it. An American journalist, last week, undertook to get a lady friend, who was quite ill, from one part of the city to another. A 'bus came along, but it was full. The journalist appealed to a man inside to take an outside seat, and give the sick person the inside one. He did so after some hesitation and grumbling, but a few minutes later he stopped the 'bus, came down and claimed his seat, and the sick woman was landed on the sidewalk.

At Brighton, a large party went out on a yacht for an hour's sail. It was very rough, and several of the passengers became quite ill. Among others were an Englishwoman and four children, one of whom was a beautiful baby which she carried in her arms. The children got to the side of the boat, but the mother, holding the baby, and sitting in the middle of the vessel did not dare to move owing to the violent pitching. She was deadly pale, and evidently in dreadful distress. All around her were beefy, complacent men and women, who saw her condition with supreme unconcern, never offering to lift a finger to assist. I finally came to her rescue, took the baby from her, led her to the side, and then sat for half an hour endeavoring to quiet an infant whom sea-sickness and terror had combined to make especially uneasy and unhappy. Some of the men about wiped their eyeglass, and stuck it in their eye in order to look over a specimen who did such a marvelous thing; and the women watched with languid astonishment my efforts to quiet the child, but not one volunteered to aid in the operation. There was but one bright feature, to me, in the whole performance. Once when my little charge commenced throwing up like a young volcano, I so steered or manipulated the upheaval that what I did not get myself went into the silken lap and over the ample skirts of a female next to me. She was the one who should have taken the baby. She did not take the baby, but she did most of its contents.

Always are these contrasts presenting themselves. An American building a house surrounds his front yard with a light fence, or with a low curb, in order that the flowers, or lawn, or plants may be seen and enjoyed by the public. An Englishman, under the same circumstances, constructs all around his premises a thick brick wall fifteen feet high. He then buys up all the broken bottles in the neighborhood, and cements these on the top of the wall, with their sharp edges up. Then he goes inside, locks the gate, takes out the key, pulls in the keyhole, walks into his castle, and is happy.

Among us, defective vision is regarded as a defect, the same as lameness or a tumor; here it is a merit. An Englishman is not truly happy until he cannot see more than three feet in front of him, whereupon, with a monocular glass, screwed in one eye, he is supremely blest. Probably the reason that approximate blindness is so much appreciated here is that it enables a native always



A YOUNG VOLCANO.

to have an excuse for not seeing, and therefore not recognizing, somebody else.

This exclusiveness will continue to work its way until a time when its practical development will be perfect. At that time, the railway coach will be so remodeled that each compartment will be reduced to dimensions which will accommodate only one Briton and a bull-dog. Seated thus, in solitary grandeur, the Briton of the future will be happy beyond the conception of this generation.

LETTER VII.

EXTERNAL VIEWS OF THE BRITON.

LONDON, August 11, 1877.

 CLOSED up my last letter by some comments to the effect that the British lion is really the king of *beasts**—with the emphasis on beasts, if you please. But, after all, he is a magnificent animal, is this leonine representative. He is fierce in his flashing eye; the perfection of vigor in his enormous shoulders and muscular neck, and full of a strong, graceful beauty in the poise of the massive head and the flow of his tawny mane.

I have somewhere read of a lion who, when a little, squeaking, frightened mouse was put in his cage, dropped his lordly tail between his legs, and went frantically bounding against the bars, giving vent to thundering roars of abject terror. So occasionally with the British lion. He at times becomes fearfully demoralized when there is nothing larger than a poor little mouse to cause it; but his average is good. As a general thing he can be relied on irrespective of the size of his antagonist. See how he trounced the Abyssinian beast because the latter had interfered with one of his progeny!

In brief, while a diplomatic mouse will sometimes demoralize this lordly animal, he will fight the entire menagerie if necessary to protect one of his subjects. Let it be asserted, and even demonstrated, that a Russian advance is endangering British interests, and it at once happens that one-half of England give the matter no thought, and the other half are eager for a fight—

* Omitted.

providing they can get some other nation to do it for them. But let some foreign power lay unlawful hands upon a British subject, and, in twenty-four hours or less, the black muzzle of a British iron-clad has been thrust into the business. It is reparation or fight, instanter; and to enforce this alternative every able-bodied male in England would shoulder his Snyder and march to the front. Do you remember how quickly we dropped Mason & Co. after we had picked them up from a British mail steamer? Well, it's just so everywhere. The world may pluck the beard of the British lion; it may call him opprobrious names; it may fling offal at him and insult him most egregiously, and he will endure it as patiently as an ass will a feed of thistles; but lay a hand in anger and unlawfully upon any of his subjects anywhere—then woe to the offender!

The average Briton of the sterner sex, and between certain ages, is the perfection of physical beauty in many respects. Between eighteen and thirty, one finds a class of men who have few equals and no superiors. They are a little above the medium height, square as to shoulders; broad and deep as to chest, with mighty thighs, and swelling muscles as to arm and leg, witnessing no end of devotion to rowing, cricket, bicycling and other muscle and health-giving exercises. It is as good as looking at a fine picture to see one of these fellows walk. He has a long, swinging stride; his swelling muscles, the poise of his trunk, his advanced chest and the ease of his movement, all combine to suggest power—a power ample for the work in hand, with a further suggestion as to a reserve available for any imaginable purpose. His cheeks are ruddy, his eye bright, his lips red, his gleaming teeth faultless. He rides a horse as if a part of him, rising with an easy, graceful motion as the animal trots, or sits as immovable as a rock when flying along at a swift gallop. In fine, the British youth is the perfection of physical manhood, as handsome as Apollo, as strong as Sampson, as swift as an antelope and as enduring as iron.

Prior to this age, he is a callow, shame-faced youth, with enormous feet, ill-fitting jackets, and a plug hat. After passing thirty, he grows beefy and stout. At forty he is paunchy, with a nose that is growing bulbous. At fifty he is short-winded; he measures forty-five around his chest and ninety-five around his waist; his nose is pitted and blooming as a strawberry; the top of his head is as white, as gleaming as a billiard ball, and he

suffers from twinges in his big toe, coming from unlimited indulgence in port, sherry, champagne, bitter beer, Bass' ale, Guinness', hock, claret, and brandy and water — all of which he decants into himself at, or about, a grand, daily cramming performance, which he calls his dinner.

From the time the British female makes her debut in a baby-wagon up to the time she puts on long dresses, she is the most charming creature in existence. She is generally a blonde, with long, abundant hair, streaming like a yellow cataract adown her back. Her eyes are blue and filled with an innocent light, which, while saint-like, is yet healthful, and full of energy and a pleasing, and not immodest, self-reliance. Her complexion is exquisite, her features delicate, her *ensemble* pervaded with grace, health and beauty.

What becomes of all these beautiful children and these charming misses? Heaver only knows. It would seem as if they were annihilated upon reaching a certain age, and that the species is continued by a special creation into which there enter no elements of the preceding growth. Gone are the beautiful complexions, gone the delicate features, gone the sylph-like figures, gone the clear innocence of the eyes, gone everything characteristic of childhood and girlhood. I have yet to see a dozen entirely pretty or wholly well-dressed young ladies since my arrival in England. Their breadth of shoulder is masculine; their walk, although strong, is rarely graceful, and their taste in dress often simply atrocious.

"Oh, you haven't seen anything but the lower classes!"

This from some disgusted Briton. Ah, yes, my friend, I've heard that remark before. You always say that whenever I venture to criticise or find fault. You not only mean by the remark to neutralize what I am saying, but you also intend to convey the meaning that you know a great deal better, because you associate constantly with the higher classes. This is a pardonable bit of snobbery on your part, my friend, but it won't answer the purpose. I have sat in Hyde Park when all the fashion of London was out on wheels. I have been at the "Zoo" on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, in the season when everybody was there, from the Earl of Beaconsfield down — or up, as your politics may choose to have it. I've had old stagers with me who knew everybody, and who pointed out the Earl of this, the Duke of that, the Marquis of t'other, and no end of my lords

and my ladies, and swells of all possible degrees and qualities. I've seen enough members of the higher class to fill Moody's Tabernacle, on Market street, at least seven times; and I will say of them as a general thing that they are handsomely dressed and entirely respectable people in appearance.

No, the British young woman is not handsome. She is healthful in appearance, and thoroughly removes any apprehension — if there be any — that the baby-wagons of the future will not continue, as now, to have an average of two occupants of the same age, or of but a few months difference. As a wife and mother she becomes, for a time, beautiful. Maternity softens the lines of her face and supplies the blank, indifferent stare of young womanhood with a warm and tender light. One of the most charming of the many sights one sees here is a family carriage laden with beautiful children and a woman whose face is radiant with the beautiful, gentle glow of motherhood.

If there be reason to marvel over the disappearance of the beautiful girl-children and the charming misses; if there be cause for wonderment that there is no connecting link between the lithe, slender, vivacious, sprightly, tender girlhood and the immobile, placid, expressionless young woman with her broad shoulders and her promise of plentiful fruition as to population, what cause is there not for marvel and wonderment, in excess, when one comes to examine, in detail, the British matron, who has reached or passed her eighth lustrum? My pen hesitates and trembles as it nears the labor of attempting to outline one of this notable class.

The rounded, lissom form of the girl disappears, or is merged into the broad and often angular figure of the young woman. So in time disappears the mother with the radiant glow on her face, and the tender light in the eyes, and then the rigid features and scowling face of the matron. Beer and maternity have done their work, especially the former.

Sit down here a moment in Hyde Park. It is in the season, and the magnificent roadway is filled to its utmost capacity. Carriages, with ensignia of nobility on their panels, with liveried drivers and blooded horses, roll by in endless succession. Everything about them is quiet, rich, indicative of rank. Inside sit the British matron and three daughters. The latter are as calm, as immovable as if they were marble. Posed in reclining attitudes, they look neither to the right nor the left; they are as

dispassionate, as fixed as if frozen into eternal rigidity. The former is a picture—Flemish in its redundancy and coloring.

LETTER VIII.

THE LONDON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

LONDON, August 16, 1877.

 CONSULTED the directory various times; went by 'bus and underground railway to divers and remote parts of the city and metropolis; lost myself on a dozen or twenty occasions; was ignominiously repelled by awful and dignified flunkies when I happened to get into the wrong offices; and finally, one hot afternoon, after being misdirected by twelve different policemen, bootblacks, porters, and small boys, I discovered the location of the chief of the London fire brigade, Capt. Eyre Massey Shaw, and I also made the further interesting discovery that he was not in. Even the discovery of the fact that he was not at home was not a labor unattended with difficulty. I was met at the very threshold of the small engine-house where I finally ran him to earth by a stern-looking personage, in a blue, unadorned uniform, who regarded me with a severe and knowing expression which conveyed perfectly the idea that he knew I was there for the purpose of cribbing the old-fashioned hand-engine in the passage, and that it couldn't be done while he had the strength to resist any such felonious attempt. To his stern "What do you want?" I humbly replied by mentioning the name of the chief.

"What do you want of him?"

"I'm a pilgrim from a foreign land and desire to examine the workings of your department."

"Are you connected with a fire department?"

"Unfortunately, no. I'm a simple journalist in search of information. Won't you please hand my card to Capt. Shaw?"

He took it doubtfully, as if he were under the impression that this was simply a ruse to get rid of him, so that I might make off with the hand-machine during his absence. But he was not to be caught napping. He went into a back-room, remained a

moment, came out, went down a passage, and disappeared. At the same time the heads of two men appeared through the open door and their owners regarded me with ceaseless vigilance.

In about ten minutes the gentleman with the card returned and informed me that Capt. Shaw was not in. Thereupon I drifted out into the maze of the crowded streets of London. A week later I tried it again.

I had to undergo the same preliminaries. I had to explain who I was, whether I belonged to any fire department, and what I wanted. The card was taken along the passage, and the same individuals in the back room kept a vigilant eye upon the safety of the hand-engine. In a few minutes the individual returned with the statement that Capt. Shaw was engaged but would see me after a little. The message seemed to have an ameliorating effect upon the party who delivered it, and upon the two guardians in the back room. It is true that they did not fail to keep a lookout, but it was a trifle less severe than before. They still knew, so to speak, that I was intending to elope with their small machine, but they evidently concluded that I would not make the attempt until I had seen the chief. Therefore, there was a partial let up in their vigilance; and, availing myself of this and the time I had to wait for Capt. Shaw, I strolled about the engine house and "took in" its character.

It is a small affair—about the size of an average bedroom. Close to the street are two engines—one a small steamer, and the other an old-fashioned hand-machine with brakes, and rigged with a tongue and whiffletrees, so as to be drawn by horses. The tongues of both machines were unshipped and tucked away snugly beneath the axletrees, so as not to be in the way. It occurred to me, as I noticed this, that haste in getting out an engine, after an alarm, is not an essential feature, because it would require some time to get these tongues out and place them in position. As I afterward learned, I was not mistaken in this conclusion. I saw nowhere any stables, harness, or signs of horses. Back of the engines, in a row along the wall, were a half dozen brass helmets, very highly polished, and very shapely and handsome. The back portion of the room was partitioned off, and from the tables, desks, and maps which I saw through the open door I concluded it to be some sort of an office.

I had long become satiated with examining the two machines and admiring the brass helmets, and had about made up my

mind to send word to Capt. Shaw that I would call in again the next time I should come to Europe, when I was rejoiced by the appearance of my friend and by the information that I could walk up stairs. I did so, and a moment later found myself in the presence of the renowned Chief of the London Fire Brigade, Capt. Eyre Massey Shaw. I found a tall, slender, handsome blond, with an intelligent face, a moustache and imperial, and who seems not more than thirty-five years of age. He bowed gravely and awaited in silence my pleasure.

I am rather of the impression from the expression on his face that he had expected to meet an American who had called for the purpose of inviting him out to take a few cocktails, and who, thereafter, expected the captain to invite him to his house to stay a couple of weeks and, meanwhile, to devote his afternoons and evenings to showing him, the American, the inside sights of London. If such were the gallant captain's ideas, he was soon undeceived, for I at once said to him:

"Capt. Shaw, you spent some time in examining our American fire departments. In Chicago we have one of which we are proud. I should like very much, in the interests of the journal I represent, to look over your system and compare it with ours. As you probably know, the people of Chicago have reason to take a great interest in fires and all that relates to their handling."

"Certainly," said he, evidently very much relieved. He sat down at once and gave me a card passing me everywhere through the engine-houses. Then saying: "You may as well commence here," he put on his cap and led the way down stairs.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that we can't show you much that will interest you. You are far ahead of us in a good many respects."

"But you don't need the same efficiency. You have fewer fires, and your buildings are more substantially put up, and don't burn as easily as ours."

"That's a mistake. We have more fires, and the building here is not as good as yours. Besides, many of our buildings are two or three hundred years old, and are as dry as tinder."

I may add here, that so far as substantial work is concerned, Capt. Shaw is quite right. I have noticed a good many buildings in process of erection, and I am prepared to say that many of them are so flimsy in their character that they would not be allowed in Chicago.

We reached the foot of the stairs and there met face to face

my friend, whom I had encountered on my previous visit, and who had apparently entertained such suspicions in regard to my design to pocket and make off with the hand-engine. If he had placed himself at the foot of the stairway with the idea that he could intercept me in some felonious design as I came down, he immediately found himself mistaken, when he saw me coming under the friendly escort of his chief. Capt. Shaw introduced him as chief engineer, which, I believe, is equivalent to what is termed foreman in America. He touched his hat politely, proceeded to show me all the details of the station, and proved himself thereafter a most gentlemanly official.

I may state here that an English subordinate is quite one thing, or quite another, according as you are presented to him. Since my visit to Capt. Shaw, and the receipt of his card of introduction, I have visited a dozen different engine houses, or "fire-brigade stations." In every instance, when I have showed signs of entering, an individual has presented himself, barred my progress, while upon his face there was a grim expression of: "Well, now, what do *you* want?" Then I have leisurely hunted through my inside pockets for my wallet, and then through it for the card. During all this time the countenance of the individual seemed to say: "That's all humbug! You've got nothing, and, in a couple of seconds more, I'm going to kick you into the middle of the street for your impudence in coming around here, and making believe you have got something that you haven't got!" And yet the very moment his eye would scan the charmed card, his expression would change, his hand would go up to his cap, and he would at once become the politest and most accommodating of gentlemen.

After parting from Capt. Shaw, I was taken into the back room by my conductor. A huge map of London hangs on the wall, on which numbered red spots indicate the location of every engine house in the city. The city is divided into four or more districts, each of which has telegraph connections from its various stations to the central station of that particular district. The central district stations have telegraphic connections with the main central station—the one where I was being shown through. These stations were pointed out on the map; and I was shown the telegraph dials connecting with the central sub-stations.

"Suppose now," I inquired, "a fire should break out, say

here,"—as I indicated a remote part of the city, and some distance from an engine-house—"what is the *modus operandi*?"

"The nearest fire-brigade station is notified, and from there word is sent to the central station of that district. The fact is then telegraphed here to the central station."



LONDON FIRE ALARM.

"Suppose the engine which goes to the spot cannot handle the fire—then what?"

"Word is telegraphed from this station how many other engines must go to the fire."

“How is word first brought to a station that there is a fire?”

“By any person who sees it.”

“But suppose there is no one round?”

“Oh, there is always sure to be in a place as large as London. Besides, the one who first discovers and reports a fire gets half a crown. In the same way, the one who first reports a fire to a fire-escape station gets half a crown.”

“Then you don’t have any fire-alarm boxes?”

“No. What are they?”

I explained that, in my town, in case of a fire, a person goes to the next corner, turns a little crank two or three times, and then hurries home like the old boy to get there before the steamer. I also explained the convenient district-telegraph system whereby a man, who, smelling smoke in the night, reaches his hand over his pillow, touches a knob, and then flies to open his front door in order to prevent its being smashed in by firemen.

I saw he was a good deal incredulous; but I had something else in store for him.

We went out to the front and looked over the engines. The steamer is a small one, the opening into whose fire-box instead of being at the rear, is at the sides between the wheels. A gas-jet burning under the boiler keeps the water always warm. I inquired if it was not inconvenient to have the furnace door at the side instead of behind; and how they fed the coal when going to a fire? He thought it is just as well at the side; and beside, he said, they never have to feed on their way to a fire. What material is in the furnace is sufficient to get up the necessary steam.

And then we went to the stables. They are next door, down a long inclined plane, fully one hundred and fifty feet from the engines. There were some six horses standing in their stables, none of them harnessed.

“How long does it take you to harness up, and run out after an alarm is struck?”

“Oh, not over three or four minutes.”

I gave a long whistle.

He looked at me. “Can you do it any sooner?” he asked.

“Sooner!” I ejaculated; “Sooner! an engine in Chicago that has not hitched up, pulled out, and run over at least three people within from eight to fifteen seconds after an alarm has struck, would not remain in the department twenty-four hours!”

He almost laughed in my face as he asked, "How do you do that?"

Then I went for him. "Why, the horses are always harnessed night and day. Their stalls are just behind the steamers, and the same electric current that strikes the gong drops the halters off the horses. Trained to their business they instantly swing into place, the tugs are hitched, the driver is in his seat, the men clamber into position, and away they go with a yell and a gallop! If the alarm be at night, the electric current tips up the bed of the driver, which is exactly over the seat of the engine, drops him into his place, and also overturns the beds of the men, and"— I was about to add—"throws a jet of cold water into each man's face to waken him, pulls on his boots, and then tosses him into his place on the machine," when I forebore. There was something in the face of my guide that warned me I had gone far enough, and that a persistence in such monstrous exaggeration would necessitate the adoption of severely-repressive measures. However, he is no exception to any number of people whom I have met over here. I have often attempted to explain to them our district-telegraph, fire-alarm apparatus, and the rapidity with which our firemen run out their machines, but I have never found anybody who believes a word of it. I verily believe that, among these people, I am looked upon as the biggest liar in all London.

There were several other matters that I wished to ask about, but the face of my conductor bore an expression which convinced me that he no longer reposed confidence in my integrity, and thereupon I came away.

Determined not to be balked in my search for information, I, from time to time, as other business engagements would permit, visited other stations, and obtained interviews, but was always careful to go only to stations remote from the central one, and where I did not deem it likely that my reputation for mendacity could have extended.

From the officer in charge of station Twenty, on Oxford street, I was put in possession of further information of value. I said to him:

"You have no hydrants. How do you take water?"

"You may have noticed," he answered, "on the corners of buildings around town, and here and there a small tin sign with the inscription, 'F. P. 15 ft.,' or 20 ft., or 50 ft. This means that

there is a fire-plug within fifteen, or twenty, or fifty, or whatever may be the number of feet from the corner, or the place where the sign is put up."

I admitted having puzzled myself often over these cabalistic signs. "But what is a fire-plug?" I asked.

"It is simply a hole in the street about three inches in diameter. This hole is the end of a pipe which connects with the water mains beneath the street. In order to get water from them a connection is opened with the street main."

"Must this connection be opened whenever you wish to take water from a plug?"

"Certainly; the water is only let into the plug when there is a fire."

"Of course, then every station has a wrench to turn on the water when wanted?"

"No; that is the work of a turncock. He is an official in the employ of the various companies who supply London with water."

"But how do you find a turncock when you want him?"

"Well, there is half a crown reward to the one who first notifies a turncock that there is a fire."

"But can one always be found?"

"Most always. Sometimes he is late, but not very often."

"I see. After the turncock has been found and the water turned on, how do you take it? Does the hose screw into the opening of the plug?"

He went to a hand-machine, opened the top, and fished out a canvas concern about as long, high, and broad as a champagne-basket. The top is open. In the center of the bottom is a hole about four inches in diameter, whose edge is bound with leather.

"We put this over the plug," he said. "The water rushes into it and fills it. We put the end of the suction-pipe into it, and that's the way we get the water."

"But isn't there a great waste under the bottom?"

"No, because as soon as the leather around the hole gets wet it 'sucks' the pavement, and becomes perfectly tight."

Cut off a hydrant flush with the street. Take an ordinary champagne-basket and make it water-tight. Cut a hole in the bottom just the size of the hole in the hydrant; put the basket over the hole; and then let a steamer take its water from the champagne-basket—in this way could Chicago avail itself of

the advantages of the London system. In order to prevent the water spurting above the basket there must be a leather band stretched across the top in a position so that the up-rushing water will strike it and fall back into the receptacle.

I commend this ingenious arrangement to Marshal Benner. Perhaps, if we had had it in 1871 we might have put out the October fire before it reached the river.

I had only one or two more questions.

“Why do you retain the hand-machines?”

“Because they are lighter, and we can get to a fire quicker.”

“Does it take any longer to hitch up for a steamer than for a hand-machine?”

“No; but then we can get through the streets faster.”

“Don’t you have the right of way along the streets?”

“Not at all. We have just the same right as anybody else; and if we damage anybody we are liable for it.”

Ye gods! My imagination at once drew a contrast between the London steamer, picking its way gingerly along the streets, and the mad rush of the Chicago steamer, the sonorous clang of the bell, the trail of smoke rushing fiercely back, the rapid pounding of iron hoofs, the tossing manes, and the roar and clamor as the rocking machine shoots by like a burnished and smoking thunderbolt!

And finally: “Do you have men enough to man the brakes?”

“Not connected with the department. But we get them from the crowd. There is no trouble about that! We’ve often to pound men away, there’s so many offer themselves.”

I touched my hat, thanked him, and left.

The above conversations embody the main features of the London fire system. A fire breaks out, and there is no systematic method of giving an alarm. If somebody happens to discover it, and if he happens to know where there is a brigade station, and happens to be willing to go thither with the information, all right. If not, then all wrong. Then again, if somebody happens to know where a turncock lives, and happens to be willing to go and rout him out, then, once more, all right; otherwise all wrong. It’s just the same with the fire-escapes; chance information, the stimulus of half a crown, are all that assures to a family shut up in a burning building the arrival of means of escape.

In a city so densely populated as London, it is impossible that a fire can long escape notice; and yet it is certain that where so

many mere chances are depended on for getting engines, water, and fire-escapes, the average results must be largely against securing prompt action.

LETTER IX.

ENGLISH SUAVITY.

LONDON, September 1, 1877.

FROM time to time, in this correspondence, I have done our English friends the justice to abuse them whenever I thought they were deserving of it. Having been engaged in this work does not prevent my seeing another side to the English character and finding therein much which is equally deserving of praise. By way of variety, let us glance at this phase of English life.

One thing which will, in the end, favorably impress an American is the very universal politeness which is everywhere prevalent. I say in the end, because, at first, when a Yankee lands here fresh from the breezy independence and don't-care-a-damn-for-any-body style which prevails among our people, he is inclined to fancy that politeness is overdone, and that it is a sham, a something which lies all on the surface. This may be true to a very considerable extent.

When a shop-keeper, of whom you have purchased tuppence worth of something, and have taken up half an hour of his time, bows you out, and says, "Thank you! thank you very much!" and does it all with an air of deferential regard, you cannot help feeling that this volume of thanks comes from no deeper source than his lips; you may suspect the motive and rather despise the manner of giving it expression, and yet you cannot but like and be soothed by the flattery involved in the whole transaction.

"Have you any good smoking tobacco?" I asked an old lady who stood behind the counter of a tobacco-shop.

"Thank you, sir! Yes, sir! 'ere is some, tenpence the hounce, sir!"

I examined it, smelled it, and concluded I didn't want it.

"No, I believe not. It's not just what I want."

"Thank you, sir! Good morning, sir! Thank you!"

This is not an uncommon case. The red-shirted bootblack touches his cap as you approach, and he thanks you and touches his cap as you give him a penny for his labor; or if you decline to patronize him, he is very apt to touch his cap with his dirty fore-finger, and say "Thank you, sir," all the same.

The barber who shaves you says "Thank you" when you turn your face over so that he can shave on the opposite cheek; the cabmen, the 'bus conductor, the bar-maid, every one to whom you pay money, always receives it with a pleasant acknowledgment. It may be that you know that in every one of the cases not one is animated by any true spirit of politeness; and that while thanking you with his lips he may, in his heart, regard you as a nuisance, a barbarian, or anything else unpleasant—nevertheless, the politeness is there, it is agreeable, and it commends itself as far superior to the surly independence in use among Americans of the same class.

If there is any particular thing which is calculated to make an American homesick, to make him feel he is indeed in a foreign clime, it is the entire absence of profanity. Except what I may have overheard in a few soliloquies, I have not heard an oath since my arrival in England. The cabman does not swear at you, nor the policeman, nor the railway employé, nor anybody else. Nobody in an ordinary conversation on the weather, or in asking after some one's location, or inquiring after another's health, employs from three to five oaths to every sentence. It's rather distressing to an American to get used to this state of things; to talk to a man for three or four minutes, and never hear a single "d—n;" to wander all day through populous streets, and not hear a solitary curse; to go anywhere, and everywhere, and not be stirred up once by so much as the weakest of blasphemies. What wonder that the average American becomes homesick under such a deprivation, and that he longs for the freedom and curses of his perrary home?

Another feature which I miss very much here are collections of tobacco-chewing citizens, at street-crossings and other places, who flood the sidewalks with saliva and make it "interesting" for any lady who may happen to pass. I must confess that the entire absence of all such gatherings, engaged in ribald conversation, in staring insolently into women's faces, in making the air foul with tobacco smoke and curses, has convinced me that I am indeed far from home, and cast adrift among a strange, a peculiar and unsympathetic people.

All these various things are of minor consequence taken singly, but when they are summed up they have a material effect upon the comfort, the sensibilities of a resident. They are symptomatic of important differences; and, in this sense, have a very significant meaning. The fact that the average Englishman never puts his muddy hoofs on the opposite car seat; that he will sometimes make room for you in the car or 'bus if there be any room; that he never uses his fingers when engaged in blowing off his snout; that he doesn't spit all over every lady and everything with whom or which he comes in contact; that he is never profane or boisterous in his conversation in a public place; these, and a score of similar things are all in his favor, and will excuse the lack on his part of many things whose possession would make him much more agreeable than he is at the present time.

While it is true that there is a tendency among certain classes of Englishmen to black the eyes of their wives, or to kick them into "kingdom come" with hob-nailed shoes, the average domestic life of the English is one full of charm. Every family must have a home. There is no uneasy, demoralizing hotel life as among us. Every family has a home, even if it be but a single room in a garret.

As to the harmony and happiness of these English homes, I shall have nothing to say. They may, or may not, be happier than the average American home; it is only certain that the English people lay more stress upon this feature than we do, that they surround it with more safeguards, that they endeavor in every possible way to separate it from the world and give it an individuality and an existence all its own.

This separation of the home from the rest of the world is carried into and becomes a part of the family character. The English wife rarely goes off to a watering-place by herself, where unlimited flirtation becomes the rule, and remediless demoralization a not uncommon result. As a general thing the family here is one, when at home or out in the world. It is not the wife, or the husband, or the daughter, who goes off on a journey to the mountains or the seaside, but they all go together, as a family, as one.

One of the jolliest sights to be seen here, on almost any day, but especially on Sunday, is a wagon with the family, bound for a day in the country. There are the husband, the wife, the baby—and quite often two babies—and from three to a dozen children

of all ages, sizes, and sexes, packed in like herrings, and all aglow with excitement and anticipation! Under the seat is a basket, plethoric with sandwiches, cold chicken, bottles of beer, and a flask of choice old brandy.

Away they go, rattling cheerily over the London pavements. A proud man is *pater familias* as he draws the reins over his powerful nag and dextrously touches him up occasionally with a flick from a whip, long and imposing enough for a six-in-hand turn-out. A proud woman is *mater familias* as she admires the horsemanship of her husband, as she adjusts the multifarious white wrappings of the chubby, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired baby. Proud are the older children as they exercise a commanding oversight of the younger ones, whose hats are ever getting loose or awry, who are ever on the eve of being jolted into the street, who are twisting and changing to see this, or hear that, and who are ever a cause of profound anxiety to the mature miss of twelve, or the lordly boy of sixteen.

Away out into the country they go at a slapping pace. They select the quietest roads and travel along at a famous rate, between trim green hedges, skirting fields of barley; coming suddenly to brows of hills where a vast panorama unfolds itself of fields yellow with ripened grain, green groves glinting with sunlight above a maze of slumbering shadows; low, vine-clad farm-houses with their red-tiled roofs, and their yards ablaze with gorgeous flowers, and here and there a stately residence, with columned piazzas and pointed gables, its stretches of lawn and its winding walks, bordered with geraniums and rarest of plants.

By and by, a grove is reached, a halt is made, the jolly load is tumbled out; and all the sunny day the husband lounges, lies, smokes beneath the trees; the children race and romp, the wife nurses and cares for the baby, and keeps a vigilant oversight upon her numerous brood. When the shadows lengthen there is a return. The tired younger ones sleep with heads pillow'd on each other, and faces veiled by wandering curls; the elders discuss the events of the day; and, an hour or so after the darkness has shrouded the great city, they are at home, and demonstrative in their belief that it has been the jolliest day they ever saw in all their lives.

Such is a fair specimen of English recreation. It is a family matter. They go as one; they hunt some locality where they can be alone, and remain as one; and from beginning to end the

affair is based upon family unity and family enjoyment as a whole.

Even the English vehicles are characteristic in this direction. I do not believe that in all England there is anything like that ineffably selfish road-wagon in America, and built to carry but one person. The smallest donkey-cart in use here is companionable to the extent of being calculated for at least two. An ordinary one-horse drag is so arranged with side seats that, although occupying no more room than an ordinary American top-buggy, it will accommodate from six to eight persons. In fine, the conveyances have reference to family unity, and nowhere suggest individual isolation.

The average Londoner has four or five holidays in a year, and every Sunday, as days of recreation. He avails himself of these economical excursions; they cost next to nothing, and are beneficial in every respect. The railways run trains to the seaside whereby a man, for a dollar, can go sixty or seventy miles and return. These trains are run on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays. A man can go down in the morning, have a dip in the sea, have his children play all day on the beach, and return home early in the evening. At almost every half-hour in the day trains leave London in every direction. Within an hour's ride is any number of healthful and beautiful places, at which one can profitably spend the day.

One can go scarcely anywhere within forty miles of London without meeting a London family having a picnic all by itself. The city is full of magnificent parks, in which, especially on Sundays, there are beneath every tree, charming family groups of motherly women, staid young misses, and romping children.

Herein is another great point in favor of the English. Their amusements are healthful and inexpensive. There is no splurge at the seaside, no trips in which the outfits for mothers and daughters cost a small fortune. An English family will get more health and solid enjoyment out of a shilling jaunt into the country, than an American family will get out of a two-thousand-dollar trip to the seaside, or the White mountains.

This getting the most out of a little; this simplicity permeates everything. One never sees an English woman mopping the dirty sidewalks with an expensive and useless trail. One never sees one on the streets with diamond earrings, or a fortune displayed in lockets, pins, or other jewelry. I have seen but few

women dressed in good taste as regards colors and fit of dresses, but I have never seen any who had the execrable taste to promenade the streets in a costume blazing with ornaments, and whose value equals that of a small fortune. Herein our English cousins have far the best of us. They—even the wealthiest—teach us economy at every step. They constantly show us where we are spending too much, and spending it for no useful end. The amount which many a man in Chicago spends for cigars alone, would support comfortably an English family of the less pretentious class.

Inasmuch as people do not spend so much they do not have to earn so much, and in consequence they do not work so hard.

A fair illustration of the easy manner in which operations are conducted is afforded by a coal-yard by which I have frequent occasion to pass. There is a canal, and along side the yard are four or five boats being unloaded. The force consists of six men. Two are carriers, two are shovelers, and two are sifters. A carrier climbs down a ladder into the boat, carrying a bag about as long as he is tall, and some eighteen inches in diameter. He places himself in front of a pile of coal, and next to him on his right and left stand the sifters, each of whom holds a sieve about the size of those in use in an American kitchen. On the outside of the line thus formed, constituting its right and left flanks, are the shovelers. One of the latter raises a shovel of coal, and throws it into the sieve. The sifter gives it a few shakes to get out the coal-dust, and then empties the residuum into the bag, which is held by the carrier. In time, the bag is filled, it is hoisted on the back of the carrier, who mounts the ladder and leisurely proceeds to the yard, where he deposits it—the other carrier meanwhile having taken his place on the boat.

In excavating for a new building, or removing the brick from one being torn down, carts are backed up to a point where there will be the least interference with the street traffic, and then the debris is brought out in baskets, on the backs of laborers and emptied into the waiting carts.

These are indications of the slow and easy system employed by the English. When I was in London in 1874, work had just been commenced on a building directly opposite Temple Bar. Work is still going on on the same building. The walls are mainly up, but, from all appearances, two or three years more will be required to complete the structure,

As a result people live longer. There is an enormous graveyard near my lodgings—in fact there is scarcely any lodging in London near which there is not an old and well-packed graveyard. I have read any number of the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, and have been struck by the fact that it is the rare exception to find a case in which the deceased was less than sixty years of age. The ages run from 60 to 95, the average being from 80 to 90.

In Chicago, for instance, one sees comparatively few old men. It is not because the country is young, and men have not had time to grow old, but because men are worn out and die before they have reached an advanced age. Here, hearty, rosy, jolly old men, with active step, clear, keen eyes, and faces free from traces of intellectual decay, are met at every step. All the great political leaders are aged men; in fact, a man is not considered mature until he has reached his 60th year.

The Englishman, then, is just at his maturity at the age when an American, as a general thing, has ripened, is dead, buried, and nearly or quite forgotten.

LETTER X.

“TRYING IT ON A DOG.”

LONDON, September 5, 1877.

WRITING letters from London, at the present time, is like the work imposed on the children of Israel by their Egyptian task-masters when they were compelled to turn out their quotidian brick piles without any straw. The straw is all absent from London. It is now what is known as the “silly season;” that is to say, a season, or the season when “everybody” is out of town—or is supposed to be. “Everybody” has put brown paper over his front windows and has left the city. He is in Scotland shooting grouse or wandering over the English turnip-fields popping among the partridges; or, with a checker-board traveling suit, he is climbing Pic du Nudi; or, eyeglass screwed in his right eye, he is staring at the Pyramids, or examining the Icelandic Geysers. All continental Europe is

so inundated with Englishmen that it looks as if overrun by a drove of zebras.

Strange that a Briton, who is a very decently-dressed individual when he is going down Cheapside to his office, should become such a fearful-looking creature the moment he crosses the channel, or steps off his native soil!

But there is nobody in London; Hyde Park is deserted; Rotten Row is no more cut up by the delicate hoofs of thoroughbreds; carriages with heraldic devices on their panels, and their liveried drivers, have disappeared from Piccadilly and Regent street. There is no opera. There is no nothing.

About the only thing going on is what may be termed experimental operations. This is the time when dramatic authors bring out their new pieces—something like what in the theatrical slang of America is termed "trying it on a dog." "Trying it on a dog" means, I believe, in the locality of New York, for instance, bringing out a new piece in some country town like Brooklyn, Philadelphia, or Boston, with a view to finally producing it in the metropolis—if it succeeds.

That's what is being done here at the present time. The managers and dramatic authors are "trying it on a dog," with the expectation that if the dog doesn't die under the operation they will next try it on a man. The dog, in this case, is the *hoi polloi* who can't get out of town. The man is the swell "everybody" who is "streaking the pale air" of continental Europe with the monstrous abortions of Oxford street tailors. If the dog, the *hoi polloi*, doesn't die under the experiment, then it will be tried on the man when he shall return from abroad.

Rather cunning, isn't it? The stay-at-home public is credited with having just enough sense to know, in a general way, whether a piece is good or bad. This method, therefore, avoids all necessity of experimenting on the taste of the swell classes. They are saved the disgust which might be created in their delicate system by the presentation of a worthless piece. In addition to thus being spared the infliction of a poor piece, they are saved the further infliction of being obliged to endure the friction, delay and crudeness inseparable from the earlier representations of a new play. The thing is tried on the dog until it becomes perfect in action. When the swell returns from the Highlands, the Pyramids, or Iceland, the theatrical machine is presented for his

patronage with the friction all obliterated, its journals oiled, its parts polished, everything in perfect running order.

But how about the dog, who has to endure all the agony, discomfort and misery connected with this experimental labor? Ah, well, that is another thing. Perhaps all that can be said about that is that he has no business to be a dog.

There is something quite amazing to an American in a London theater, in all its essential respects. What is popularly termed the "pit"—that is, the parquette or floor, and nearest the stage—offers the best opportunity for seeing and hearing, and yet is not more than a half or quarter as expensive as the first tier or gallery just above it. The first gallery is the most expensive and fashionable portion of the house. No woman is allowed to wear a hat or bonnet in the balcony. Above is another gallery less expensive, and where a hat may be worn. The galleries decrease in price until the one next to the roof is reached, which is for the populace. Here shirt-sleeves, lunches, bottled-beer and pandemonium generally prevail without limit.

What is so very singular to an American is the contrast between the lower gallery and the pit which spreads out in front of it. In the former nearly everybody is in full dress; while, in the latter, the independent Briton of the male persuasion is just as liable as not to sit all through the performance without removing his hat—especially if it be a silk one and quite new and shiny, and generally of a kind which he fancies is liable to attract attention. It is no uncommon thing to see one of these gentlemen, between the acts, rise in his seat, turn, face the audience, and then go over carefully each gallery with his lorgnette. Generally the individual who does this has a glass screwed so artistically in one of his eyes, his hair is parted so exactly in the middle, and plastered down so tightly to his head, his attitude is so effective, that I always fancy he rises to be seen rather than to see, and that he scans the audience solely for the purpose of discovering whether or not he is attracting a large amount of admiration. I fancy that any one essaying such an impudent, ill-mannered performance in an American theater would very speedily get a most unequivocal opinion from the audience as to what it thought of him and his operation.

There are various other things about an English theater that seem somewhat strange to an uncivilized American. Between the acts a majority of the male population present rush out into

the adjacent lobbies, where there is always a "bar." Whether they go there to gossip with the pretty bar-maids—English bar-maids are nearly always pretty—or to get something out of a tumbler, I am not prepared to say with exactness. To the best of my belief both purposes are kept in view, and are faithfully and often carried out.

Another peculiarity is that refreshments are carried around through the audience. One can order cream, cake, something liquid—almost anything, in brief, except a pipe—which one wants and is willing to pay for. The individuals who distribute these refreshments are always immaculate in full dress—black swallow-tailed coat, white necktie, low-cut vest and black pants. For the matter of that, all waiters everywhere are always in full dress, evening costume. I find it very difficult to know these chaps from gentlemen—to distinguish between guests and servants. They dress exactly alike, they part the hair just the same in the middle, both wear mustaches and mutton-chop whiskers. As just said, I have much difficulty in distinguishing between the two. After much study, and close, tireless observation, I am getting to be able to discover some slight points of difference. If the individual have a monocle the size of a small saucer fastened in one eye the chances are that he is not a servant, but a gentleman. If he have something white in his hand, and you can discover that it is a napkin and not a handkerchief, then the chances are that he is not a gentleman, but a servant. Finally, if you speak to one of them who has neither eye-glass, handkerchief, nor napkin, and he answers "Yissir," you may put him down to be an attendant, while if he stares at you, and then walks off without any reply, he may be classified as a guest, although not certainly as a gentleman.

It requires much patient observation to get at these differences, so far as they apply to theaters, private houses and restaurants.

In public the English avoid this perplexing similarity by a very ingenious and easily-understood system. In driving, sometimes it is the gentleman who holds the reins, while his groom sits beside him. In other cases it is the groom who drives. Now, in order that the public may make no mistake—which they would otherwise certainly do—as to which is master and which man, which is earl and which flunky, the latter is designated by some mark. He has a cockade on his hat, a plum-colored livery, or knee-breeches. By these marks, much difficulty and a doubt

as to identity are prevented, and awkward mistakes are very cleverly avoided.

But all this has very little to do with theatrical or musical matters. The confession of my ignorance, and the mention of theatrical and musical matters, suggests that I have witnessed some rather salient displays of English ignorance in regard to American affairs and persons that are even more distressing than my ignorance of the difference between an English flunkie and an English gentleman.

I was conversing, not long since, with an English acquaintance, who is a musical amateur of no mean ability, in reference to musical matters. After going over some English stars in the musical firmament, he asked:

“And have you any musicians in America?”

“Why, yes; one or two.”

He had asked the question with about the same air that one might ask an Esquimaux as to the growth of sweet potatoes or oranges in the higher arctic regions. When I answered affirmatively his look seemed to say: “Oh, aye, of course. Now we’ll have some Yankee rot!”

“Did you ever hear of Clara Louise Kellogg?” I asked.

“No.”

“Or of Theodore Thomas?”

“No.”

“Ole Bull?”

“No.”

“Camilla Urso?”

“No.”

“Adelaide Phillips?”

“No.”

“Pat Gilmore?”

“No.”

“Pumpernickel of Calumet?”

No.”

I gave it up. I am quite satisfied that, in a general way, in common with the average Englishman who has never traveled, he believes that the only music we have on the other side is nigger minstrelsy, with perhaps now and then a performance on a gong, or a drum with a single head, such as is common to all barbarous nations.

Another Briton “harnessed” me on American domestic life.

"You have no domestic life in America; you have no privacy in the family."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you all live in hotels."

"In Chicago we have a population of five hundred thousand. How in —— do you imagine we all live in hotels?"

"Oh, I suppose the lower classes don't, you know."

Here let me say that in English this word "classes," while meaning about the same as in America, is pronounced quite differently. The "a" has the sound of "a" in father—very much as if spelled closses. It is a word in such general use here that I have deemed it worthy of special attention.

There are some Britons whom I meet occasionally whom I have designated as "civilized Englishmen." There are men who have visited America, who have spent some time there, and have a fair knowledge of its facilities and capabilities. But the average Englishman, whose traveling experience is limited to an annual run of a few weeks on the continent, is usually an unmitigated ass as well as idiot, with reference to all matters pertaining to America. He not only knows nothing of America, but he doesn't wish to know anything. He has a general impression that it is a half-civilized country where banks are always bursting, and where railway accidents, swindling land schemes and peculating officials are the rule. America and Americans as he learned them in "Martin Chuzzlewit," are the America and Americans that he knows, and he doesn't wish to believe in anything else.

A letter in the London *Times* appeared a few days ago from the pen of some eminent professor—Colquhoun, I think. He was discussing the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, which, he said, had been lost. To illustrate the changes in pronunciation, he pointed out that various words transferred to other countries lose their original pronunciation. As an illustration he instanced "Europe" and "genuine," which, he said, in North America are universally pronounced Eu-rope and gen-u-ine. Now, I'll venture the assertion that there are not five people in America who ever heard "Europe" pronounced Eu-rope; and that there is not one educated person in America who ever spoke of "genuine" as gen-u-ine. Yet this old ass thus ventilates his ignorance, and the British public believe what he says, and languidly reflects: "Aw—what a beastly people, aw—these Americans are, you knaaw."

LETTER XI.

THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

LONDON, Sept. 13, 1877.

FEW people, even those who are born and raised here, know or appreciate the immensity of London. I have repeatedly called the attention of Englishmen to this or that notable feature, and have often found that the thing in question was as strange to them as if they had never heard of the British metropolis. For instance, on Fleet street, just beyond or within Temple Bar, is a queer old building, which projects over into the street, above its lower story. Its evident antiquity, its gilded, albeit faded and battered, ornamentation, its unique architecture, all unite to render it a most notable and noticeable building. I very soon learned that it was once the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, although now, alas, devoted to the vulgar uses of shaving, shampooing and hair-cutting. It is situated on one of the main streets leading to and from the business centre of London — the Bank of England. More people pass it every twenty-four hours than along any thoroughfare in London.

One day, on a 'bus, I called an Englishman's attention to it:

"Well, now, I must say," he said, "I have lived in London forty years, and I've passed that building twice a day, at least, for a quarter of a century, and I never before knew what it was." To add to the singularity of this admission, is the fact that, in large, conspicuous letters, across the front, and just beneath the cornice, appear the names of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII., and the announcement that it was formerly their palace. As a matter of experiment, I have often since asked some Englishmen the name of the queer structure, as we passed it, and yet I have found but two residents who know its history.

The same thing has occurred in many other cases. Sometime after my arrival, I started out to hunt up the church, St. Bartholomew the Grand, and of whose existence I had learned when a boy in pouring over those spicy narrations relating to the burning of various gentlemen during the reign of "Bloody Queen Mary." Here something over two hundred persons were burned, with their faces turned toward the church of St. Bartholomew, at whose entrance, according to the dramatic history aforesaid, the prior stood and overlooked the jolly spectacle of roasting

the enemies of the church. Here it was, I believe, that John Rogers, so afflicted with children and heresy, underwent the process of being cremated in defense of his faith, or as an expiation of his heresy; and here, in the open space in front of the church, was struck down and slain that doughty but short-lived rebel, Wat Tyler.

I remembered that St. Bartholomew was in Smithfield, a portion of London famous for its executions, its fairs, its jousts and burnings. I fancied still an open field with its booths, its fairs and its variegated population. I found instead, that a densely occupied locality, great markets of brick and stone, handsome and lofty, and each occupying an entire square or block, had grown up on the Smithfield of my boyish reading. Paved streets, long rows of shops and residences, and the great markets had obliterated the Smithfield of history.

It required an hour's diligent search when in the district once known as Smithfield, to find the church. I made inquiry after inquiry, of people who had been long residents of the locality, and they had never heard of St. Bartholomew the Grand.

Policemen did not like to confess their ignorance, and they directed me here and there, but never in the right direction. I had about given the search up, thinking perhaps the old church had given way to the march of modern improvement, when my attention was attracted by seeing at the entrance of a narrow and squalid, covered-alley the remnant of a stone arch which was unmistakably the work of some other age. It is broken, battered, with its arch gone—an arch without an arch—and preserves only a portion of the fluted stonework above the foundation. Happening to glance down the narrow alley, I saw some rusty iron gates, between whose rails I caught the dull and moss-speckled gray of tomb-stones.

Going down to take a view of the old graveyard, I found a narrow burial-place, fronting a church edifice, whose façade had been beaten and blackened by the storms of centuries, and in which I at once recognized the oldest church in London, older than the Norman invasion, built at least five hundred years before Columbus steered his prows across the Atlantic, a structure which unites the Norman with the Saxon—the Church of St. Bartholomew the Grand.

I shall not attempt to describe this venerable pile, or speak of its columns half eaten in two by the action of time, of its eff-

gies, tombs, inscriptions and tenants, for such is the task rather of the antiquary than the modern traveler. I have called attention to it more especially for the purpose of showing the immensity of London, and how in that immensity may be entombed the grandest remains of historic ages, of sublime importance, and yet the men and women, the generations who live in and around the sacred spot, be utterly ignorant of the fact that every step they take is upon holy ground. Here is a church, built when modern civilization was undreamed of; when the Saxon kings held sway in England; about which cluster some of the saddest memories connected with the bloody record of Christian intolerance; in whose walls Hogarth was christened; and whose every blackened stone, could it speak and relate what it has seen, would fill our libraries with volumes of recitals of monstrous crimes, resplendent chivalry, heart-sickening events and many a myriad occurrences connected with the slow and painful evolution of civilization from semi-barbarism, and toleration from bigotry—here is such a structure, and of the dense thousands who live within the sound of its bells, scarcely one knows its history, and few even know its name.

The atom known as the individual never feels his littleness so much as when in London—one of the millions who compose its mighty population. The stranger here is in the midst of a supreme isolation—he is as alone, as bereft of companionship, as much a wretched, lonely nothing, as if the dust which the wind tosses in his eyes were that of the central Sahara. One may for months occupy a room and meet every day, or a dozen times a day, the person who occupies the next room, and each know nothing, care nothing for the other. Day after day, one may drift hither and thither upon this mighty inland sea and never attract any more attention than a tiny nautilus skimming the surface of the mid-Pacific.

If one wishes to be a hermit, London and not the Barcan desert, is the fit place. He can hide himself in an iron-clad seclusion. He can exist, he can suffer, he can die, and the—to him—momentous fact will never be noticed any more than will the presence or absence of one individual drop of water in a storm of the hugest dimentions. Even the hurrying crowds on the streets and the thunderous roar of the thoroughfares intensify the isolation and loneliness. They dwarf one by their magnitude—the vast waves of human life dash him about and feel him as little,

are as ignorant of his existence, as a tornado of a bit of butterfly dust which it may bear along in its tremendous progress.

I should think that London, more than any other place in the world, would be one in which a man would be more inclined to cut short what must seem to him a worthless and unrecognized existence.

Every day crowds pass the house where Dickens lived and not one in ten thousand knows the fact, and not one in a thousand would think it worth while to give it a second thought or a second glance if he should know it. I have stood over the slab which marks the grave of Goldsmith. It is worn deeply by the millions of careless feet that have passed over it. The inscription is almost effaced. How many of the legions who have made the sombre arches of the Temple church echo with their ceaseless tread, know or care that Goldsmith sleeps in the vicinity, or how many even know that such a man ever lived? At every step one meets the resting-place of the "mighty-dead"—men and women who, in life, splendered athwart the sky with an iridescent brilliancy that lighted the darkest corners of the earth, and made the zenith of the ages blaze as from a conflagration.

And yet I find that often their burial-places are unknown. In other cases, rotting slates and nearly-effaced inscriptions are the only record of their resting-place. Over their graves, known and unknown, ebb and flow the measureless human tides, as ignorant of the sacred dust beneath them as the uneasy ocean whose waves roll over the sunken vessel and imprisoned corpses far down in its waters.

Viewing all these things, one cannot help reflecting: What use in living or having lived? Even the remembrance of the greatest is speedily effaced, while the disappearance of the ordinary man or woman is as unnoticed as the fall of a leaf in a forest, where, at each moment, thousands are wrenched off by the autumn winds and sent whirling down—to be trampled over, to rot, to be never even forgotten, because never even known.

An individual born in London is a thin needle thrust into the surface of a boundless sea. His death is its withdrawal. Neither his coming nor his going has created any displacement or commotion in the illimitable waves.

As an illustration of the immensity of London and the utter isolation of a resident, I may mention a fact in my own experi-

ence. I know perhaps a hundred people in London. I know a great many others, residents of the United States, whose names I constantly see on the central register, and who pass through here each week by dozens. On each day of six out of seven I traverse London, through its most populous portions, for a distance of not less than twenty-five miles. Yet, despite knowing so many people, despite encountering hundreds of thousands every day, despite the immense distance which I travel daily, I have never met on the streets but one person whom I have ever met before. Nor have I ever seen, even twice, noticeable faces, or carriages, such as will occur in smaller places. In New York, or Chicago, there is a man with some deformity, a woman with some striking quality of beauty or hideousness, a 'bus driver with some peculiarity in manner or appearance, whom one meets now and again, until they become recognized, and, to a greater or less extent, familiar characters. It is never so here; even the twisted, stunted wretch, who, in tatters, sweeps the crossing before your door when you go out in the morning, has given place to some other mendicant when you return at night.

Looking, to-day, among the London crowds to discover a face which you saw yesterday, is as vain as endeavoring, on one voyage across the Atlantic, to locate some crested wave which rushed by the ship on a voyage made six months before.

One can nowhere be so lost, so hidden, as in these interminable streets and among this ocean of human beings. The very multiplicity of things and people has the effect to prevent their being seen. It is often my experience to go five or six miles on a 'bus through the most thronged and sightly portions of the city, and yet not, from the beginning to the end of the journey, to notice a face, a building, or an occurrence. There is so much to be seen; the crowds are so dense and so endless; the shops and the architecture so varied, that one cannot take them in detail, and they then become a blurred mass, hurrying by, as indistinguishable as the spokes of a revolving wheel, or as a swift express train passing close to the point of vision.

Incomprehensible as are the living millions of London, they are to the dead of the city what a corporal's guard is numerically to a great army, or a handful of sand to the vast Sahara desert. If I find myself stunned by the innumerable swarms of life that fill this monstrous hive of modern civilization, what word can I find to express the feeling which possesses me as I

attempt to comprehend the dimensions of the mass once animate with human life, but which now is dust? London presents itself to me as a place whose foundations rest upon the ashes of innumerable generations. Even the dust of the streets, eddying in the wind, seems to possess a sacredness, as if it were a part of the deep strata of mortality that underlie the great city.

Despite the Niagara-like roar of the living, the voices of the populous past make themselves heard above the uproar. If I may venture to interpret their plaintful utterance, it may be embodied in the single word: "Forgotten." The omnibus on which I ride twice a day to the city rolls over the spot where Tyburn gallows once stood, and beneath which Cromwell is buried; and there is not even a slab to designate the locality. In a little plat of four acres, in Finsbury, used as a place of interment during the great plague, where over a thousand cart-loads of human bones were dumped from the charnel-house of St. Paul's, where over one hundred and thirty thousand persons were buried in the century preceding 1852—here in the midst of this colossal gathering of the bodies of paupers, of pest-field accumulations, rest the remains of John Bunyan, Daniel De Foe, George Fox the founder of the sect of Quakers, the mother of John Wesley, Dr. Isaac Watts, and many another once-eminent person. What a hideous chorus comes up from out this horrible pit, where were dumped like offal the desecrated bones of generations of dead, the rotten corpses of plague-smitten victims, of myriads of unknown paupers, and the honored remains of men and women who, before death, wrote their names ineffaceably upon the records of glorious human endeavor—a chorus which at once protests against the cruel indifference of their sepulture, and a complaint against the oblivion which, in the case of nearly all the living, shrouds their hallowed memories.

Even St. Bartholomew the Grand is entombed among the living, and forgotten. Among all the clatter of hob-nailed shoes on adjacent pavements, in the neighboring tenements, whose narrow windows are hung with tawdry curtains, and in front of which ragged and dirty children make the street clamorous with their shrill cries, in the filthy beer shops close by, in which brutal-faced men and blear-eyed women tipple the live-long day and night, there are no indications, no recognition of the grand and solemn memories embodied in the time-scarred edifice, with its foreground of toppling headstones and effaced graves.

LETTER XII.

LONDON JOURNALISM.

LONDON, Sept. 29, 1877.

ONDON journalism, like everything else connected with this great metropolis, is so extensive that it is impossible to handle it comprehensively and exhaustively within the limits of a newspaper article. Not only is the magnitude of the subject a difficulty, but, in some respects, the newspaper office, and many of its internal arrangements, are a profound mystery.

One cannot drop into a newspaper office here, and ramble through it led by his own sweet will, as he can through the average American newspaper office. One cannot pass beyond the advertising office, or counting room, without first writing for permission, and which, if granted, comes in the shape of a card directed to "the printer," and designating the hour at which the visit must be made.

Under such circumstances, a couple of days ago, I visited *The Times* newspaper building. Of the details of the visit, more anon; I simply refer to it now to illustrate the difficulties in the way of gaining admission, and the profound mystery which separates the London newspaper from the vulgar public.

The gentleman who acted as my escort evidently felt that we were treading on holy ground. We looked through the composing rooms with bared heads; we stepped lightly and reverentially when we penetrated the sacred precincts of the stereotyping department. We stood before the eighty-horse-power engine as solemnly and respectfully as though it were a catafalque bearing the body of an earl. In deferential silence I stood within the arched press-room and listened to the infernal and deafening clatter of the Walter presses, as if it were a mighty funeral chant over the remains of England's most illustrious dead.

I know a good deal more about printing presses, stereotyping, steam engines, and the like, than does the mourner who conducted me through the mechanical departments. As I shall presently show, the London *Times*, in mechanical appliances, is far behind its Chicago namesake. The latter has all the improvements that the former has, and a good many more. Hence I was not greatly interested in being shown how a compositor picks up a type, or how a stereyoper makes a cast of a form. I wanted to

get at the brains of the establishment; to know how the literary work is done, how many do it; but I succeeded about as well in finding out as a non-member would succeed in working his way into a lodge of Masons.

“How large a literary force does *The Times* employ?”

My bareheaded guide received the question very much as if I had inquired suddenly whether his wife—if he have one—wears her own teeth, or uses padding in her stays. It seemed to strike him as an unwarranted impertinence. I had before exhibited none of that profound emotion that ought to be manifested by an uncivilized Yankee when shown the marvelous mysteries of sticking type in the greatest newspaper office in the world. And now I wanted to know, you know, something about the *penetralia*, the *sanctum sanctorum*. He was dumbfounded beyond immediate expression. Probably of all the hundreds, or thousands, whom he had piloted through the printing office, I was the very first who was not amazed at every step of the astounding revelations; and I was probably the very first who, like Oliver Twist, at the conclusion of his banquet of soup *maigre*, had ever ventured to ask for “more.”

“How large is the staff of editorial writers?”

He did not know.

“How extensive is the reportorial staff?”

He could not say.

“What is the name of the editor?”

He declined to answer a question which evidently was a deliberate effort to unveil to the world the secrets of the inner temple.

Quite fortunately, I already knew some of these things; but I pushed some of my questions from pure enjoyment of his amazement over the unprecedented occurrence. He got rid of me as soon as he could, after I had commenced on these sacred and forbidden topics; and it is not likely that he will soon forget this awful attempt to penetrate the sacred secrets connected with getting up a leader on the Colorado beetle, or penning a police-court item relative to some Briton who, in a slight case of domestic disagreement, had settled it by kicking in his wife's ribs with the toe of his hob-nailed boot.

This incident illustrates somewhat the difficulty of getting a certain class of information in regard to the London press.

So far as appliances for the printing of a newspaper are concerned, Chicago has nothing to learn from London; in fact, the

reverse is true. What would be novel and of interest is the intellectual department of London journalism—who are the editors and managers, what their training, education and temperaments.

The English have a very peculiar and inconsistent horror of what they term personality. To describe a man's appearance in print; to photograph him in type, so that his individuality can be caught and enjoyed by the masses, is regarded as a gross offense. Yet *Punch* and all the other illustrated papers do not hesitate at all to issue gross caricatures of public characters. This kind of a personality is allowable, but to attempt to fairly describe the personal appearance of the same public character—as, for instance, I have done in the case of Sir Strafford Northcote, Disraeli and others—is an unpardonable crime.

Let a man like Grant, or some other noted character, appear in public, and there will at once be a rush of thousands to see him. This is a natural and wholly legitimate curiosity; but to attempt to gratify this curiosity through a newspaper, or by giving Grant's stature, the color of his eyes, and the like, is vulgar, and not to be tolerated.

Englishmen defend this on the ground that a man's personality is something so sacred that no one has a right to interfere with it. Now, this explanation is a humbug. The real reason underlying this aversion to touching personality is, not that any Englishman regards his personality as something too sacred to meddle with, but that he does not wish to appear enough interested in anybody else to know, or notice how he looks, or what is his personality. One supreme motive in most Englishmen's lives is indifference to everybody else. To write up a man; to give the contour of his jaw, and the color of his eyes, would be equivalent to admitting the degrading fact that the individual doing it has condescended to notice the other fellow.

"Let me give you a bit of advice," said a friendly Englishman, civilized by travel, whom I met on the steamer. "Whenever you are in company in England, no matter where, always act as if you didn't care tuppence for anybody present, and as if you considered yourself a little better than all the others. As soon as they see this, they'll begin to think 'there must be something in that chap.'"

My friend was right. I have since learned that, consciously or unconsciously, the aim of the average Englishman is to have people see him, while he appears to see nobody.

More or less connected with this very peculiar view of personalities, is the difficulty of getting at the men connected with the management of the press. They are behind a veil which hides them from the public. However much they might like to be seen and admired, they dare not admit it, because that would at once show the hypocrisy of the claim as to the sanctity of a man's personality.

Another difficulty, that relating to the almost insuperable number of publications, is so great that it is useless to attempt to surmount it. Unless one is prepared to write a book as colossal as a London directory, one cannot comprehensively handle the London press. There is not only a score or more of dailies, but there are weeklies as numerous as the hosts of Assyrians who "came down on the fold." There is an army of tri-weeklies, semi-weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies.

Not only has every conceivable branch of industry its organ, but every subdivision of the metropolis has its hebdomadal representative. In short, there is an "embarrassment of riches." In view of this fact, I shall limit myself to the grouping of a few of the more conspicuous features of London journalism.

The almost universal rule in the character of the editorial, or "leader" writing of the London journals is that it is ponderous, stately, dignified, sophomoric, classical. These leaders are usually of about the same length—a most suspicious fact as going to show that the writer does not *feel* his subject, and that its importance has no reference to the extent of its treatment. When a leader on the Colorado beetle, and another on the political condition of Europe, and a third on bicycles, are all precisely the same length, it is not difficult to conceive that the writer aims at measurement rather than forcible effect. Of course, any one outside the profession can readily appreciate that, where a certain length is always aimed at, the more important subjects will not be exhaustively treated, while the less important ones will be stretched beyond a proper length.

That leaders are furnished by the yard is further seen in the very natural consequence that they are never swift, impetuous, impassioned. There is the difference between them and articles written by one who feels intensely what he writes, that there is between some canal, whose waters are always tranquil and whose banks are always the same distance apart, and some river which rolls on resistlessly, now in a narrow channel, again between two

banks which widen away, but which is never stagnant, and always full of motion, energy, and resistless force.

There is occasionally some evidence of feeling in the utterances of *The News* and *The Spectator*, when they have to comment on some extraordinary horror occurring on the battle-fields—but even in this case their feeling, their passionateness, is a matter of about so many inches or feet of writing, and nothing beyond.

It must be a curious thing for a writer to be logical, appealing, historical, argumentative, by lineal measurement! One reason for this class of product is found in the fact that the journals here do not, as a general thing, organize editorial staffs, as is done in the case of American journals. The men who do the leader writing do not belong to the paper for which they write. They are men about town who may furnish leaders for a half dozen different papers, all of varying views. That they write by the yard is the inevitable result of being paid by the yard.

A man who is employed on one paper, who becomes identified with its aims, and sympathetic with its views, will invariably write under the inspiration of feeling. There is the difference between his work and that of one employed by the piece, and writing for a half dozen journals, that there is between a soldier who fights in the defense of his own country, liberty, and fire-side, and a mercenary who battles solely for pay, and without reference to the side for which he draws his sword.

As editorials are written without feeling, they are invariably without any of the personalities of American journalism. No journal ever alludes to the editor of any other journal. Herein there rests a profound, undisturbed impersonality. Of course, this fact is often the subject of felicitous mention by the English newspaper; and it contrasts itself most admirably with the American newspaper in this particular. It is a virtue, a blessing, a most desirable thing, beyond any question. However, I am not inclined to believe that, in its origin, this lack of personality is so very commendable. In the first place, a paid writer, having no prominent connection with the journal for which he writes, would not be likely to have any very strong feeling against the editor of any other paper. In the next place, he does not know who the editor of the other paper is, and finally, if he did know, and had every possible desire to be personal, he would not, because that would violate a cardinal rule in an Englishman's

conduct, and which is: Never seem to know that any other fellow has an existence.

In the direction of news enterprise, as a general, and, perhaps, as a universal thing, the London press is behind the metropolitan press of America. In the matter of telegraphic news, *The Chicago Times* incurs a much greater outlay annually than any paper, or, perhaps, any two papers in London,

Not only is the outlay larger, but the quantity of news is also larger. I am quite certain that the Chicago paper gives every day more news from the Russo-Turkish war than the London *Times*.

In estimating the comparative enterprise of these two journals, there are one or two very important facts to be considered. In what may be termed inland news—that is, news from Great Britain and Ireland—not only is telegraphing vastly cheaper than in America, within the same radius, but the frequency and speed of railway trains, in a very great number of cases, permits sending news by letter. Anywhere within one hundred, or one hundred and fifty miles of London, it is possible to forward information by mail up to 8, 9, or 10 o'clock at night. To a certain extent the same is true of continental news, or certain portions of the continent. Paris is only seven or eight hours from London, and hence it is possible to send news by mail as late as 4 or 5 o'clock P. M. of each day.

The mail facilities, in connection with the fact that telegraphing here costs less than one-half what it does at home, render the getting of news much more easy and less expensive than in America. It costs only twenty-five cents, at full rates, to send twenty words to any part of London, or any part of the kingdom. The press rates are much less.

A journalist is not very favorably impressed with the completeness or kind of news furnished by the London press. There is no attempt, as in the case of *The Chicago Times*, to have each issue a microcosm, in which one finds all the salient occurrences of the world, for the previous twenty-four hours.

A very prominent judicial investigation may not be noticed at all; a fire in which six people are burned will be disposed of in five lines, while a bicycle race will be given a column. An atrocious murder does well if it gets six lines of minion, while the laying of the corner-stone of a new school-building is badly treated if it does not get a couple of columns of brevier.

By far the most enterprising of the London dailies in the matter of war news is *The Daily News*. Its accounts are not only the best in quality, the most clear, complete, and best written, but they are the first to get before the public. Its account of the first Russian repulse at Plevna was not only a model in its superior descriptive writing, but also in its comprehensiveness and perfect accuracy. It was published within forty-eight hours after the battle; it cost over £100 to send it—a fact which has caused far more wonderment and discussion in London than has the marvelous completeness of the account. One hundred pounds for a single telegram! To the London public the thing is almost incredible; and, so far as believed, is accepted as an enterprise whose expense is without parallel in journalism.

When going through *The Times* building, I undertook, in a gentle and genial way, to convey to my conductor the fact that *The Chicago Times* not only pays out from five to ten times as much money for its news as its London namesake, but that it also gives daily two or three times as much news from the seat of war and all other parts of the world. It was a thankless task which I had undertaken. He at once frowned me down, blasting my budding efforts with frosty disapproval. From his expression, I became satisfied that there is no such journal as *The Chicago Times*; and, moreover, that there are no newspapers in America, no such place as America, and, finally, no newspaper anywhere except the London *Times*.

There is something of this feeling prevalent among all London journals. Many of them never see any other than the English newspapers, and others utterly ignore the existence of an outside press, although thrown daily into contact with it. For this reason there is little progress in the English newspapers as a whole. The managers see only their own efforts; they care nothing apparently for what others may be doing, and hence they are all falling behind. *The News* is an exception. It is exhibiting bursts of enterprise, and now and then an appreciation of what constitutes news, to an extent suggestive of the wide-awake efforts of the American press. It has even advanced so far that occasionally it has a mild eruption of head-lines, sometimes committing the enormous innovation of putting as many as five display lines at the head of a more than usually-tremendous battle.

LETTER XIII.

LONDON JOURNALISM.

LONDON, Oct. 8, 1877.

T is a matter apparently of some difficulty to penetrate the mysteries of a London newspaper office. I have already described a portion of my visit to the office of *The Times*, and how reverently my conductor showed me through limited portions of the building, and how he repelled in a most zealous and frightened manner my effort to gain any information beyond the ineffable mystery of "sticking type," or taking a cast of a form.

Somewhat the same — only more so — discouragement attended my effort to visit *The Telegraph*. A written request to visit *The Times* met with a courteous response by return mail; a similar request, enclosing my professional card, elicited no reply from *The Telegraph* for several days. I was about to write again, asking them to be good enough to return the stamp which I had inclosed, when I received a note to the effect that they were about to put in some new boilers, and could not receive any visitors. I fancy the true reason of this discourteous response was the failure, on my part, to possess any certificate of circumcision — the possession of which, or similar proofs of nationality, or race, or religion, seems to be a *sine qua non* to admission to the inner circle of *The Telegraph*.

Its owners are a family named Levy — presumably Moses Levy, Abraham Levy, and Aaron Levy, and so on through — who are graduates from the well-known Houndsditch of London, a locality in which are gathered for purposes of plunder all the more detestable elements of the lost tribes. When I add that they have been blackballed by every decent club in London, I have given all concerning them that needs be known.

The Telegraph first became known by linking its fortunes with the *New York Herald* in the hunt for Livingstone, the Abyssinian war, and the exploration of Central Africa. Thanks to its connection with an American newspaper, it was able to astonish England with some exhibitions of enterprise — although the fact of this American connection is not known here, and *The Telegraph* enjoys credit for enterprises which it did not originate,

and for results which, unaided, it would never have dreamed of accomplishing.

In the earlier days it was liberal, and radical in the extreme, and, by pandering to the demands of the mob, it attained a large circulation. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out, it swung around to the conservative side, because that side included more English people than the opposite, and, moreover, because the Oriental origin of its owners leads them to sympathize with the deism of an Asiatic race rather than with the Christianity of a western people—whom Beaconsfield, in speaking of the “snub-nosed Saxon,” terms “the still more snub-nosed Slav.” Taking up the cause of the more long-nosed of the contestants, *The Telegraph* has struck the popular side in England; and now, although the poorest newspaper in London, it prints many more copies than any other journal. If the oaths of its owners can be relied on, it is now printing an average daily edition of two hundred and sixty-five thousand.

I have termed it the poorest newspaper in London, because it is behind all the other first-class journals in the quantity and quality of its news. In not one single case has it ever given an account of a battle in advance of its contemporaries, except when, as has several times occurred, it has given details of bogus engagements. Its corps of correspondents not only do not have the enterprise possessed by *The News* and *The Times*, but they are immeasurably inferior in ability.

It has had several opportunities for an immense journalistic thing, as, notably, when it had the only English correspondent with the Turks during the battles of Plevna. There was in the viewing of the battles from this standpoint, and in the romantic adventures of the correspondent in getting through the Russian lines, opportunity for such a narration as no other phase of the war has afforded. It was not, however, taken advantage of. It amounted to a bare, unfervid, bungling account that would have done discredit to the cheapest reporter on the poorest paper in Chicago.

In its editorial writers, it has, in George Augustus Sala, one very fair writer. Otherwise, *The Telegraph* carries no weight. One line in *The Times*, in the shape of an opinion, goes further with the English public than ten columns of *The Telegraph*.

The Telegraph, if, as said, the oaths of its owners can be believed, prints about two hundred and sixty-five thousand copies

daily, while *The Times* prints less than one-quarter as many, or sixty thousand. In comparing this difference, it must be understood that the former sells for one penny, nearly two cents, and the latter for three pence, or nearly six cents. In this instance the number of copies printed is no test as to the number of readers. Despite the difference of the number of copies printed, *The Times* is read by more people than *The Telegraph*.

The masses do not buy *The Times* outright, on account of its expense. Nearly all newsdealers in the kingdom rent *The Times*, about their respective neighborhoods, to be read, at the rate of two cents an hour. A dealer will take, say ten copies, each of which will be rented to from six to ten people each day. Many of the London newsdealers, after renting their *Times* till evening, then ship them to smaller country newsdealers, who dispose of them at a reduced price. In this way a single copy of *The Times* will be read and paid for by ten or fifteen people each day; and, estimating readers upon this basis, it will be concluded that *The Times* really has the larger actual circulation.

It is a generally-believed report that *The Times* refuses to print above sixty thousand, because, as averred by the report, it is so large that it loses on its circulation. This is not so. *The Times* prints all the papers there is a demand for. There is another popular belief that, owing to pressure on its advertising columns, it will give a customer only a limited amount of space. This again is mainly false. There is a great pressure on the advertising columns, but a man can have all the space he wishes, but in order to discourage him from going to an extent that would crowd out other advertisers, he is charged an extra and cumulative price if he takes more than a reasonable amount of space.

The office of *The Times* is located well down towards the business center of the city, although at least two miles from the Bank of England. It is near Blackfriars bridge, and but a short distance from the Thames, toward which it fronts. The old *Times* is some fifty or sixty feet back from the street on which the new building fronts.

The latter is of plain red brick, with white trimmings, five stories in height, and looks very much like a well-to-do grocery or paint-shop. There is nothing in its magnitude or finish to indicate its being the office of the greatest newspaper in the world. A pediment rising above the roof-line encloses a clock,

and two files, in stone, of *The Times*, the thickest of which is labeled "*The Times* Past," and the other simply "*The Times*."

This new building fronting on the street contains the advertising and other business offices, on the ground floor. The upper floors are, I suppose, devoted to the editor-in-chief and others connected with the publication of the paper. All above the counting room is in the nature of a sealed book. I was permitted, hat in hand, to take a brief and respectful look at the gentlemen engaged in taking in advertisements, and chalking the transactions down in big books, but I could get no further.

Everybody connected with the literary department of *The Times* is surrounded by a hypothetical brick wall eighty-five feet high, and covered all over with broken bottles with the sharp points up. Within this sacred enclosure no vulgar eye is ever permitted to gaze.

Passing through the new building to the rear, one reaches an inclosed court, on the other side of which is a battered, dilapidated old brick structure, which was formerly *The Times* building, but is now given up to the mechanical department. Over the rusty entrance is a large marble slab set into the brick wall, and which bears an inscription to the effect that it was erected to commemorate the exposure by *The Times* of some great fraud of a financial nature.

It occurred to me, as I was perusing this interesting record, that if *The Chicago Times* should erect a mural tablet every time it exposed a great fraud, it would soon have its entire fronts covered with inscribed records of its enterprise and its fidelity to public interests.

Within the old building are a half-dozen rooms devoted to type-setting, stereotyping, and the like. So far as composition is concerned, the only difference between the London *Times* and an American paper is that the various kinds of type have separate rooms. Advertisements are set up in one room, minion matter goes to another, and brevier and nonpareil to still others. What advantage there is in this division I could not learn.

In one room are six machines for setting type. I was very anxious to examine their work in detail, but the moment I wanted to know, you know, my conductor became alarmed. From his point of view, a stranger going through the office should limit himself to seeing, admiring reverently, and asking no questions.

"Whose make are these machines?" I asked.

He didn't know.

"How many thousands of *ems* or *ens* can an active operator set in an hour?"

He had no idea.

"Is there any economy in their use?"

He was not in a condition to state.

Their cost, speed and the like were all asked after, but without result. My guide either doesn't know, or will not communicate what he does know. However, I saw that the type is fed to the machine by flat, upright tubes, each one of which contains a different letter. A double key-board in front enables the operator to set type as if he were playing an organ. The types successively drop into a horizontal groove, and are pushed along to the right, where they are spaced by an assistant. None of them were being worked, and hence I could get no idea of their rapidity or their value. In the center of this room is a large rack which is stored with tubes, filled with letters, and ready for the machines.

Some day I will find out all about these machines, despite the mystery with which they were surrounded by my conductor. The only inference I could make was that they are very compact, each occupying scarcely as much room as the ordinary single stand with its double cases; and, moreover, that their use by *The Times* is rather a guarantee that they are economical in labor and expense.

The stereotyping room of the London *Times* is almost two-thirds the size of that of *The Chicago Times*. I happened to be present during the casting of a form for the noon edition of *The Times*. The time occupied was about twelve minutes; and which, I informed my guide is from five to six minutes more than is required to perform the same work in Chicago.

I found nothing in this department of value to a learner, from the fact that in handling a plate, planing, heading, and the like, the processes are slower and more clumsy than those in use in *The Chicago Times* office. Here, as in *The Scotsman* office, which I described from Edinburgh, the plates are ribbed; and, in brief, one office is a very exact reproduction of the other. *The Times* has the Walter press, invented by a *Times* employé, and named after the principal editor and owner of *The Times*, Mr. Walter. It has six of them, each of which prints and folds about fourteen thousand an hour. It is a beautiful press, but its noise is simply infernal; Gabriel's trump or a thousand-pound gun could not be

heard anywhere within ear-shot of one of these machines. In respect of noise they are an unmitigated nuisance.

The Times employs almost two hundred compositors. It has two telegraph wires ending in the office, from one of which it takes its specials, and the other its Reuter reports.

It also has a novelty — so my conductor assured me — in the shape of a pneumatic tube some fifty feet long, which connects the rooms of the editor and the proof-room. I am certain that my amazement over this novelty of a pneumatic tube fifty feet in length was far from being what my guide seemed to think it ought to be.

LETTER XIV.

LONDON JOURNALISM.

LONDON, Oct. 11, 1877.

O an American journalist there is something queer in the number of editions issued by many or all the daily newspapers. Some of the papers are both morning and evening papers, as, for instance, *The Standard*, which appears in the early part of the day as *The Morning Standard*, and late as *The Evening Standard*. It issues one edition of the former, and about noon enters upon its twilight existence, under the title of the "first edition" of *The Evening Standard*. At intervals it puts out an edition, labeling them successively, first, second, third and fourth editions, after which, at about 7 P. M., it brings up the rear with a "special edition." In all, *The Standard* has one morning and five afternoon editions.

The Times is more modest, and limits itself to a regular morning issue, and occasionally another at 1 P. M., which is termed a second edition. It does not go beyond these two issues. The same number in case of extra news is issued also by *The News*, *Telegraph*, and, I believe, by *The Morning Post* and *The Chronicle*. The two last-named journals are not very prominent; and, while I hear of them occasionally, I have never seen but one copy of *The Chronicle*, and none of *The Post*.

The evening papers are almost as multifarious, having always

not less than a second edition, while others run up to a fourth and fifth, with the "special edition."

It is not unfrequently the case that the only difference between these various editions is in the title, and not in the contents. The first, second, third, fourth, and special editions are often precisely the same, except in the single line which designates the particular edition. This is especially the case with the evening papers, whose successive editions follow each other so closely that there is little opportunity for anything to occur.

In the case of the morning papers, it is somewhat different. There is an interval of not less than from seven to eight hours between the morning and the noon publication, so that there is time for events to occur. In nearly every instance, however, there is a difference. Whether intentionally, or because it is unavoidable, any very interesting account, say of a battle, is broken off at its most thrilling point in the morning edition, and is continued and finished in the noon edition. In this way a later edition of a morning paper seems a necessity. It is true that the next morning's issue always contains the extra matter, and which is credited to "our second edition of yesterday." Of course, this serves to advertise the second edition by showing the public that it contains news of importance. *The News* has probably sold many thousand copies more than it otherwise would have sold, by often reserving the denouement of its magnificent battle accounts for its later edition.

The difference between a regular and a later edition seems limited wholly to telegraphic news. There are no additions to the editorial, or to any other part, except simply war news coming by telegraph.

A very convenient and economical feature of London journalism is afforded by the evening papers. All of them give condensed accounts of the opinions of the leading morning press. There is an evening paper called *The Echo*, a folio, which is a trifle larger than half *The Chicago Times*, which plays a very useful part in journalism. It condenses all the telegraphic news from the morning papers; has the Associated Press dispatches and brief special telegrams, and presents the gist of all the valuable editorials from the leading morning dailies. The average reader who cannot spare the time to wade through all the great morning newspapers, finds everything of value in them nicely condensed in *The Echo*. Moreover, it enables such a reader to

economize in money as well as time. It costs a fortune to buy all the London newspapers, whereas for one cent *The Echo* will give the substance, the marrow of all of them.

A great many take it as a substitute for all other papers. Again, there are those addicted to some particular one of the morning papers, because it is the exponent of their opinion, and who take *The Echo* because in it they can at a glance get the cream of the contents of all the other papers.

The same thing is done by *The Pall Mall Gazette*, whose price, however, being four cents, prevents its being as popular in its circulation as *The Echo*. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in addition to bearing in its bosom the condensed news of the morning dailies, has a vast amount of material of other kinds. It is a sort of a quarterly issued daily. It has essays, book reviews, and the like, in each issue; has no war letters, or special telegraphic war news; and is a kind of ponderous twenty-four-pound, muzzle-loading gun, which its managers are laboring to employ for the light, rapid service required of the smaller breech-loaders. It is a journal which has never said a decent, fair thing of anything Russian or American.

The Globe, a two-cent paper, which commences to issue at noon, and has several editions, also summarizes the editorial opinions of the morning papers. It is anti-Russian; in fact, *The Echo*, among the evening papers, and *The News*, among the morning papers, are the only journals of the many dailies published in London which favor Russia, and are not the abject apologists of the Ottoman government.

The London newspapers who keep correspondents in the field deal munificently with them. The offices furnish them with everything. Each of them has at least two horses, which the office pays for, and one or more servants. Forbes, the correspondent of *The News*, receives a clear salary of \$5,000 a year, and all his expenses paid. This \$5,000 is in the shape of a retainer. He is paid that amount by *The News* to retain his services, so as to prevent his writing for any other journal. When he is actually at work, then he is paid an additional amount, but he would receive the \$5,000 were he not to do a stroke of work within the twelve months.

The cost of telegrams from Constantinople is about twelve and a half cents a word. From neither Bucharest nor Constantinople does it cost as much to get to London telegrams as it does *The Chi-*

cago Times to get its cablegrams from London; and it is often the case that *The Times* has more from London than any one of the leading London journals has from the seat of war. The London papers, considering their nearness to the scene of hostilities, and their wealth, do not make nearly as much of the war as would an average American newspaper were it possessed of similar advantages.

The heaviest telegrams received by *The Times* and *The Telegraph* are from Paris; but as these papers have private wires connecting them with the French capital, it costs them no more to receive four thousand words than five hundred. They pay for the use of the wire by the year, and hence quantity does not count. The same is true of Vienna news, which comes by private wire — that is to say, a wire which these journals have the right to use exclusively during certain hours of each twenty-four.

In a letter from Edinburgh I went over the system of newspaper management at some length; and, as exactly the same prevails here, I need do no more than recapitulate the chief points. There are an editor and a manager, the latter of whom is really the more important official. The former has little more to do with the paper than to conduct the editorial page, or "leader-writing," as it is termed. The manager has charge of everything else; and, while he may not give character to the tone or policy of the journal, it is he who is responsible for its enterprise, and its success as a newspaper. He combines in himself the managing editor and business manager of an American journal. While he may not say who shall write leaders, he dictates all other appointments, and is responsible for everything appearing outside the editorial page.

The ablest manager in London to-day is Mr. Robinson, who has charge of *The Daily News*. He is a wiry Scotchman of about forty-five years of age, with a full, red beard, spectacles, thin hair, and keen, intelligent face. He is active in his movements, affable, although guarded, in his conversation, and is, as his face and manner alone would indicate, a man of great energy and shrewdness. By his masterly handling of *The News* during the few months of the present war, he has placed his paper immeasurably in advance of all his English contemporaries, and has given it a world-wide reputation for energy, enterprise and correctness.

Were his paper on the popular side of the Russo-Turkish question, it would have a circulation of half a million, and all the

advertising patronage it could handle. It is a quarto, just the width of *The Chicago Times*, about two inches longer, and has an average of three pages of advertising. Three pages out of eight seems an excellent average advertising patronage from a Chicago standpoint, but it is small from a London point of view. *The Telegraph* has five of its eight pages crowded with close-set advertisements; the London *Times* has rarely less than from seven to twelve of its sixteen pages crammed to repletion with the notices and demands of the business community.

Thus it happens that, although under Manager Robinson *The News* is beyond all dispute the best newspaper in the kingdom, it receives but a limited advertising patronage, and this, because Englishmen advertise in a paper according to their sympathies.

I interviewed Manager Robinson, but found him close as an oyster on all points affecting the inner workings of *The News*, especially its circulation. He declined to give the latter; and thereupon, finding I had been repulsed in endeavoring to capture Plevna Robinson by direct assault, I resolved upon resuming offensive operations by a flank movement. As a preliminary, I retreated in apparent disorder from the Gravitzia redoubt of circulation. After talking awhile on American journalism, I inquired:

“What time do your early trains leave the city?”

“About 5 o’clock.”

“Of course you have to have your edition worked off in time for these trains?”

“Oh, yes. We get through at about quarter before five.”

I had captured one important position of the enemy.

We discussed something else for awhile, and finally I thought of stereotyping.

“Do you usually go to press all at once—that is, do you always start a press as soon as the plates are ready, or wait and commence the press-work all at once?”

“We commence working all the presses at the same time.”

“By your process of stereotyping are you much delayed in getting the plates ready?”

“We get along very well. It takes us about three-quarters of an hour to stereotype.”

Two more of the enemy’s positions had been quietly “gobbled,” and the enemy did not suspect it.

I gave him points on Yankee stereotyping, and so on, and, after a time, ventured the delicate inquiry:

“How late do you keep open for news?”

“Till a quarter before three.”

The place was about to surrender, and didn’t know it!

We strolled into the press-room. There were seven gleaming Walter presses.

“Do you ever have any difficulty with the Walter presses?”

‘Not the slightest.’

‘How fast do you find it safe to run them?’

“About fourteen thousand five hundred an hour.”

“Indeed! I’m astonished. Can you always run off your editions at that rate?”

“Yes; always.”

The great central redoubt of circulation had been turned and had fallen. Let us see. News is received up to 2:45 A. M. Forty-five minutes are required to stereotype the forms. This consumes the time till 3:30, when they go to press. One hour and fifteen minutes later the edition is worked off. Here, now, is a very simple problem:

How many papers will seven presses print in one hour and fifteen minutes at the rate each of fourteen thousand five hundred an hour? The sum total is one hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five. Making some allowance for time in getting the plates on the press would take off a few thousand; but the above is probaly a very close estimate of *The News*’ circulation.

I have related in detail the process by which I reached the conclusion, mainly for the purpose of illustrating the old saying that “there’s more than one way to skin a cat.”

That *The News* is a success, and the other journals, in the matter of war correspondence, a failure, is wholly owing to the fact Manager Robinson knows how to select men for the service to be performed. He does not select a man with reference to his social standing, but with sole reference to his fitness for the desired service.

The Times, for instance, makes the selections of its war correspondents mainly with reference to their social position. Its representatives in the field must be military men — nothing less than majors or colonels. Maj. Knowles, Sir Henry Havelock, and a similar class of men have been chosen to represent *The Times*

in the field, with the result that that journal has been about the most backward of the English press in the quality, quantity, and earliness of its news.

While it does not necessarily follow that a man cannot write well because he is an officer, or a knight, it certainly does not follow—as *The Times* seems to believe—that a man is necessarily a good writer because he has received a military education, or because he is entitled to write “Sir” before his front name. All of *The Times* accounts, while bristling with military technicalities, have been clumsily written, and often days behind *The News* in giving accounts of operations.

As stated in a former letter, editorial writers are not an office fixture here as in America. The men who furnish editorials for an English paper may or may not be professional writers—that is, writers for newspapers. They may be magazinists, or novel writers, or almost anything else. They occupy somewhat the position of the mercenary soldier whose fealty is due to the power which pays him, during the period for which he is employed.

Suppose the London *Times* wishes to retain the services of Prof. Musty Dryasdust for a leader-writer. The editor sends for him, or to him, announces the wish, and if the professor consents he is paid a retainer, which varies according to the man employed. The retainer engages him for *The Times*, and he cannot write for any other daily paper. It does not, however, guarantee him constant employment. He may have been retained to write on will cases, and he writes only when there is a demand for an article on wills. A journal may have five or fifty men thus retained. Each day the editor decides what he wishes written, assigns the subjects to the proper men, and pays them “by the piece.” A retaining fee varies, of course, according to the quality of the man. As I have been told, and above said, Forbes, of *The News*, has a retainer each year of \$5,000. The retainer does not usually include payment for services rendered. Editorials on *The Times* are paid for at rates varying from two to five guineas each.

There are sub-editors who have charge of foreign news, correspondence, local topics, commercial affairs, and the like, who receive regular salaries. An English reporter, who is almost invariably a short-hand writer, gets from \$15 to \$25 per week.

Some of the London journals set the public an excellent exam-

ple by going extensively into advertising. There is not a railway station in Great Britain, or a dead wall, that fails to have an immense board with the words in huge letters: "*The Daily Telegraph*, Largest Circulation in the World." Any number of staring signs meet one everywhere with the information: "*Standard*, Largest Daily Paper," although it isn't the "largest." *The News* has gone to a large expense for signs, which read: "*Daily News*, Large Circulation," or "*Daily News*, War News and Correspondence." These three journals do the most of this class of advertising. *The Times* evidently considers it needs no such aid, or else is too dignified to resort to any such agency.

Excepting *The Times*, all the daily papers send out with each edition half-sheet posters which summarize the news in large letters. Each newsboy has one of these, which he holds before him, and each news agency has them in front of its door. The benefit is great to the public, as it enables a man to know whether a paper contains what he wants, or whether there is any news of an additional battle, and the like.

So far as I know none of the London papers are distributed by carriers. The mails and the news agencies are the means of distribution. One who wishes a paper delivered at his house subscribes for it at the nearest newsdealer's. Some of the offices, and perhaps all of them, have wagons which deliver the paper to the local news stands and to the railways.

I have, as yet, but barely touched a few of the more salient points of London journalism. Some time, I hope to be able to say something of the men who are prominent in this field of effort, and also to be able to analyze more carefully the character of the most conspicuous feature of the world's metropolis.

LETTER XV.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

LONDON, October 20. 1877.

T is almost invariably the case that an American who visits England begins his career by being proud of everything American and English, and ends it in four or six months by rather heartily disliking everything connected with both nation-

alities. He falls out with Englishmen on account of their insufferable exclusiveness, and with Americans on account of their want of manners and their abominable egotism, their utter obliviousness of the existence of any other fowl or animal except the American eagle.

Of course this does not apply to all Englishmen or to all Americans. There are civilized specimens connected with both classes: Englishmen who are genial and cosmopolitan, and Americans who are cultured and well bred. I am not prepared to say—at least I am not willing to say—but that a majority of both nationalities are all that could be desired. Unfortunately a little leaven will leaven a very large amount of dough; unfortunately I mean in moral similitude to the effect of one *mauvais sujet* in a batch of a dozen. One bad specimen will spoil the reputation of a dozen good ones. One swaggering, swearing, impudent Yankee will damage the reputation of the entire population of the United States.

While it thus may be true that the majority of Americans who come abroad are all that may be wished by the most fastidious, it is easily seen how the presence of an exceptional character may give tone to all the others.

One swindler may leave the impression that all are swindlers; one ill-bred individual may give rise to the belief that he is a fair average representative of a class or a nation.

Such a conclusion may be very short-sighted and unjust. Undoubtedly it is, and we have a right to conclude that a man or woman is a fool who thus draws conclusions as to a whole from the character of a part; who pronounces a barrel of eggs rotten because a single specimen proves to be bad. It is not, therefore, as an apologist of English dislike of Americans that I call attention to the peculiarities of some of the subjects of the stars and stripes who visit the shores of Great Britain.

England swarms with American swindlers and adventurers of both sexes, who carry on a most successful business. Despite this fact, Americans are themselves the frequent victims of sharpers. I happened to be sitting in the office of one of the chief inspectors of Great Scotland Yard, not long since, when there entered a young man, son of a well-known family of New York, who had a piteous tale to relate of having been swindled out of several thousand pounds. It was some simple confidence game that he had fallen a victim to; and my patriotic American

ears burned with shame as I heard how an American had been gulled by such a simple and transparent operation. When he left I said to the inspector:

“That chap’s the biggest idiot in all America.”

“Why so?”

“For allowing himself to be taken in by such a game as that. I blush to own myself a Yankee. I don’t believe there is another such a donkey in America, or out of it.”

“You don’t? Well, now, I don’t wish to hurt your confidence in American shrewdness; but I can tell you something that will astonish you.”

“Can you, now? What is it?” and I braced myself up to hear I knew not what.

“The fact is,” he said, “that eighty per cent. of all the people who come to Scotland Yard to complain of being robbed by confidence games, are Americans.”

I folded up the American flag and came humbly away.

I think it hurt my *amor patriæ* worse to hear this reflection upon American gullibility, than I have been grieved in other cases to hear of the career of shameless and successful adventurers from our side who have succeeded in reaping a golden harvest from British tradesmen, bankers and hotel-keepers. To be a knave is bad enough; to be a fool is infinitely worse; and when the representatives of a nationality present decided symptoms of both knavery and folly, it ought not to be wondered at that there grows up a prejudice against the entire body whom they thus represent.

However, it is not of our gullibility that the English people have any right to complain. They may despise a man who can be easily tricked out of his money; but they ought not to dislike or hate him for that reason. American gullibility may safely be omitted as a factor of the problem relating to English dislike of Americans. The cause of this is something else. Were we simply gulls, while all the time we should be polite and free from vulgarity, the English people would be very fond of us. They like money so well that they would most heartily overlook a faulty character whose only defect would be an innocence which could not guard against being constantly swindled. That kind of a character would be a most delightful one from the stand-point of a very large portion of the English people.

Thanks to the quality of news published by the English papers,

there is a bad *prima facie* case of fraud and swindling made out against every Yankee who "shows up" on British shores. Whether justly or not, the commercial morality of Americans is away below par. An English newspaper will give nothing, or three lines, to some great enterprise in America, while it will devote a column to the bursting of a savings bank, or the watering of the stock of a railway company.

All the details of the savings banks' downfall in Chicago; the career of Morton, the Philadelphia horse-railway swindler; the operations of Boss Tweed, and Edwards, the great insurance thief, are all well known in this country. In fine, England keeps an accurate tally of all our vices, and pays no attention to our virtues, either believing that we have none, or else that such things are not worth bothering about. As an entirely legitimate consequence of the effect of this class of literature on the public mind, every Yankee pilgrim who lands on these shores is suspected of being a runaway bank president, or some other speculating individual who has "left his country for his country's good." They know all about Spencer, and Myers, and Edwards, and the result of it all is that we honest wanderers are mistaken for these people and treated with a suspicion that harrows up our souls.

One can readily fancy that, when every American who comes here is believed to be guilty of some grave commercial or political offense until he can prove himself innocent, he finds himself unpleasantly situated. What he may feel is not, however, the matter under discussion; the real thing at issue is to explain the status which Americans occupy in the English estimate, and to show that, in many cases, the English are very far from being wholly to blame for their conclusions. I have at least thus far shown that, knowing us mainly through reports of bank failures and the like, the mass of the English people are not to be blamed if they look upon every American, whom they do not know, with suspicion.

In America an ordinary letter of introduction means an invitation out to take a drink, a five minutes' chat, and a request to drop in again when it is convenient. Here it is quite a different and much more solemn thing. English ideas of hospitality are stately and full of warmth. A formal letter of introduction to an Englishman always means an invitation to come around to

his castle, at 6:30 P. M., in a swallow-tail coat and white choker, and sample his wines and pass upon the products of his *cuisine*.

Everybody who comes here brings stacks of letters of introduction. They don't cost anything in America, and, moreover, they don't mean anything. One chap gives a letter directed to some Englishman whom he met in Kansas and whose address he happened to note down. The traveler gets another letter from his member of Congress, who good-naturedly gives him a document commending him as a very remarkable man and a perfect gentleman, to some English M. P. whom the M. C. met at a clam-bake during a visit of the former to uncivilized America. Everybody, from his washerwoman to ward constable, is ready to give the *voyageur* a letter to somebody, with the result that when his valise is packed for the journey it contains a minimum of clean linen and a maximum of letters of introduction.

Let some man, say in Chicago, announce to ten of his acquaintances that he is going to Europe, and three or four of the number will ask to let them give him a letter to people on the other side. The offer is made, in part, from good-natured motives, and, in part, from a desire to appear to have an extended acquaintance. When our traveler gets here, in place of forwarding his letter by mail, awaiting an answer, he essays often to deliver it in person. English people are rigid in their notions of etiquette, and any violation of its canons is an almost unpardonable offense. The simple fact that a man calls to deliver a letter of introduction in person is enough to damn him among these formal people. They start with the broad assumption that every American is a runaway bank president, and, then, when he comes about their place of business or their home to present a letter, they at once conclude that, while he is presumably an absconding bank president, he is certainly a man who is unaccustomed to the demands of polite society. In addition to these damaging conclusions, there is often the unpleasant fact that the Englishman has a very faint recollection, or none whatever, of the individual whose name authenticates the letter of introduction and guarantees the status of the visitor.

It must be seen that the indiscriminate giving of letters to anybody and everybody who comes abroad, by anybody and everybody on the other side, and addressed to people here who are as likely as not not to know the people who give the letters, is calculated to have a damaging effect on the English estimate

of American character. From the American standpoint it is all well enough to give these letters, because they mean no more than a five minutes' chat, a glass of beer or two, and an invitation to call around to the office again, and then the whole affair is forgotten. But the solemnity and weight attached to the same kind of an instrument by an Englishman make it altogether a different thing. Hence, it is easy to see a good reason why an American letter of introduction has come to be regarded with suspicion, and why, in circulation, it has about the same value that in America, is attached to Confederate scrip or continental shinplasters.

The inevitable invitation to dinner comes, and following it in due season comes the American traveler, who, as often as not, presents himself in the suit in which he crossed the ocean. He is not proposing to stop for any length of time in London; he is bound for that American paradise, Paris, where he proposes to replenish his wardrobe; and, hence, even if he have a suspicion as to what custom demands, he is not in a condition to conform to its requirements. The average Englishman will not pardon any lapse from formality. Dinner is to him a sacred affair. He surrounds it with as many ceremonials as a ritualist does the rendering of religious services. The Mohammedan is no more earnest in insisting that his mosque shall be entered with bare feet than the Briton in demanding that the solemnities connected with gorging himself shall be conducted in vestments of a certain color and cut.

Probably all cultivated Americans understand this fact; but traveling is not limited to cultivated Americans. Quite the contrary.

However, the fact that one American may present himself to dinner without a dress coat is sufficient to damn that particular American in the estimate of his British host, and inferentially all other Americans of whom he is accepted as a representative.

Not long since a New York traveler made his way to London, and, soon after, through the inevitable letter of introduction, into the house of a gentleman of independent means, whose wife is a lady of American birth. He came to dinner in a frock coat, which excited the suspicions of his host, but being bright, voluble and full of anecdote, his offense as to the breadth of his coat-tails and the color of his necktie was condoned, greatly to the delight of the wife, who is keenly sensitive as to the prevailing estimate

of Americans, and who was extremely anxious to convert her husband to her views on the American question.

She was more than delighted with the brilliancy of the guest, who soon won the regard of every one, including the husband, by his marvelous conversational powers.

After dinner, our Yankee hero strayed into the salon to have a little homely chat on American affairs with his hostess. They were alone, and they had a right jolly gossip about old times and old places. Just in the midst of it, the gentleman, absorbed in his conversation, drew closer a chair, and proceeded to deposit upon it, in the most comfortable manner, a pair of substantial, square-toed American hoofs.

Of course, just at that moment the host entered the salon. There was before him the astounding spectacle of an individual sitting on the small of his back, with his legs resting upon a neighboring chair. He gazed for a single instant on the marvelous tableau, and then turned and left the room. Moreover, he not only left the room, but he did not come back, at least until the departure of his guest.

Now, all Americans do not go into strangers' parlors and put their hoofs on chairs. This one, however, did, because the lady herself told me of it. Perhaps the most melancholy result of the whole affair is that the wife has never since dared to lift up her voice in defense of the American flag. As a defender of the stars and stripes she was worse licked than Mukhtar Pasha by Louis Melikoff.

LETTER XVI.

THE YANKEE ABROAD.

LONDON, Oct. 25, 1877.

N undertaking to ascertain why Americans are unpopular in England, I have already dwelt upon some of the peculiarities of my countrymen. Allusion has been made to the character of the letters of introduction — or many of them — with which Americans are armed upon their arrival on British soil.



MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME.

"An American," and "an American letter of introduction" have become to be synonymous with expressions of contempt and worthlessness. This fact is shown in one or two events that I have been a party to. There is not a more punctilious people in existence than the English. A letter to the queen, from the humblest of her subjects, if properly worded, and having reference to business, would be certain to be answered by the private secretary of her majesty. This state of things prevails everywhere. Consequently, when an Englishman does not answer a letter, it is because he holds it in contempt. I forwarded with my card and address a letter of introduction from an eminent banker in New York to a well-known lord and Member of Parliament on this side of the water, and of which there was never taken the slightest notice.

Such a breach of manners can only be accounted for on the ground that an American letter of introduction is a document of so small value that it is not worth attention. Other similar cases have occurred, which go to prove that the action of the lord just referred to is not singular in its character, but rather the out-growth of a very wide-spread feeling.

London is overrun with American swindlers of both sexes, but more especially women. An acquaintance of mine lately went to a fashionable house to have about ten dollars' worth of repairs put on a dress. The shop mistress, as soon as the order was given, asked for either a deposit or a first-class reference, saying she "had been so badly swindled by Americans that she would never trust another one for a single hour." In one dressmaking establishment in Pall Mall there are unpaid bills against an American woman for some \$2,500—bills which my profane eyes have been permitted to gaze upon. The woman in question hasn't a dollar in the world, and yet she is one of the best-dressed and best-lodged women in London.

She rents a carriage for which she owes a small fortune. She owes grocers, wine merchants and lodging-house keepers without limit. She has every possible luxury she can desire, and yet is simply and purely a penniless dead-beat of the worst kind. She has a fine personal appearance, a lofty, commanding manner, and exquisite taste in dress. These constitute her capital, and upon them she realizes a substantial income.

The case of this adventuress is not a singular one. I happen individually to know no less than four such women, who are liv-

ing here in lavish style, and who do not pay out per annum in cash as many pounds as there are months in the year. It is they, and their kind, who have discredited the financial standing of all Americans. I have often noticed a conspicuous sign in a window on Bond street, and which reads: "No Orders Taken from Americans without a Deposit." Of course this is a flagrant, inexcusable affront; but, nevertheless, it is simply the case of one dealer who has been bold enough to express in public what all of the shop-keeping kind think among themselves. I have no doubt that, did every London shop-keeper dare to be as honest in the utterance of his views, half or more of the shops in London would be decorated with a similar legend in less than twenty-four hours.

It is only proper to say that one who knows all the facts is not altogether sorry for these swindled shop-keepers, for the reason that many, or a majority of them, do not have the smallest hesitation in robbing an American whenever they have the opportunity. Americans are all believed to be wealthy, and, therefore, fair game. It cost me twice as much to live when I first came here as it does at the present time. An American woman ordering a dress, or a man a suit of clothes, will have to pay from a quarter to a third more than a native would for the same goods. The cabmen habitually double up on the new-comer from America; servants give him half services and expect quadruple fees. In short, while it is true that London has a limitless number of American adventurers who commit havoc in every direction, I am comforted with the conclusion that what political economists call the "balance of trade" or exchange, is, upon the whole, in favor of our thrifty cousins. Yankee swindlers may get away with, say £10,000 each year from London shop-keepers, but, during the same period, the London people will collect twice that amount from the entire American population of London, in the shape of overcharges and exactions, and downright robberies.

It thus happens that, while from the operations of American swindlers we lose vastly in reputation, it also happens that, from the same cause, we lose a large amount of money. We are "out" in character and in pocket — a very unpleasant double affliction.

One strong reason for the dislike of Americans is found in our adherence to titles. The number of captains, majors, colonels, generals and judges who are turned loose in, and who are roaming about, London, is something frightful, even to a seasoned

American who has known such dignitaries all his life. A Briton finds that every alternate Yankee whom he meets is a colonel or a general, and he at once concludes that anything which is so very common cannot be of any value. He ascribes the frequency of these titles to a love for distinction, and, although there is no man who worships a title more than your Briton, yet he affects to despise it, and invariably sneers at its possession by somebody else.

An "American colonel," or an "American general," or an "American judge," is considerably below the average American letter of introduction. Even the waiter at a cheap restaurant grins in derision as he waits upon a party of four Americans, one of whom is sure to be a general, one a colonel, one a judge, while the fourth may be a high private, and the only one present.

Not only is the average Yankee visitor liable to be a colonel, at least, but he is afflicted with an acquaintanceship of an infinite host of the same class of dignitaries.

At an Englishman's house, not long since, I had the pleasure of meeting an American colonel. There were present the host, his wife, two grown-up daughters, an English clergyman, the "colonel," an American lady, and myself. The members of the family are people of refinement and extended cultivation. The "colonel" is a gentleman with the acutest nasal tones, although from the South. He manages to blend in his voice and idioms all that is most offensive in the style of a New England Yankee and the nigger dialect of the plantation. His manner is demonstrative, his utterances loud, and his self-laudation incessant.

Now, I am not going to repeat any of the "colonel's" remarks, further than to say that in the course of an hour he managed to make himself the hero of everything he related, and to "ring in" not less than a hundred times something about "my friend, Judge This," "my intimate friend, General That," and "my most intimate friend, the Member of Congress from the Second District."

Now, as to how hell may be in regard to this class of blatherskites, I am not prepared to say at present; but I do know that London is full of them, and that they not only offend and disgust every decent American, but they are making, or have made, the name of American a stench in the nostrils of English people.

Coming up the Strand last week on a 'bus, I found a couple of Yankees among the passengers. On all the routes it is the custom for the omnibuses to stop for a moment or two at certain points, in order to permit the horses to "get their wind." The

plan did not seem to meet the approval of one of my compatriots — a gentleman with a soft black hat with a wide brim, and black mustache and goatee.

“What in h—l are you stopping for?” was his opening remark, made in a loud, offensive tone, to the driver at the first halting place.

“G—d d—n you, why don’t you go on?” was his remark at the next place; and “You son of a —, I’d like to jerk you off that,” was his comment at the succeeding stoppage. All these, and several others too offensive to even indicate, were hurled at the driver in a tone heard all over the ‘bus. The blackguard did not even have the poor excuse of being drunk. Of course the Englishmen who heard his remarks looked upon him as a representative American, and his course just that which all Americans would take under the circumstances.

Referring again to the matter of American titles, there is a point in it worthy of note, and which will explain, to some extent, why so many Englishmen look upon them with real or affected contempt.

An Englishman who ranks as a colonel, or a judge, holds himself aloof from the mob — “his soul is like a star which dwells apart.” The average Englishman can no more get near him, or into his company, than he can into that of Saturn. Hence, when he finds that an American colonel, or judge, puts on no style; that he is accessible and affable; that he can descend to speak to and even shake hands with everybody, the Englishman instantly concludes it is because his rank is bogus, and he is a common sort of a fellow. If the Yankee colonel would only go about as if he were a dozen or twenty times better than anybody else, he would at once command respect.

Somewhat the same is the case with an American who is always bringing in “my friend, Senator So-and-So.” An English Member of Parliament is a lofty being, who does not permit himself to be contaminated with ordinary friendships, or companionship. The average Englishman cannot get within a league of such a dignitary. Hence, when he hears an American talking of “my friend, Senator Squiggins,” he at once commences to reason thus: “I am just as good, you know, as that chap, you know. Now I can’t get near a colonel, a judge, or a Member of Parliament, you know. If he can, you know, and I cannot, you know, it must be, do you see, because he is lying, you know, or else, do

you see, because these American colonels and judges don't amount to anything, you know!" This is really one-half the reason why the average Englishman holds American titles in such contempt.

An American major general, who fought all through our late war and gained a conspicuous record for gallantry and skill, would not rank as high in this community as an English sergeant who has never seen a battle, and whose services has been limited to barrack duty and strutting down Pall Mall with a small whip in one hand and an inverted collar-box on his left ear.

The very best thing an American can do who has a title, and who proposes to visit England, is to lock up his title till his return.

Americans are an industrious, thrifty set, who go in for making money entirely regardless of what may happen to be their rank. Hence we have colonels and generals over here who are engaged in everything, from offering to tow the island of Great Britain into a different latitude, to introducing a patent mouse-trap. I meet these titled gentlemen here engaged in pushing Yankee inventions, in selling pickled beef, darning machines, soda-water, canned oysters,—in short, everything.

A British colonel does nothing of the sort. He goes about in a cab, with a glass in one eye, and oozing with dignity and hauteur like a saturated sponge dripping water. He never presents his card to a British merchant and asks him to try a new quality of baking powder, or wishes to introduce a brand new article, warranted to exterminate cock-roaches. Of course the British merchant would look with suspicion upon a "colonel" or a general engaged in any such business; the more especially as he is inclined to look with suspicion upon any man who approaches him and attempts to be sociable and transact business without a letter of introduction.

I might elaborate this topic to an unlimited extent. Possibly enough has been said in this letter and its predecessor to explain, in part, why Americans in England are not popular. As seen, the fault, to some extent, is with us. Perhaps I cannot do better than to wind up with a few suggestions to Americans who contemplate visiting Europe.

Let such a one take all the letters of introduction offered him, but, except the one to the English banker, let them, as a general thing, be burned.

Whoever has a title, let him before sailing scrape it off as though it were rust. By doing this he will not only make it more agreeable for himself here, but he will avoid making the passenger list of the steamer ridiculous with entries, such as "Lieut. Jones," "Capt. Jenkins," "Maj. Bobbins," and so on, as is done in the case of every passenger-ship which leaves an American port. A vessel lately left America, among whose registered passengers were "Mrs. Gen. Blank," and "Mrs. Capt. Blank"—than which anything more likely to create ridicule and contempt on this side cannot be imagined.

Once here let our American pilgrims, especially of the female persuasion, avoid the attempt to *force* themselves into society. The amount of this kind of effort indulged in by some ambitious Americans is sufficiently pronounced and notable to attract much unfavorable comment, and to assist in discrediting everything which bears the name of American.

The American in England should, as soon as possible, submit to be striped in the prevailing fashion, so as to look as much like a native product as possible.

By doing this; by asking no questions; by encrusting himself with a reserve which suggests a contemptuous obliviousness of the existence of everybody, he will, if he does not gain anybody's regard or good will, at least escape being the object of disagreeable comment and unpleasant notice.

An American while here should let America severely alone, except under exceptional circumstances. In conversation with the ordinary people one meets, any assertion to the effect that America has authors, poets, newspapers, telegraphs, operas, ingenious labor-saving machinery, and the like, will only expose the person making it to derision and contempt. Let the visitor remember that while in England all other countries and peoples are inferior, little known, and less cared about. This, however, is a condition of things for which the English press is responsible. If it ever mentions another country it is to relate some damaging news, or to find fault with some existing quality, or contemplated act. Boss Tweed in England represents all American politicians; our bursted savings banks represent our banking system; our business men are all George Francis Trains; our newspapers are *Keyhole Listeners* and *Daily Stabbers*, as delineated by Dickens. Hence, it is far better to not attempt to disturb a belief which is not only universally but willingly accepted.

LETTER XVII.

AMONG THE SLUMS.

LONDON, Oct. 31, 1877.

T came in due season, and was a massive blue envelope bearing the printed legend: "On Her Majesty's Service." It was lucky that the missive was not delivered at my humble lodgings, for, in that case, my landlady would have immediately concluded that I had rank as well as wealth, and would have proceeded to rob me to the extent of seventy-five per cent. instead of fifty per cent. with which she had hitherto been satisfied. Fortunately for my slender purse, it came to another address, and escaped that attention which it would otherwise have attracted.

It is amazing as well as unpleasant—the effect upon one's dignity and wealth, which the reception of such a missive will create in this locality. Rank is at once worshiped and charged two hundred per cent. extra among all with whom it comes in contact. I escaped this time, but I did not on another occasion, the which I shall tell all about at some other time.

The particular document in question was a reply to a humble request on my part, begging of the Chief Police Commissioner of London an escort of policemen to visit, at night, some of the lower haunts of London. In due season, Col. Henderson responded, giving his consent, and naming an hour and place at which the escort would be in waiting.

And this will explain how I was favored with a document "On Her Majesty's Service." Her majesty, to all appearance, has a good deal to do with things in this country. She not only "runs" a large and expensive family, but also the mails, the telegraph, the police, the penitentiaries, the savings-banks, the money-order office, and too many other things to mention. The stern advocates of women's rights not unfrequently, and properly, call attention to all that is done by this excellent queen as an evidence of woman's capacity for business and government. If she gives her personal attention to everything that goes on in her name, she is the busiest woman in the kingdom. It would be unfair to the sisterhood to state that in reality, she has about as much to do with the government of England as the barmaid

around the corner, and that her life is passed in going from castle to castle, and in collecting the last honest cent out of her tenantry, and in investing her enormous income to the best advantage—and, being unfair, I decline firmly to make any such statement, even if it be the truth. She stands now, in America, as the bright particular star which best represents woman's astonishing capabilities; and I certainly shall make no effort to diminish the clear lustre of her radiant beams.

It was 10 P. M. of a starry night when I dismounted from a Whitechapel 'bus—the guard and driver both called it "Witch-ippel"—at the corner of Leman street, and which, according to the curious and universal custom in this country of pronouncing everything according to what it does *not* spell, is known as Lemon street. The pronunciation in this instance may be founded on a modest desire to escape using a not very polite term in referring to the street. The word leman might be calculated to offend the dainty ears of the denizens of Whitechapel somewhat in the same way that the term "thief" might be objected to in a select gathering of pick-pockets, or a naughty Saxon word—which I refuse to name—in a company of courtesans.

After being lost a couple of times, and chasing up every red lamp, under the impression that it indicated a police station, I finally reached the rendezvous. Three-fourths of the people whom I met, and all of whom I inquired, looked like thieves, or worse, but they were virtuously ignorant as to the whereabouts of the station—evidently laboring under the impression that a pretended ignorance of the locality would force the inference that they are very honest, virtuous people, who move in remote and elevated circles, with which policemen have never anything to do.

As if a resident of Chicago would be "come over" in that sort of a way!

A couple of detectives, in plain clothes, were in waiting, who, on my production of Col. Henderson's letter, announced themselves as detailed to act as my escort. They were a couple of stalwart, resolute fellows, full-bearded, and in the prime of life. As I took in their magnificent physique I was satisfied that, in case of a row, they could be relied on to hold any position until—I could make good my retreat.

We moved off toward our destination; and learning that there

was a fifteen-minutes' walk before we could reach our objective point, I drew out my guides on matters and things in general.

They had heard of Chicago. This pleased me. Whenever I wish to get at the true inwardness of an Englishman, I always ask him if he ever heard of Chicago. If he says yes, I put him down as a man of intelligence. Sometimes I meet a man who not only has heard of Chicago, but who does not think it is in New York city. Him I accord high rank in my esteem. Once or twice I have met a man who has been there. Such a man is at once a statesman, a scholar, and a gentleman. But, ah me! there are millions here in London who wouldn't know, were they to hear the word Chicago mentioned, whether or not it is a species of cat-fish or a term used in a dog-fight. Such is the astounded ignorance of these effete residents of the old world! And yet Chicago has one-eighth the population of London, and bursts more banks in a month than London does in a century!

Can there be any excuse for such ignorance?

"Of course you have a great many desperate characters in London?" I ventured to remark, in order to test his information, after having already, by the Chicago matter, tested his intelligence.

"Oh, yes; we do have a great many; and they are bad 'uns, too, I assure you."

"On an expedition like this, you go armed, of course, don't you?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"You don't? How do you get along with your roughs?"

"We have some trouble now and then; but we never carry a pistol."

"You don't, eh? Well, I'd like to see a policeman doing Chicago without a gun! Why, a Chicago policeman would no more think of going out without a revolver and a club than he would think of letting pay-day pass without applying for his voucher."

"Do they have to use their pistols much?"

"I don't know as they 'have' to as a matter of law, or necessity, but I know that they do as a matter of fact. They use the pistol to bring their game down with, and then the club comes into play to finish off the victim."

"But can't they get along as well without shooting so much?"

"Well, they could, providing they could only induce the thieves and roughs to quit first. But it can't be done, apparently; and

so long as the roughs insist upon keeping up the practice, why, our policemen have to follow suit. And besides, there is little or no hanging for murder in our place, and hence we rather encourage the use of the pistol among the criminal classes and the police, because it has the effect to thin out the bad element. It spoils some promising voters, but the general result is rather beneficial to society."

My companions couldn't take it all in, and one of them remarked that "if policemen went to shooting in this country there would be some hanging, sure; and not wholly among the classes that would be shot at, either."

Which only goes to show how many things the old world has to learn from the new.

All this time we were leaving the better portions of the city, and entering a different locality. The streets grew narrower, and the houses older and more dilapidated. The people grew more dirty and ragged, the hand-organs smaller and more discordant, the crowds more dense and noisy. We passed from narrow streets into narrower ones, and thence into alleys choked with foul smells, and running over with slouching, lounging, ill-favored men and women.

At every few yards, streams of light from a building indicated a saloon, in each of which a dense mob was gathered, pouring down gin, smoking abominable tobacco, singing in hoarse, discordant tones, quarreling, clamorous, maudlin, garrulous. Among them, and about the doors, were women, some young but never pretty, some old, skinny, others bloated—all repulsive. Many of them carried infants in their arms, wrapped in the dirty folds of some nameless garment, and which they handled as if they had been blocks of wood. Such babies as we saw among these crowds! Some seemed scarcely more than a few days old. Their lips were thin, their faces pinched, their weak little eyes winked painfully in the glare of the gas-light. Some slept, others wailed querulously, others were being nursed from dirty dugs, revealing the flabby, long, misshapen breast of the mother.

And there were other children there, too. They were from half-grown girls and boys to wee things toddling painfully along, tugging at the skirt, or clutched by the hand of the mother. I never saw so many children as I saw in these noisome slums. They swarmed like vermin, they sat on the curbstones, they were in the gutters, the doorways were filled with them, they littered

the sidewalks, their heads filled every window. All were dirty, ragged, unkempt beyond description. Here and there was one with a crooked spine, another with shrunken, helpless legs, another with some other and more shocking malformation. And now and then there was one with regular features, large, wistful eyes, and great masses of hair, and who was so beautiful that no amount of dirt and rags could obliterate the fact.

There was something inexpressibly touching in two things which I noticed in these little waifs. One was that all seemed to derive some pleasure from whatever they were engaged in. There were no toys, but from a battered old shoe, a piece of dirty stick, a fragment of a brick, or a bit of earthenware, they managed to extract some enjoyment, and in a sort of subdued and plaintive way were as happy as if their toys had cost a fortune. The other fact that touched me was their invariable kindness to each other. Dirty little girls, themselves but bits of babies, often carried a few-days-old infant, and found means also to care for another who was just beginning to walk. Little boys danced about, with a younger sister, crowing and laughing, astride their shoulders. In their humble, narrow and dirty way, they were happy—not buoyantly, vigorously, roysteringly happy, like children who run and romp in the sunlight and unweighted by the burdens of poverty, but nevertheless making the very most out of their wretched surroundings.

In one of the very dirtiest, narrowest, worst-lighted of one of these localities, my conductors suddenly turned into a contracted doorway, traversed a narrow entry, and then passed through a low door into a small room. We had to squeeze between a couple of old hags who sat on the door-step, and who made way for us with hoarse curses and grumbling.

At the further end of the room which we entered was a range for cooking. A coal fire was burning in it, and a man, ragged, greasy, dilapidated, and forlorn in the extreme, was standing over it, watching something which seemed to be warming in a small tin pail.

“Where’s Mrs. Blank?” asked one of my escort of a pale, thinly-clad woman, who came forward suddenly as we entered.

“What do you want of her?” asked the woman, in a suspicious and insolent tone.

“Tell her Inspector —— wishes to see her,”

The name acted like magic on the woman. Her look became respectful, and she hurried from the room.

"What have we here?" I asked, a good deal puzzled at the appearance of the room and its occupant.

"This," he answered, "is a model lodging-house, and one of the curiosities of London."

"Is it under government supervision?"

"Yes."

"And are there many in London?"

He gave me the number. I do not recollect it, but it is several hundreds.

Around the walls of the room are rude board tables, with benches. At these tables were seated a dozen or more men who, from their appearance, are the lowest, poorest class of mendicants. They were foul and squalid to the very extreme. Some were munching at crusts, others drank from mugs, others smoked dirty black pipes, others did nothing, but sat and gazed on the visitors in stupid and sullen silence. I had time to notice these things, and that the floor and tables were scrupulously clean, when the woman who had gone out in obedience to the order of the inspector, returned with a middle-aged, harsh-featured woman, who greeted us with a stiff nod.

"Good evening, Mary," said the inspector. "Here is a gentleman who wishes to look through the house."

She nodded again, and led the way into the entry, and thence up a narrow, creaking, modern stairway to the floor above. It was a room of medium size, in which are some forty single cots, or low, single beds.

• Some of the beds were already occupied. On one sat a man entirely nude, who was engaged in washing a coarse shirt in a tub of water.

"This house," said the inspector, who did most of the talking, "is registered, is under government supervision, and is subject at all times to police visitation and inspection. The London lodging-houses in these quarters became so bad that the government had to take hold of them and regulate them. Now, when anyone wishes to keep a lodging-house, application is made to the authorities, and a license is granted."

"What are the regulations?"

"Simply that the premises shall be kept clean and orderly, and that only a certain price shall be charged--fourpence a night for each person. By paying this price a person has a right to the kitchen fire, where he may do such cooking as he wishes."

"How often are the sheets changed?"

"Once a week."

"Then they are not changed for each new lodger?"

"No. I should think not. You see," he said, as he turned down the clothing of an empty bed, "that the sheets, although far from being very fine, are clean. In order to prevent the lodgers from stealing the blankets, which they would be sure otherwise to do, each one has printed on it in indelible ink and large letters, 'Stolen from No. 258,' which is the number of the house."

We visited a half dozen or more of these establishments. Some of them are in better and others in the very worst portions of the city, but all are alike in being for the benefit of the poor, and in being clean and comfortable. Some of the houses have partitions between the beds, which are double, and for married people. Others again are solely for women, and others only for the use of single men. In the case of all, the kitchen, with its range and fire, is for the use of the lodgers. In the case of none of them is there any kind of malt or spirituous liquors sold on the premises.

The patrons are the very poorest classes, many of them being beggars. Sometimes they are resorted to by workingmen out of money and employment, but generally their customers are those who otherwise would prowl about on the streets all night, getting a little sleep in such out-of-the-way places as they could crawl into and escape the notice of the police. When business is poor, thieves find these places of great utility, and patronize them accordingly.

One place which we visited has, I believe, some six hundred beds, and the proprietor of this particular place has half a dozen others, none, however, so grand as the one just referred to. This is a sort of a Palmer House among the lodging-houses, and its occupants are quite aristocratic. I noticed some who even had on shoes which were mates, while one or two other nabobs among the patrons sipped a mug of two-penny at the dining-room table, with all the dignity and empressment of a millionaire sipping a choice brand of dry champagne. There was actually one opulent cuss who was extravagant enough to wear a silk hat which was not more than five years old, and whose coating of grease was not so thick but that occasional remnants of the original nap could be discovered here and there upon the

crown. Of course, however, such a lavish display of wealth was extremely rare, although all the patrons of this particular house wore an air of *hauteur* — proper to men who were *habitués* of such a palatial establishment.

LETTER XVIII.

THE LONDON SLUMS.

LONDON, November 3, 1877.

IN my last I gave *The Times* a partial account of a visit made to the slums of London under the escort of a couple of detectives. In the present letter I shall attempt to give the remainder of the visit, although I cannot promise that it will be very thrilling, or characterized by any astonishing adventures.

There was a time when a visit to the London slums was an incident of some magnitude, and not unattended with danger. It is now, however, a quite prosaic matter. Thanks to the reorganization of the police force, the dens once the haunt of thieves are abolished. There are no more Jonathan Wilds or Jack Shepherds. The gentlemen who prowled around o' nights with pitch plasters with which to stifle the cries of their victims, have all been nicely hanged, and have taken their mantles and their pitch plasters with them. They have no successors. London is no more the London of old, with its chivalrous highwaymen, its gentlemanly pickpockets, its "boozing-kens," where the light-fingered gentry congregated with their "molls" to spend their ill-gotten gains with lavish hand. Modern civilization has wiped out all that and left London with a very prosaic supply of confidence men, sneak-thieves and pickpockets. Hence, if anybody supposes that this account includes any experiences with noted criminals, they are mistaken, just as I was myself. I was under the impression that these noted dens, with their inmates, still exist. I was only undeceived after having thoroughly explored all the worst haunts of London, under the guidance of two experts who know every inch of the metropolis.

We finished the model lodging-houses in a very short time and then commenced other explorations.

I may here state that in our visit to half a dozen of these lodging-houses we saw plenty of squalor and wretchedness, but little drunkenness in connection with them. As we were leaving one of them I fell behind in order to examine something, when there came into the room an individual with a napless silk hat, much battered, with a wide band around it, as if he were in mourning for something—possibly a clean shirt. He was a big, ugly-looking fellow, with an enormous nose, and a greasy suit of black, evidently once—many years ago—the property of some person in the respectable walks of life. He saw me, saw a stranger, alone, with a decent suit of clothes and a clean shirt, and the spectacle excited him as a red rag is said to irritate a bull. My escort was out on the sidewalk and out of sight. Fastening a pair of greenish, villainous eyes on me, he commenced dancing about, with his arms and fists in boxing attitude, and, in a jeering half-howl, said.

“Oo ‘ave we ‘ere? Ho, hit’s the Prince o’ Wales. The Prince o’ Wales jest kim to pay us a little visit! Kind o’ yer royal ‘ighness to kim ‘ere! Ho, yes, jolly kind o’ yer royal ‘ighness!”

All the time he was dancing about, making passes at me with a pair of very dirty bunches of knuckles, and gradually closing in on me. I confess to not enjoying the prospect. He was twice as big as I, a muscular scoundrel, and evidently laboring under an attack of delirium tremens in an incipient stage. He managed to keep between me and the door, so that there was no chance to run for it. I had no weapon, and, as for clinching with him, I would as soon thought of hugging a night scavenger up to his eyes in—business.

I was unwilling to fight and unable to run away. Several torpid mendicants sat about the room, who, while evincing no extraordinary interest in the affair, evidently sympathized with the attacking party; and, hence, I had nothing to hope from them. I had just made up my mind that I was about to get a tremendous licking, when my friend suddenly paused, dropped his arms, and then humbly and hurriedly slouched out through a side door and disappeared. Amazed at my deliverance, I turned to look for its cause, and saw my escort coming back in search of me. I felt as much relieved as Wellington when he was reinforced by Blucher.

This was the only speck of war on our horizon, although we saw any number of fights on the streets during our progress. Pugilistic encounters are so common in London as to attract very little attention. No longer ago than last night I attended Covent Garden to listen to one of Arditi's promenade concerts. The lower floor is cleared of seats and is used for promenaders. Exactly in the middle of the performance of one of Mendelssohn's most plaintive symphonies, two individuals got into a discussion and very shortly came to blows. They fought for full five minutes, in full view of all the audience in the upper tiers and of a dense crowd who surrounded them. There was no loud talking or oaths, or excitement. The crowd closed about the combatants and watched the battle without emotion. Finally there was a clinch, a brief struggle, a fall, and the fight was over.

During its progress not a fiddler missed a note. There was no perceptible excitement. There was a policeman not more than twenty feet from the fight, who gave it no attention. Both men, as well as I could judge, were respectable; that is to say, they were well dressed and well appearing as to faces.

"Do you have such things in Chicago?" asked my companion.

"No, not that I have ever seen. Such an affair in Chicago would have some different features. There would be some loud oaths, one pistol shot, perhaps two, and the thing would be over in ten seconds."

Every few moments, as we passed through the streets, there was a fight. There would be a rush toward the combatants, and a dense black mass whose center seemed to writhe and twist about like the central point in a whirlwind. My guides scarcely took the trouble to even glance toward these assemblages. They seemed to regard an occurrence in which a couple of the mob were mauing each other with the most supreme indifference.

In curious, dirty, tortuous streets we pushed ahead until we finally reached the neighborhood of the Thames. At short intervals there were houses from out of which there came the sound of music, and into one of these we entered.

It was a low, narrow, foul-smelling kennel. In front was the inevitable bar, presided over by some brazen-faced and perspiring females, who were kept busy by a dense and thirsty throng of all colors, ages and sexes, in front of the counter. Climbing a few broad steps, we were in the hall devoted to Terpsichore. There

were a fiddle, a flute and a piano as the "orchestra," and which were being vigorously scraped, blown and pounded in order to furnish inspiration for the whirling mob that filled the floor. We were deferentially given seats with the musicians where we could overlook the performance.

I must say that, after having inspected the worst dance-houses in London, I have found them much better than similar houses which I have seen in New York, and even in Chicago. In fact, I was disappointed with the moral nature of the whole night's show; and about the last thing I said to my police escort, when we finally parted, was that London is not so very wicked a city, and that if they would honor Chicago with a visit, and desired it, they would be shown places and individuals as much worse than they had shown me as a thief is worse than a saint. And I took the pains to add: "Not only will the show be a much wickeder one, but you will be sure to get a 'head put on you' before you get through with the excursion."

The ubiquitous London police have obliterated all the romance of London criminality. There were a half dozen men in the room who had the inclination but lacked the courage to assault and rob us. Two men in plain clothes, without arms and without any assistance at hand, overawed a mob who could have overpowered them in a moment. But behind these two men stood the police force of the entire city; and we were as safe as if we had been in Great Scotland Yard. Twenty years ago, or, perhaps, even five years ago, it would have required a well-armed force to have penetrated where we were and to have left without being plundered, and, possibly, murdered.

The most noticeable things in a sailors' dance-house in London were exhibited in the first one we entered. The men were of all nationalities, and of the lowest and most brutal type; the women were the most hideous lot I ever saw together. None of the latter were young—all had passed girlhood and many had passed on to middle life, or beyond. Their faces were simply bestial in their formation, to which long dissipation had given increased and revolting hideousness. Their clothing was coarse, their persons were exposed to an unlimited extent, which exposure, it seemed to me, was a most injudicious advertisement, as it revealed nothing but what added to their repulsiveness.

The men were Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, Swedes, and, in short, of every possible

nationality. There was a thick intermixture of negroes—yellow, sooty, or otherwise, embracing all shades of the African. They seemed to enjoy the situation immensely. But even when the blackest of them secured the least repulsive of all the women, and went whirling about with his sausage lips against her cheek and his eyes now and again taking in her bared bosom, it seemed to me that the nigger, black and coarse and brutal as he was, had much the worst of the bargain, and that he lowered himself by the contact. He even appeared a quite superior being when brought into contrast with the swollen abomination which he held in his arms.

The dancing was not exactly of a kind that one sees in the parlors of quiet families, on respectable streets. There was less attention paid to grace than robustiousness—if there be any such word. The emphasis of the music was not much regarded, and polkas, redowas, waltzes and galops in the “orchestra” were transformed into a furious whirl, crash and struggle among the dancers. The chap who could clear the greatest amount of space after a whirl was regarded as the best dancer. One rather decent-looking German carried off the honors. Whirling himself and partner furiously for a moment, he would carry her from her feet, and then with a grand *tour de force*, swing her, heels up, till, in a great swoop, her outstretched body and legs would clear the heads of a half-dozen couples of other dancers.

I am aware that there is nothing particularly charming or attractive in this silhouette of a sailors’ dance-house in London. It would be still more remote from anything charming were I to give a tithe of the indecent conversations which I heard, or details of the orgie of drunkenness and bestiality which I witnessed.

Were such a house an exceptional matter, I would not uncover it and invite attention to its abominations, nor would there be any excuse for so doing. But these dance-houses are a feature of London. There are scores, hundreds, such as the one I have just touched upon; and being thus numerous and a regular quality of London life, their description becomes a matter of duty to one who undertakes, as I am, to faithfully portray the world’s metropolis.

After having, as is the custom, “set up” refreshments for the “band,” and paid for as many “three-penn’orths of Irish cold” as were demanded by various hags, who had thirst, but no part-

ners, we came away. We repeated the visit to various similar institutions, but except that one place is larger or smaller than another, there is no difference. There are the same varieties among the men as to nationality, and a perfect sameness among men and women as to their brazen indecency and their utterly-abandoned character.

When curiosity was gratified on the dance-house matter, it was the hour when by law all such places, as well as drinking-places, must close. The narrow, gloomy streets which we traversed were filled with the people who had been to the bars and the dance-houses. The sidewalks and the middle of the streets were so full that movement was almost an impossibility. Every few yards there was a fight. Sometimes it was two men; sometimes it was two women; and quite as often it was a man and a woman—generally a husband and wife—who were thus settling their little differences. Fighting is a quiet business in London. One sees a dense little crowd in whose center something is occurring. One cannot tell from anything he can hear ten feet away whether it is a fight, or a man with a patent mouse-trap, or a sick dog.

Long after midnight, we met women with infants in their arms and children clutched at their dress, moving unsteadily along. Now and then, in some wretched doorway, was a woman drunk and asleep, while a little three-year-old girl, her bare legs on the cold stones, slept with her head pillow'd in the woman's lap. All the night we never lost sight of the children. They thinned out somewhat, as did the crowds on the streets, but hundreds of them were to be met everywhere. At 2, 3, 4 o'clock they were yet around, seemingly as if they had no home but the pavement.

Little girls, with babies wrapped in their scant dresses, and with one or two little heads resting on their small laps, were in alleys, seated on doorsteps, leaning against the walls of houses. On some of the low window sills could be seen a mass of long, yellow, tangled hair, in which was dimly discernible a child's face, worn, wearied, asleep. Here and there the tiniest of children went toddling along, as if they never had any night for sleep, or pillow, or bosom on which to be hushed to rest.

Men and women slunk away somewhere, for the streets began to empty. The rush of feet, the clamor died slowly out. The streets began to be hollow and reverberating. The clatter of a pair of hobnailed shoes rang between the narrow walls with exaggerated repetition. Shrill whistles came from out the gloom

of alleys, and went echoing by with a startling multiplication. Skinny hags leered at us from doorways, and groups of sinister men watched us keenly as we passed, and resumed their conversation in fierce and eager whispers. The echoes of our own footsteps seemed those of an army of men who ceaselessly surrounded us.

The tide of more presentable humanity seemed to have ebbed and left stranded among the rotting hulks of houses a host of unsightly objects. All sorts of deformities were to be met with. Here an object without legs went hopping along like a monstrous toad. Faces with hideous ulcers came suddenly into view from out the darkness of narrow courts. Hunchbacks with shriveled legs went limping painfully by on crutches. Children with monstrous heads and shrunken bodies, with staring lack-lustre eyes, popped into view and disappeared like some hideous jacks-in-the-box. Blind men, with eyeless sockets of a deep, repulsive red, went by feeling their way laboriously with canes, which they struck ceaselessly against the pavement.

Everywhere rags, gaunt suffering, dirt, intolerable smells. The odors of crowded, unwashed, diseased humanity. Everywhere repulsive malformations, hungry faces, scowling countenances, listless, apathetic misery. Night seemed to bring no oblivion to these wretches. They are the moral and human sewage of a great city. Their existence only serves to prove that nature is more lavish in the quantity than choice in the quality of her productions.

In a short, winding, dirty street, with low and rotten wooden buildings, we came upon the opium smokers' resort spoken of by Dickens in "Edwin Drood." It is closed now, although it was not long since a reality, as described by the great novelist.

Close by is a wooden kennel, into whose narrow doorway we passed, and then stumbled up a rotten, dark and twisting wooden staircase, and thence into a low, wretched room, dimly lighted with a tallow candle. At a table four Chinamen were gambling; on a wretched mass of rags, in one corner, lay "John," the Chinese proprietor of the opium den. He had a small lamp near him in whose flame he melted and turned the bit of opium required for a pipefull, and to which he held the pipe when inhaling the fumes. His countenance was of a livid, diaphanous yellow; his skin was drawn tight to the bones, giving him the appearance of a skeleton. His eyes were glassy, with

great purple crescents beneath them, while his teeth shone out through his drawn-back lips like those of a grinning, ghastly death-head.

“John’s” customers had all gone home, and so we missed seeing the opium business in full blast. “John” thinks opium-smoking not at all hurtful. He says he smokes a hundred pipes a day and has done it for years. I sampled a couple of pipes, and the next day felt somewhat as a man does who has been on a tremendous drunk. “John” does a fair business. He has a strapping Irish woman for a “wife.” He attends to the opium department, while she handles the finances, and, with a weighty hand, keeps order among the patrons of the establishment.

There was a pallid gray spreading over the eastern sky as we emerged from “John’s.” An hour later, much lamed by a six-hours’ tramp over the London pavement, I crawled into bed.

LETTER XIX.

BRITISH RED TAPE.

LONDON, November 7, 1877.

THE readers of *The Times* have undoubtedly often seen notices of the trial of the detectives, which case, in one stage or another, has been in progress for some months. In its preliminary stages—what we would term an examination—it occupied some thirty days. This portion of the proceedings was simply for the purpose of seeing whether or not the accused should be held for trial. In one sense it was a trial. All the testimony, both for and against the accused, was given; a heavy force of attorneys appeared for the State and the prisoners; all the forms of law were complied with, except that the case was heard and decided by a judge without the aid of a jury.

The present trial differs from the other in no sense, except that twelve men have been added to the case. It is being gone over again for their benefit, and they will only do what was done by the judge who before heard it—they will pass on the guilt of the prisoners. Nothing more slow or tedious or useless than this

duplicate trial can be imagined. Nevertheless, it is a characteristic part of every public proceeding in this country.

Delay, red tape, roundabout processes seem to be everywhere the rule. In the progress of this trial, as in all others, although there are employed short-hand reporters, the presiding judge takes down all the testimony as given by the witnesses. He does this, not because the reports of the stenographers are not complete and reliable, but because precedent demands it. Before there were official stenographers, judges wrote out the testimony as a matter of necessity. That necessity has disappeared, but the precedent remains. Judges now write out the testimony simply because it was done by their predecessors.

A week or two ago I met at the Savage Club a gentleman who is connected with the government manufacture of ordnance, and who is the inventor of one of the most formidable guns in use by Great Britain. He gave me a strong invitation to visit the government works at Woolwich and inspect the manufacture of cannon. In the United States all would be very simple. I would accept the invitation; the gentleman and myself would get in a hack, drive out, look through the works, and the whole thing would be over within twenty-four hours from the time the invitation would be given.

Not so here. In order to visit Woolwich, one must go through all the labyrinths of the circumlocution office. I had first to hunt up Mr. Pierrepont, the American Ambassador. It requires days to reach that official; in fact, I didn't reach him at all, but was referred by his flunky, or "gentleman's gentleman," to the first secretary of the legation. The first secretary was not to be found, and so the case went to secretary number two. To this gentleman I gave my letter of introduction to Mr. Pierrepont, and also exhibited notes of introduction given me by the State Department at Washington.

This was as far as I could go in person. The rest of the process is as follows: The second secretary of the legation makes an abstract of the matter and reports to the first secretary. He, in due course and season reaches the matter, and will make a report to Mr. Pierrepont. That official will, in time, get to my case, and will probably, if he thinks it worth while and doesn't forget it, write to Lord Derby, asking permission for me to visit Woolwich Arsenal. When the request will reach Lord Derby, heaven only knows, but, of course, the document will have to

take its turn with other documents. In three or six months, the matter will reach Derby, and after due consideration will be indorsed back to his secretary, and by him to the proper clerks, for copying, filing and transmission. Then the reply will go to Pierrepont, thence *via* the "gentleman's gentleman" to the first secretary of the legation, then on to the second secretary of the legation, and then, after copies have been duly filed, I will receive a reply. When that time will come the readers of *The Times* can judge as well as I. I can only say that if I ever do get an answer, and it be favorable, and I am not dead from old age, and *The Chicago Times* is still in existence, they—the readers of *The Times*—shall have such benefit as can be derived from a free use of the permission to visit a government arsenal.

Having always taken a good deal of interest in prison reform and management, I concluded to take a look at some one of the penal institutions of Great Britain. The Millbank Penitentiary being most convenient in the matter of distance, I selected that as my objective point. At Joliet, if a stranger wishes to visit the penitentiary, he presents himself at the door, sends in his card, and if he be half-way presentable, or have a half-reasonable excuse for his claim, he will be shown through without hesitation. I came very near rushing down to Millbank and sending in my journalistic card, but I suddenly bethought myself of British punctiliousness and concluded to write. I penned a letter in my prettiest style, reciting my vocation, my interest in prison reforms, giving a dozen London references, and sent it to the governor of the penitentiary.

After sufficient time for reference to the necessary sub-departments of the prison bureaus, I received an answer from some under official, stating that I must apply to some board. More correspondence on my wish to spend a half hour in looking through Millbank Penitentiary, in order to see if our British cousins have any improvements which I could recommend for home use; the result of which was the information that I must apply for permission to Right Honorable Richard Asheton Cross, Secretary of Home Affairs for the Kingdom of Great Britain.

Stunned at the magnitude of the effort required to look through Millbank Penitentiary, I am waiting to regain my breath and composure before tackling the Right Honorable Home Secretary. When I do write to him, it will be with the expectation that I will get his reply in time for my next visit to Great Britain.

Some days ago I determined to visit the court at Old Bailey and witness some of the proceedings in the trial of the detectives.

To go anywhere in London where there is any officialism to be encountered, the best thing to do at the beginning is to go the other way--somewhat as if a person at Court-House Square, in Chicago, wishing to go on the North Side, should commence by marching down to Douglas Place. In Chicago, a man wishing to witness a trial would go to the place of trial, and if there were any room he would walk in and take a seat.

That style of doing business won't do here. It's too direct; it's a short cut to a place; and short cuts are not recognized. Wherever one goes, he can only get there by going all the way around. And thus, in obedience to this rule, wanting to go east to Old Bailey, I commenced by going west to Great Scotland Yard.

Here I was interrupted by clerks and other subordinates. I wished to see Inspector Shore for a moment; but to go to Inspector Shore's room at once was not the thing. The card, however, went up from lowest to highest until it reached its destination, and in about half an hour I was face to face with my man.

Inspector Shore, who is a most affable and obliging official, gave me a card to some official at Old Bailey. Armed with this document, yesterday, at 2 P. M., I presented myself at Old Bailey, a court adjoining Newgate Prison, of which both are too well-known to need particular description.

There was a dense crowd in the room from out which led the staircase to the court-room. There was a lane through the crowd to the staircase, along which I traveled till I reached the policeman who guarded it. He eyed me sharply as I approached, evidently intending to crush me ignominously when I got within reach. In fact, he had got his mouth ready to order me back when I presented the card. He read it all through a couple of times as though it might be a forgery, but finally let me in.

Climbing the stairway to the floor above, I found myself in front of the doors leading into the court-room. There was a half door, which was closed, and against this, with their bodies inside and their shoulders and heads out, leaned two policemen. I presented the card to one, who took it with a half reluctant, half indifferent air, which seemed to say: "Well, I'll look at it, but

then you can't get in if I *do* look at it!" He glanced over it a few times, his companion meanwhile giving me the full benefit of a breath redolent of unsweetened gin and the flavor of an ancient pipe. Number one, after giving the card a most searching and exhaustive examination, turned it over to number two. He read it as if he were inspecting something with a microscope, and then after pondering the matter over as if he were trying to decide that he ought to "run me in," he said: "Next floor above."

I climbed another stairway, and at its top found another barricade, and another policeman. Him I gave the card, and he put himself mightily to the task of endeavoring apparently to ascertain if it did not contain some occult and treasonable meaning. He labored over it for a couple of minutes and then said:

"The sergeant isn't here. You'll 'ave to wait till he comes."

I leaned against the railing and began to wait for the sergeant. Evidently I was having altogether too comfortable a time waiting for the sergeant, for he remarked:

"You go down stairs and wait."

I went.

Reaching the original barrier, I informed the policeman in charge that I had been ordered down to wait for the sergeant. I further asked him if he would be so good as to inform me what particular part of London I could go to and wait for the sergeant without incurring the liability of being ordered to go somewhere else. He was a kind soul, and with a sudden and wholly unexpected burst of generosity, he permitted me to stand inside, on the first landing, and there wait for the sergeant.

I waited twenty minutes for the sergeant, who, as I afterward learned, was absent engaged in the sacred English sacrament known as luncheon. Finally the policeman just below me, who had learned to suddenly take an interest in my loneliness and my fortunes, said to me as he pointed to the top of the second stairway: "There's the sergeant." I ascended once more to the highest floor and handed the card to a party with the regulation blue *pickelhaube* helmet and a sergeant's stripes. He read it and ordered the policeman to admit me. I went by him and found myself a moment later in front of the door of the gallery, and another policeman. He opened the door of the gallery, and, indicating a seat at the further end, said:

"Go and sit there!"

"I don't wish to stay long. Can't I sit near the door, so when I leave I can do so without disturbing everybody?"

"You go over there! That's my horders."

I obeyed horders and went over there, glad to finally get in on any conditions. I was about the first one admitted, and fortunately "over there" was a front bench, which gave me an excellent view of the entire court-room.

I have related *in extenso* my efforts to get in Old Bailey, not because there is in them anything thrilling, or even sufficiently interesting to warrant the employment of so much space, but simply to illustrate the circumlocutory method of doing everything which prevails in this country.

The same system prevails in business matters and in private life. One wishing to see a man at his place of business may go to it a dozen times without finding him in. The only way by which a business man can, with any certainty be met, is through the circumlocution of a correspondence. If one go without appointment by post, the person, as said, will be absent or else the visitor will have to submit to the humiliation of waiting, possibly for hours, until the other is at leisure.

LETTER XX.

GETTING INTO POSITION.

LONDON, Oct. 10, 1877.

N my last I narrated the herculean labors which I performed to gain access to the court-room in which is taking place the trial of the detectives. I secured a front seat in the gallery, overlooking the main floor. There was room for three more men of moderate dimensions in the same seat. This space was at once taken up by four Englishmen, all above the average as to size. The lateral pressure was tremendous, and I was only prevented from being shot out of the seat like an apple-seed between the thumb and finger, by a couple of other Britons who came up from behind and reclined on my shoulders as they leaned forward to get a view of the proceedings. Thus wedged

in, and weighted down, I commenced an examination of the court below.

It was the hour which is devoted by Britons to the sacramental purposes of luncheon. While it was in progress everybody had been turned out of the room—not because there was any necessity for turning them out, but simply because that is the way it is always done. When from an adjoining room the solemn fact was conveyed that his honor had commenced to handle a toothpick, then we, the mob, were admitted. In two minutes every available seat in the gallery and body of the hall was packed, excepting those belonging to officials.

And now there came a solemn, awe-inspiring hush. A policeman obsequiously drew aside a red curtain, at one corner of the room, and stood holding it, his eyes abashed, his attitude humble. Then everybody rose to his feet, and occupied a position of respectful attention.

It was the court returning in procession from some side chapel, where he had been engaged in the solemn services of luncheon.

At the head marched a gentleman clad in a crimson gown with dark facings. He was a beardless man, with a good-looking, but rather hatchety face, whose head was surmounted by a white wig, in whose top was an opening about the size of a dollar, and used evidently for ventilating the judicial cranium. Behind him came a sour-looking man, with a bald head, and a purple gown reaching to his heels and trimmed with fur. Next was a gray-haired individual in a dark gown, richly furred, and about whose neck there was wound many times a massive gold chain, whose loops suspended some heavy golden ornament which lay on his breast.

Behind this gorgeous procession came straggling a number of individuals in black gowns, white wigs, and white neckties—each gown, each wig, and each necktie being an exact *fac simile* of every other gown, wig and necktie.

The three took their places on raised seats, beneath a crimson canopy. The rank and file, in black gowns, white wigs, and white neckties, took their seats in a solid body, near the center of the room. When the gorgeous three and the others had seated themselves, then we, the mob, reverently took our seats, and court was open.

The leader in the crimson gown, and with the thin, handsome face, proved to be Mr. Baron Pollack, the presiding judge. Who

the other gorgeous, fur-trimmed dignitaries are, I did not ascertain. The Englishmen who were reclining on my shoulders knew who was who among the prisoners, but had no knowledge as to the occupants of the bench.

The *tout-ensemble* was contracted but imposing. To my left were some raised seats, fenced in, in which sat the intelligent jury. An inclined board running before them gave them an elbow-rest, or a desk for writing. Directly opposite me was an elevated platform with crimson hangings, on which sat the judge and guests of honor. The only ornamentation is a very ornate scabbard, whose sheathed sword reveals a cross-hilt of elaborate workmanship. It is fastened against the wall, point up, just behind his lordship; and probably is intended as a warning to evil-doers. The body or center of the room is filled with wooden pews, in which sit the lawyers. Directly beneath me was the dock, a large, square pen, elevated above the main floor, and inclosed by a wooden fence of such a height that a prisoner of ordinary stature, when seated, has his nose on a level with the top of the railing or fence. It communicates with the prison by a well in its center, which incloses a winding staircase. From where I was seated I had a magnificent view of the tops of the heads of the five prisoners, and of the two wardens or policemen who guarded them. There was a bewigged and begowned clerk of the court in an elevated pen in front of the judge's desk; and when I add that back of the lawyers is one pen labeled "reporters," and that back of that are a few seats rising gradually back to the wall, for the use of privileged spectators, I have given all the salient features of a British court of justice. The entire room is about one-quarter the size of the criminal court-room in the county building in Chicago.

The spirit of the two countries is exhibited in the construction of court-rooms. We build so that the people have the largest space. Here officialism takes nearly everything. The people, or masses, do not count, and consequently are left out of the calculation.

The stupendous mountains of sheepskin literature which one sees in an American court-room, even when the pending case may be a charge of despoiling a hen's nest, is here nowhere to be seen. There was not even a single law-book in sight. Either the counsel have the law all committed to memory, or else there is no use for any such article. Evidently the latter phase prevails to some extent. There was no thundering "I object!" at short

intervals, followed by long arguments and the citation of innumerable authorities. It was often the case that one attorney would object to a question being put to a witness by another, but in such instances there was never an argument, and the judge either allowed it or ruled it out at once. Nor were there any exceptions ever taken to any of the decisions of the judge—which fact of course arises from there being no court of appeal in criminal cases. Owing to the lack of objections and of the everlasting arguments so common in our courts in similar cases, the English court, despite the fact that proceedings move at a pace which enables the judge to take down all the testimony, the average progress is nevertheless greater than in one of our courts. The progress of the trial is snail-like, but it is continuous, with the result that a good deal of ground is gone over each day.

There seems to be in a London court of law something quite inseparable between justice and eye-glasses. Nobody seems to wear them habitually, but on all special occasions. When his honor commenced to write he straddled his judicial nose with a pair of glasses. Whenever a witness was called on to identify a letter, he always commenced operations by solemnly lifting a pair of glasses to aid his vision. When the clerk went to read any document, his first move was to saddle his nose with eye-glasses. When a juryman wished to make a note, he began by harnessing his face with the inevitable glasses. Whenever a lawyer, or reporter, or spectator, had anything to look at, he always initiated the performance by getting himself behind a binocular machine to aid his vision. It was not because the light was bad, for it was not. It seemed to me that it was done because it was *the* thing to do, and for no other reason whatever.

Another peculiarity that struck me is the unobstructed employment of leading questions.

Thus, if the prosecution wished to elicit certain facts, it would ask:

“Were you at such a place on such a day?”

“Did you meet there, at that time, So-and-so?”

“Did he say to you that he saw the defendant, and that the defendant admitted having picked Johnson’s pocket?”

Now, in our practice, I believe the same thing would be about as follows:

“Where were you at such a date?”

"Whom, if anybody, did you meet there?"

"Give the conversation, if any, that occurred."

This, I fancy, would be the American style, interspersed with three wordy contests between the counsel, a couple of legal arguments, a like number of rulings by the judge, and "exceptions noted" all around to his honor's decisions.

This process of supplying a witness with places, dates, and conversations, makes the work of prosecution one of great ease, because the prosecutor, with a pliable witness, can make up his case as he goes along, only requiring the assent of witnesses to whatever he may advance. It is a sort of conviction-made-certain method of doing it; and may, to some extent, account for the fact that, as a general thing in this country, a trial and a conviction are synonymous terms. I recollect but one case of a verdict of not guilty since I have been here, and that was in a trial in which, after the prosecuting witness swore positively to being robbed by a courtesan, it quite accidentally came out in cross-examination that for several hours before, at the time of, and after the alleged robbery, he was so drunk as to have had no recollection as to where he had been or anything that occurred. But any such *deus ex machina* does not often "show up" in time to aid a defendant.

The conduct of the lawyers was in surprising contrast to what one often witnesses in our American courts. There did not seem to be an impression among the opposing counsel that they were deadly enemies because they happened to be engaged on opposite sides of the same case. Their treatment of each other was characterized by all the courtesy of gentlemen, such as one would find at a dinner-table, or in the social intercourse of a drawing-room. The absence of unscremly squabbles, of the ill-tempered wrangles of counsel, made me homesick, and was an emphatic reminder that I was far from home, and among a strange, a singular people.

My nostalgia was increased by the entire absence of anything like the bullying of witnesses. The man in the box was not made to believe that he was regarded as a deliberate perjurer. The savagery, the indecency of a Van Arman are unknown. There seems to prevail here the singular—singular from an American legal standpoint—conviction that a man can be a witness on the other side without necessarily being a liar and a horse-thief, and treated accordingly.

I may add here another noticeable peculiarity. This case has now been some months before the public. It is probably the most remarkable trial since that of Tichborne. There is not a hamlet in the kingdom where it is not known, and where it has not been discussed. Despite all this notoriety and celebrity, not a single English newspaper has ventured to discuss the guilt or innocence of the defendants. There has been no hot condemnation, no inflamed defense. The trial has been in the interests of justice, and not for the sole purpose of influencing the autumn elections.

These are a few things which I noticed during the couple of hours I was present at the great trial of the detectives and Mr. Froggatt. I would have staid longer, and noticed some more things, had it not been for a remark on the part of Baron Pollack, which I construed as having a slight personal application to myself.

A witness named Flintoff was giving his testimony, and did so in a manner that, at times, was most ridiculous. At something more than usually idiotic on his part, there was a roar of laughter from the lawyers and others seated on the main floor. His honor at once remarked: "If there is a repetition of this unseemly disturbance, I will order an under-sheriff *to clear the galleries!*" There had not been a smile from the galleries; nevertheless, having heard that in the education of youthful blood royal in this country, it is, or has been, the custom to thrash a plebeian when the prince deserves punishment, I concluded that the same vicarious system might prevail in a British court of justice, and that when the aristocratic bar deserved punishment, the visitation would be inflicted on the plebeian galleries. Not wishing to incur any share in a penalty for an offense of which some one else was guilty, I folded my tent like an Arab, and quietly stole away.

LETTER XXI.

CURIOSITIES IN LONDON JOURNALISM.

LONDON, Nov. 17, 1877.

N many points the London journals present themselves as studies of interest to an American. Much of their news, their editorials comments, a good deal of their advertising, are unique to one who is accustomed to the American methods.

Suppose, for instance, that, immediately after our great fire, and when contributions were pouring in from all parts of the world, the Chicago newspapers had declined to report the reception of gifts except as advertisements—in such a case one would have seen what is seen here every day. No greater calamity than the Indian famine has occurred during the present century. Great Britain was flooded with appeals for relief; and the response has been magnificent—one that reflects infinite credit upon the benevolence of the English people. Relief funds were begun everywhere. The principal one in London was one organized by the mayor, and known as the Mansion House fund. In a very short time it reached the unparalleled dimensions of over £500,000, or \$2,000,000.

In America, say in Chicago, the newspapers would have fought for the privilege of publishing all the details connected with so munificent a donation. In the case of the English newspapers, they have given results only as an advertisement. Day by day, at a round sum per line, the managers of the fund have been able to inform the people as to the accretion of their benevolence. In fine, buried among wants, to rent, to lease, among quinine pills, auction sales, demands for nurses, housemaids, cooks, and coachmen, is the only published record to be had of the grandest act in modern English history.

The same journals which thus banish to their advertising columns the culmination of a sublime charity will give column after column to the tramp, and the number of birds bagged by my Lord Tomnoddy in the course of a week's shooting on some Scottish moors. A column or so daily is not begrudged to speculations as to what horse will be first, and what one second, and so on, in a coming horse-race; but not a line will be devoted to showing in this handicap of good deeds what is leading, or what are the results of the contest.

A most contemptible and unworthy setting for a jewel of such a magnitude and such brilliancy.

No London journal condescends to announce a coming event except it be a horse-race, or the marriage of Lady Rougefleur to the Rt. Hon. De Noirlis of that ilk. To a stranger looking out for forthcoming matters of importance, this feature of London journalism is most embarrassing and provoking. He learns of a general review of the troops, of an execution, a public demonstration, or anything else of that kind, after its occurrence, and never before — always excepting, of course, an aristocratic marriage and a horse-race. Outside these two particulars, the future is as much ignored in London journalism as if it had no existence.

To some extent this is a matter of business. It is done, in fact, to oblige everybody to advertise. This was seen in the programme of the celebration of the Lord Mayor's day. There was not a word in advance outside the advertising columns of the press. Here only could one find that there was to be a celebration, and its character. It was a something in which everybody had an interest, and of which all wished to know the details. In America this universal interest would have brought the occurrence under the head of news, and it would have been treated accordingly.

When everything relating to the future is made a matter of advertising by a newspaper, it is a fair conclusion that such a one has more business than journalistic enterprise — that it is more the production of the business manager than of the editor.

In truth there is no enterprise, in the American sense of the term, in the London press. Many of them rely upon one reporter for occurrences in and out the city; and, hence, it is not unfrequently the case that one sees precisely the same matter in a half dozen newspapers. It is as if all the Chicago papers should unite upon one man to do their Joliet work, and he should do it by sending duplicate accounts each day to all of his employers.

This process cheapens the cost of issuing a paper in London. It is not journalism, but it is profitable. When nearly everything in the shape of news is published only as paid advertisements, it must be evident that the operation pays. It does. The net income of *The Telegraph* is about half a million dollars per annum. Such is the substantial result accruing from

an ingenious system whereby the public is charged a round sum to get news published, and then is charged another round sum for the privilege of reading it along with some classical comments of the editor on the barbarity of the Russians.

I fancy that, when the English journal is perfected, it will charge fifty cents a line for the admission of telegraphic news; a dollar a line for the admission of editorials, and so much per square for news clippings. When all this shall be done, the average English newspaper will be quite as entertaining and a trifle more profitable than it is at present.

An American in London on the watch for news from home, gets, now and then, in the local press, some novel and startling information. Not long since, *The Times* referred, in its comments on some American news, to the "Governor of Pittsburgh." A day or two ago the same sheet gave us hungry Americans information as to the doings of a "congressional senatorial caucus held in Maine." *The Times* commits more blunders than the other papers in its treatment of American affairs, simply because it affords more information in that direction. If the other papers blunder less, it is because they say less.

I do not know that there is more ignorance shown of American events and geography than of the same with reference to other countries. This ignorance was most marvelously displayed during Gladstone's trip to Ireland. The papers have lately been full of letters from indignant Hibernians, who protest against locating counties in towns, against the misnaming and mis-spelling of prominent localities, and the putting of this or that town in the northeast of Ireland, when it should be in the southwest.

A knowledge of geography does not seem to be the forte, nor even an accomplishment, of the English journalist. He knows every territorial inch of the earth as it was surveyed and named during the reign of the Cæsars; but he cannot for the life of him tell whether Chicago is in Illinois, or Illinois in Chicago, or whether both are on Lake Pontchartrain or Lake Erie. I may add that not only does he not know, but he does not care to know. An accurate knowledge of such things would permit the inference that he had some interest in them—and that would never do, you know. There is a fine kind of an intimation of superiority in their ignorance of American politics and geography. It is an intimation, you know, that the thing is not worth looking into, you know.

There is a thing which occurs so regularly in the London press that it must be designed; and which, to a democratic looker-on like myself, is very ludicrous. It is something which always makes its appearance in book reviews, or in that class of reviews in which social life and other society matters form a part.

Of course, no British novelist ever brings out a work of fiction without having in it a plentiful sprinkling of earls, countesses, and similar elevated characters. These august people are trotted out, and made to show their paces over all sorts of roads, and under all kinds of circumstances. How my lady eats, dresses, sleeps; how she talks to her maid, her coachman, her sisters, brothers, husband, lover, father; how she acts and converses at receptions, picnics, balls, the opera, and the like, are all worked out in elaborate detail by the novelist. He has my lord in the smoking-room, at the table, grouse-shooting, at the club, everywhere, and he exhibits that elevated personage in every possible aspect from full dress to his night-shirt.

I won't say that these things are done in order that the public will say of the author: "Why, what a tremendous swell he must be! He never could give all these details unless he were the intimate friend and associate of all these great people." I won't even insinuate any such thing, because it might not be true, and might therefore do an injustice to these worthy writers of fiction.

But now comes in the ludicrous element to which I have referred, and whose development is found in the book notices. All the critics at once seize upon these social and other details in regard to the characters of the Earl of Choufleur and the Countess of Addleplate. They find fault in every direction. These descriptions are not according to real life. They are unnatural. It is not thus that these august personages talk and act under the given circumstances.

Here there is a most obvious attempt on the part of the critics to identify themselves with the aristocratic element. Every line of their comment is a direct assertion to this effect: "These authors do not know what they are talking about! We, who *do* associate intimately with these swells, will point out their mistakes and blunders!"

Again, the public in reading these criticisms must be forced to conclude: "These critics cannot be less than earls themselves, or their trusted and intimate friends, or else they could not speak so authoritatively about their doings and sayings!"

There is not a periodical in London, however cheap or obscure, whose critic does not thus freely condemn the social creations of the bookmakers, when the *locale* is in any of the stone mansions overlooking Hyde Park. It is a harmless sort of an affectation, and, while it deceives nobody, it possibly adds somewhat to the good feeling of the chap who does it — albeit he often is writing at a salary of £2 a week; and if he ever gets into a dress coat it is one rented for the occasion from some one of the many old clo' artists who are about everywhere in this great metropolis.

In fact, there seems to be a race among a large proportion of the London journals as to which shall gain a prize for going fastest and farthest in detraction of the lower, and worship of the higher classes. The last number of *The Tatler* wishes to know what can be “expected of a jury composed of small shop-keepers?” It refers to the crowds that lined the route of the Lord Mayor’s procession as “gaping British mechanics.” Of course the object of the chap who engineers *The Tatler* is to impress on his limited circle of readers the belief that he is a very elevated being — possibly a juke in disguise — and one who is very far above “small shop-keepers” and “gaping British mechanics.”

LETTER XXII.

PHILOLOGICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

LONDON, December 4, 1877.

THE individual who, daily, goes over my face with a razor, performing an operation which is here mistermed “shaving,” is a native of London, and a resident of some fifty years’ standing. Lathering faces, scraping them and handling a small stock of tobacco and so-called “cigars,” which he keeps in the front of his tonsorial parlors, have so occupied his time that he has never found leisure for travel. His whole life has been spent within a rough circle whose centre is Paddington Green, and whose periphery does not extend beyond Petticoat Lane on the east, the Elephant-and-Castle on the south, 'Ammersmith on the west, and Primrose Hill in the direction of the arctic circle.

Of course, having been thus circumscribed in his travels, his knowledge of outlying countries and nations is limited.

In proportion as he has been debarred from actual contact with men and things does he possess a thirst for information concerning the unknown world lying just beyond the circle of which his mangling establishment is the centre. When, after a time, he learned that I am a native of that far-away country known here somewhat vaguely as "America," his desire for information developed into an intense yearning. Day by day as, by turns, he denuded my face of hair and skin, he sought for knowledge concerning those barbarian races of whom I am a member, and of whom, during his life, there had come to him strange and often startling rumors. Glad to be in a position to spread abroad facts concerning our glorious people, I answered all his questions, and occasionally gave him scraps of information which, if not wholly reliable, are at least novel and startling in the extreme. Yesterday he said to me:

"Tell me, mister, was you born in America?"

"Oh, yes! At least, I am almost certain I was. You see, it is so long since I was born, and I was so very young at the time, I can't exactly be certain about some points. But, I think, I was born in America."

He was a little puzzled. There was something in the answer which he didn't quite understand.

He pondered over it a moment, gave it up, and proceeded:

"But, of course, you 'aven't lived there all your life?"

"No. What makes you ask that?"

"Why, you must 'ave lived in England a good bit of your life, because you speak English just as good as anybody."

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll tell you. I was in England a week, three years ago. That was all. But I learn a language very easily. When I came here then I spoke only American. Before the end of that week I could say a good many English words, and could understand a great many things that were said to me. When I returned home I got a teacher, and studied until I could speak English as well as I can now."

He conceded it to be the most remarkable thing he ever heard.

This barber, Webb by name, tobacconist and tonsorial artist by occupation, and domiciled on Harrow road, Paddington Green, belongs to the upper stratum of the lower classes. I find in this shop *The Telegraph*, the London *Graphic*, *Punch*, and various

other periodicals. He is fairly posted on local matters, including the parties, the war, church laws, and current events. And yet he believes Americans from the United States speak a language which is as unlike English as French, Spanish, or Russian. He is a fair representative of the upper end of the lower classes, or the lower end of the middle classes.

In a compartment of the underground were three of us—a friend and myself, and an elderly gentleman.

The latter said:

“Pardon me. Are you not an American?”

“I have the honor to be.”

“Strange, isn’t it? I heard you say four words and I knew you were an American.

“That’s nothing. I knew you were not an Englishman before you spoke. I know it now to a certainty.”

“How do you know it?”

“I knew it by looking at you, because you wear a mustache and no other beard, a something which an Englishman never does. I knew it when you spoke. You said ‘Pardon me,’ which is French. An Englishman would say, ‘I beg pardon,’ so as to get himself at the head of the procession. And finally I knew you were not English, because an Englishman would never ask such a question, or any other one, if he could help it.”

“I was born in England, but you are right substantially. I have lived and been in business nearly all my life in France. But can you tell me why there is such a divergence in the English of England and the English of America?”

“I can’t, I’m sure. I can assure you, however, that the fault is not with us. We speak English; the masses of the people of this country do not. I have no less an authority than Earl Manville for the statement that educated Americans speak the English language far better than educated Englishmen. I have no doubt whatever that, were a wall built between England and America so that there could be no intercourse, in two or three hundred years, a native of one country could not understand a word spoken by a native of the other; and this would be because this country is rapidly losing its knowledge of English. Even now, there are hundreds of words in common use which I do not understand. There is no part of the world where English is so poorly spoken as in England. Already the cries of peddlers, of cabmen, ‘bus drivers, and scores of others who are omnipresent, and who are

spreading their language all through the masses, are or were as unintelligible to me as if they were in Sanscrit."

A nation without a dictionary is like an army without a leader. England has no dictionary, or what amounts to the same thing, it has a dozen, which is as bad as an army commanded by a dozen different men, no two of whom agree as to the conduct of the campaign. You meet an intelligent man and ask him:

"What is your standard dictionary?"

"Walker's, of course."

"And yours?" to another.

"Johnson's, by all means."

"And yours?" to a third.

"The Imperial."

"And yours?"

"Haven't any. We don't need any. All the standard of pronunciation we need is the example of our educated speakers."

"Yes, but Gladstone says *issoo* when other intelligent men say *isshu*. Some say *Keltic*, when others say *Seltic*, and still others say *Tcheltic*. Now, what will you do in a case of this kind?"

The answer will very likely be something of the "damfino" order, and there the discussion will rest. A very natural result is that there are about as many standards of pronunciation as there are people who have anything to say. There is no agreement even in the pronunciation of the dead languages, and a wide difference of opinion as to accent.

In order to illustrate and demonstrate the gradual divergence of English usage from the strait and narrow path trodden by Americans, I will append a few cases which I have in my memory of the use of English words by Englishmen. Some of the words given are in use by all classes, and others by the masses. The first column presents certain words as spelt and generally as they should be pronounced, while the other column gives the method in which they are pronounced:

Colquhoun — Calhoun. Cockburn — Coburn. Beauchamp — Beechem. Derby — Darby. Berkley — Barkley. Clerk — Clark. Hertford — Hefford. Cholmondeley — Chumley. Bouverie — Booherie. Greenwich — Grinnidge. Woolwich — Woolidge. Harwich — Harridge. Ludgate — Luggat. Telegraph — Telegravph. Nasty — Nawsty. Cab, sir? — Kib, sir? Black your shoes? — Shoe bleck? Bank — Bink. High Holborn — Eye Oburn. White-chapel — Witchipel. Trait — Tray. Out — Hout. Ounce — Hounce.

Ass—Hass. Horse—Awse. Royal Oak—Relluke. Extra—Hextra. Mile End—Meelen. Standard—Staindard. Chance—Chawnce. Bone Hill—Bunnel. Bath—Bawth. Hammersmith—Ammersmith. Issue—Issoo. Gloucester—Gloster. Leicester—Lester. Celtic—Keltic. *Ecce-Homo*—*Ekke-Homo*. Classes—Closses. Pall Mall—Pell Mell.

I might continue this list through a half a dozen ordinary letters, but enough has been given to show how widely in pronunciation our English friends have wandered from the recognized path.

Nor is this difference between the spelling of words and their sound all there is to prove that the English are losing the English language, and substituting a jargon that is totally unlike that speech bequeathed to us by our Saxon and Norman ancestors.

What, for instance, is to be done by a man understanding and recognizing the English of Macaulay, Longfellow, Byron, Lamb, Whittier, Grant White, and the expurgated vernacular of the venerable Bryant, who finds that a street-sprinkler in England's English is a "hydrostatic van;" that rails on a railroad are "metals;" a railway track is a "line;" a store a "shop;" a hardware man an "iron-monger?" He finds no policemen here, but "constables." If he go into a store and ask for boots, he will be shown a pair of shoes that lace or button about the ankle. "I don't undersand you," is rendered by "I beg pardon, or parding," according to circumstances.

There are no groceries, or dry-goods stores. Baggage is "luggage;" a traveling-bag is a "grip-sack;" there are no trunks, but always "boxes." A freight-car is a "goods van;" a conductor on a 'bus or railway is a "guard;" a street railway is a "tramway;" a baggage-car a "luggage-van;" a pitcher is a "jug;" and two and a half pence is tuppence 'apenny. A sovereign is a "squid;" a shilling a "bob;" a sixpence is a "tanner."

A traveler does not get his ticket from a ticket-office, but a "booking-office." He does not seat himself in a car, but in a "compartment." His train is never switched, it is "shunted."

The bewildered American steps out on the street and he hears a prolonged, dismal howl, which, as he can make it out, sounds like "Ne-he-mi-oh!" and which he in time learns is the remark of a newsboy to the effect: "*Pall Mall Gazette!*!" Another howl: "Boo-goo-waa-hoo!" he learns to be, "Cabbages, a penny a head." At a station, the dolorous call "Awl, Awl!" of the guard,

he discovers, after he has missed his destination a few times, and has picked up a knowledge of the language, to be the English for "Vauxhall." A decrepid old woman proffers him a box of matches, with a curtsy, and with lightning rapidity rattles off what sounds like, "Gurnmity, gurnmity, gurnmity, gum," and which, as he gets along in English, he finds to mean, "I'm-a-widdy-with ten-children-God-bless-you-sir-and-won't-you-buy-a-box-of-matches-God-bless-you-sir-an-thank-you-sir-much-obleeged-sir!"

Mary, the good-looking domestic, walks into my room, and, as she anchors herself with one hand to the door-knob, says:

"The pipers beant come, sir?"

"Oh, haven't they? What's the matter, I wonder?"

"I deoan't kneaouw, I'm sure. I'm going hout, and I'll see."

"Thanks."

"An' wattle you 'ave for breakfass?"

"I don't know. What can you get me that's good?"

"Ow'd you like a chump?"

"Oh, very well, I reckon. Can't you get me a porter-house steak?"

"A wot, sir?"

"A porter-house steak."

"An' wot's that, hif you please?"

I explain.

"Never heerd hof hit, I'm sure."

"Well, then, can you get me a tenderloin steak?"

"A wot?"

I explain.

"There isn't no such. But maybe as ow you'd like a fillet?"

"A fillet? What's that?"

Mary explains.

"An' would you like some poteyties?"

"Yes, some potatoes, please."

"Anythink else?"

"Nothing now but the papers."

"Oh yees. Eaouw baed! (How bad!) I forgot the pipers."

And Mary trips off after the pipers, some 'am, poteyties, and a couple of heggs. Mary is a good girl. "She lays the fire"—*i. e.*, gets it ready for lighting when I am away. She never brings any coal, but to compensate for this, she always "fetches some coals." She replenishes the "water-jug"—*i. e.*, the wash-

pitcher. She will never go to an apothecary shop or druggist's for me, because she doesn't know what an apothecary shop or druggist's is, but she will go around to the "kimmis" on demand. If I ask her to go to the saloon and get a pitcher of ale, she will require an explanatory addendum to the effect that I wish her to go to the public 'ouse and fetch me a jug of bitter. She won't go to a dry-goods store, but she will to a haberdasher's.

I have a friend, and as there is no drinking-water, we must quench our thirst with some other fluid. We enter a public 'ouse, and my friend asks for a thripenny go of cold Irish—meaning that he wishes some plain Irish whisky. I ask for stout and bitter, meaning thereby that I wish a glass of a mixture composed one-half of beer and the other half of porter. In doubt as to our location, I inquire the direction of the Tems—meaning the Thames. We go along Hoxford (Oxford) street, pass Ide Park (Hyde Park), keep on through 'Oburn (Holburn), passing Tottenim (Tottenham) Court Road, Chawncery Lane, and after a devious trip we reach Lunnon Bridge. We can now go by way of the Helephant and Castle to Clapon (Clapham) Common, returning by way of Chelsee (Chelsea) and Sin Jem's Park (St. James' Park) to the Habbey (Westminster Abbey), and so on 'ome.

I might run this article through a dozen pages, and then would have no more than made a beginning. Enough has been given to show that the English people are fast losing their English and are constructing a new language which, in a century, will be as unlike the original and pure English of America as is Choctaw. As I bring this article to a close, a man with magnificent lungs is passing my window; I hear him call, "Bonna! Bonna! Pack-a-pee! Pack-a-pee!" I rush to the window. It is a vender of bonnet-boxes, who is offering them at eight pence apiece.

LETTER XXIII.

BRITISH THOROUGHBREDS.

LONDON, Dec. 11, 1877.

SOMEBODY very kindly sent me a couple of tickets for the five-shilling day. Other and more common people come in the next day, and it only costs them a shilling. Just

why it should cost five shillings on Monday, and a shilling on Tuesday, may seem strange at first view, but it is all right when one understands it. The first day there is a double exhibition, which includes thoroughbreds of both two-legged and four-legged species. On this day there are viscounts and Devons, short-horns and dukes, Herefords and lords, Suffolks and earls, Southdowns and baronets, heifers, knights, ewes, countesses, oxen, peeresses, steers and marquises; in fine, the blue blood of Great Britain, irrespective of age and sex, and inclusive of nobility of all grades, from the Prince of Wales and a blooded Suffolk down to a bishop's son and a thick-wooled wether—all unrivaled in breed, descent, or value.

I find by looking back that I have omitted to mention where I went, and what, in the concrete, it is that I went to see. Of course I refer to the cattle-show, as it is termed here, or agricultural show, or fair, as we would term it in America. I omitted to say where I was going, because it didn't occur to me. Any time within these two weeks, had any one said to any native:

“Are you going?” the answer would have been at once:

“Certainly I am; aren't you?”

It would not have been necessary to say, “Are you going to the cattle-show?” because that was understood. The papers have been full of it, the dead walls have been full of it, and so have all London and all England.

I may say that the present is the eightieth annual exhibition; that it is held in Agricultural Hall, London, and that Agricultural Hall is about as large as the Exposition building in Chicago. The show is a sort of a national *fête*, having reference to Christmas.

At some hotels, especially in France, it is customary to place a course on the table before it is carved. A brown and weighty turbot, or a round of beef, or a platter of roast ducks, is placed before the guests, who admire its dimensions and color, inhale its odor, speculate as to its juiciness, thus through their imagination enjoying the dish in advance. By and by it is served, and then the palate is brought into play; and thus, in turn, sight, smell and taste are permitted to be gratified. It is a method of increasing the pleasure of dining, and is often resorted to where it is desirable to make the largest outlay upon the smallest capital.

The same principle—only more so—is at the base of this annual exhibition.

Among our British cousins, the Christmas season is one devoted to the belly. They are square eaters, as a general thing, as I know; but I am assured that all the heavy eating that I have yet seen is to the Christmas gorge what a gimlet is to an augur, a rat-hole to the Mont Cenis tunnel.

The gathering here in London, the second week in December, of obese cattle, swollen pigs, and pinguidinous lambs, is solely that the British eyesight may revel in advance upon that which is soon to be eaten; that the British touch may wander over the vast haunches and padded ribs of the intended victims for the Christmas sacrifice. Such, in brief, is the meaning of the December cattle-show. It is caviare, luncheon, cocktails, and other appetizers for the senses, except that of taste. There are a few agricultural and other implements connected with the show; but they are an innovation; they form no essential part of it, and are put in the galleries of the hall simply because the spaces up there would look badly without something, and to get cattle up would be an impossibility.

The first day is remarkable as being devoted almost exclusively to thoroughbreds, both men and animals. The price of admission is put at a figure which keeps the mob away. The purpose of this is that the nobility may, so to speak, dine at the first table. They have the first chance. Their aristocratic eyes get the first view, their noble fingers first sample the thickness of fat and muscle, their elevated imaginations have the first opportunity to cut off juicy and dripping slices from the rotund masses on exhibition. After their betters have been served, the common people throng in and dine their plebeian senses from off the remnants. They inhale the rich porcine odor; they punch their dirty and stumpy fingers among ribs which but yesterday were deftly explored and gently titillated by the slender and lavender-clad digits belonging to shapely and aristocratic hands. Metaphorically speaking, on Monday the select, blue-blooded few go in, consume the tenderloins and the delicate tid-bits; later comes the mass and devours the tripe, the neck-piece, the fatty brains, the degenerated liver, and unsavory offal.

To get into anything public in London requires infinite patience, management, tact; in short, an executive ability of the very highest order. In the present instance, considering the momentous character of the exhibition, the difficulties were redoubled. Dense crowds lined the sidewalks for blocks in

every direction. All the adjoining public houses had the British flag flying, and thirsty customers fought their way to and from the reeking counters. A string of carriages filed up, as at a grand gala night at the opera, and discharged their contents with infinite slowness and difficulty. Dogs fought; men chaffed, squeezed, swore; small boys and infants were scattered through the interstices of the crowd, and were stepped on and run over with undeviating partiality.

I followed the crowd that was pouring in the entrance nearest where I alighted. It took me five minutes to get to the barrier; and then, just about as I thought myself in, a policeman took my ticket, and handed it back with the remark:

“Next hentrance.”

It took me three minutes to get out, and then I started in search of the next hentrance. The next hentrance was found, and there I was told to go somewhere else. Entrance after entrance presented itself, but all were wrong ones. Finally, after going around a series of irregular blocks, I came upon a file of carriages, upon every seat of which were men in livery. Somehow I felt that land was in sight. I was about to enter that particular hole in the building reserved for the titled. There was a small, pellucid, and very select stream of us I was borne in on the waves of aristocracy. There were lords to the right of me, dukes to the left of me.

There was no crowding or struggling among us. We were deliberate and dignified, as beffitted our exalted station. I informed none of my noble companions that they were “rum coves,” as was done among the base elements who fringed our pathway. If any peer in that procession fancied that I was not a nobleman from any remark I made, he was mistaken, for I never opened my lips, but bore myself after that English method, in which there is exhibited a bearing as if there were no other fellow in sight.

I assure my American compatriots that there is no difficulty in passing in such a crowd for what you please. It is perfectly easy to pass yourself for a prince; it is easy because nobody pays the slightest attention to you, or is aware of your presence.

I was half an hour getting in. There was not the smallest reason why I should not have entered at the first door I tried. But letting people into a building by the most convenient door would not be a case of How-not-to-do-it. Doing a thing by the

shortest method would violate precedent, would throw innumerable officials out of office, would not give flunkies an opportunity to be insolent, and would greatly accommodate the public. All these reasons probably account for the fact that nearly every man who enters Agricultural Hall must enter a particular hole cut to fit his size, and can enter by no other.

It has taken me some time to get the reader into the cattle-show; but, as an excuse, let it be understood that this is not America, and that nothing here is done in a hurry.

If the Chicago reader will fancy the floor of the Exposition building given up to cattle, sheep and hogs, and the galleries to implements, and racks of beets and turnips, he will have a very good idea of Agricultural Hall—a building which, during any popular day of one of the animal exhibitions, will be visited by as many as sixty thousand people. It is not so handsome as our building; the lighting is inferior; but as it encloses about four acres, its capacity is rather greater.

On Monday afternoon, the main floor was just comfortably filled with its blooded occupants—that is to say, blooded men, women, cattle, sheep and hogs. There was room enough to walk on all sides of every specimen, whether a duchess or a Devon, a baron or a Berkshire; and I made the most of my opportunity to study the effects of breeding on the British animals, in the pens or around their edges.

What would not Mrs. Livermore have given to have thus stood face to face with the human, bovine, and ovine products of a thorough and scientific stirpiculture! There were faces before me in which were concentrated all the virtues of in-breeding and crossing from the Norman conquest to the present generation. There were Devons and Herefords whose ancestry dates back in an unbroken line to some bovine progenitor, who, jumping the wretched fences of a thin Normandy pasture, bolted into the juicy meadows of some neighboring territory, where, by sharpness of horn, fierceness of bellow, and strength of neck, he established his supremacy and founded a posterity—a posterity approving only of his antiquity, and never questioning the means by which he secured his original foothold.

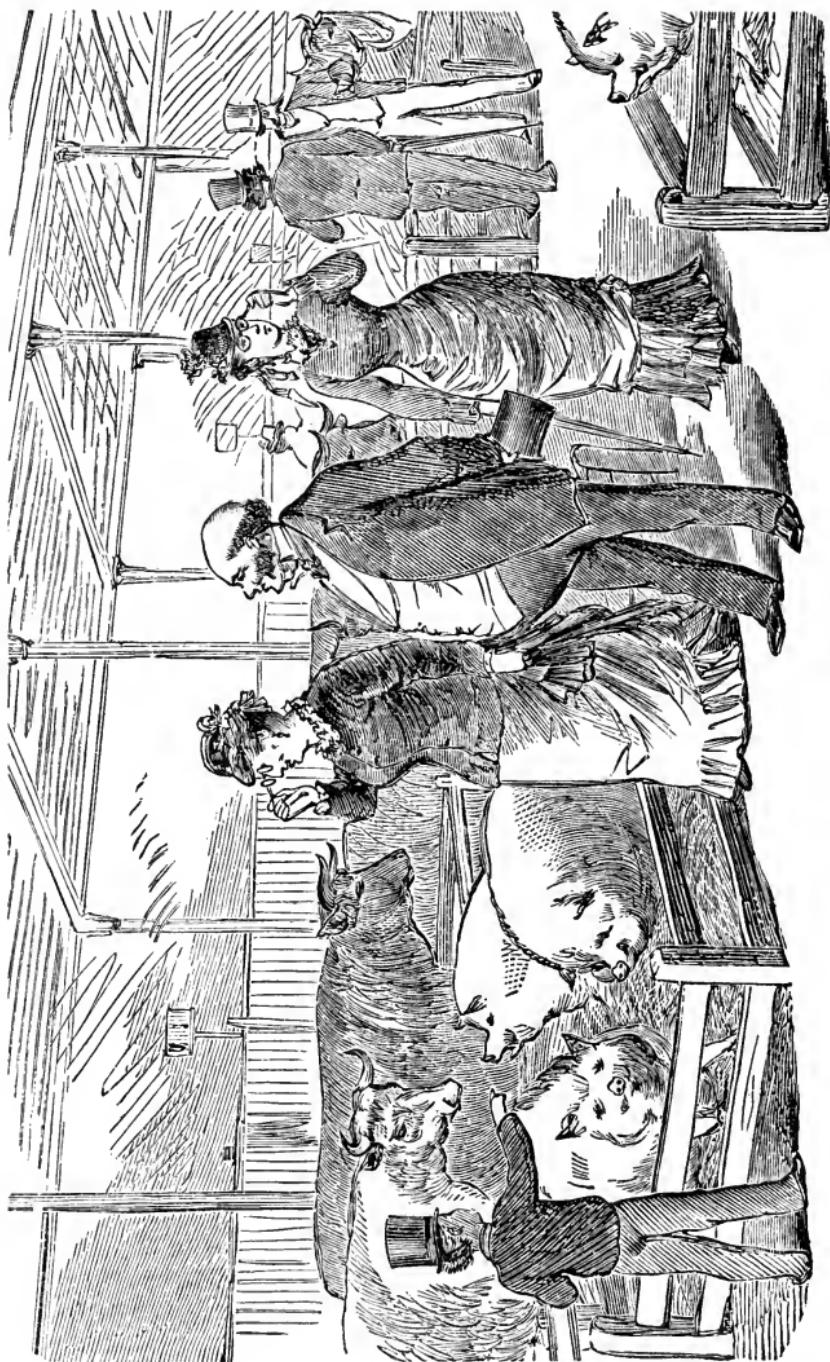
It was immense! Nothing could be grander than this opportunity to study thoroughbreds face to face. I could compare, contrast them. I could see at a glance wherein breeding had given a grain of superiority to the human product, and again had con-

ferred it upon the animal. In some instances, one was in advance, and in some instances, the other was unmistakably ahead.

Sometimes I seemed to see wherein pedigree had done more for a Hereford than a human; for a Southdown than a squire; for a Berkshire than a baronet. While adipose prevailed among both, there was a more dignified repose among the thoroughbreds within the pens than among those without. None of the former appeared possessed of a vulgar curiosity as to the anatomy of the latter. No Devon degraded himself by fumbling the fat on the ribs of a duke; or occupied himself in squinting along the backbone of his grace as if it were a gun which he was sighting at the battery of an enemy. No Norfolk heifer looked disdainfully at a Sussex cow in an adjoining pen, with a glance which seemed to say, "Your ancestor came over ages and ages after mine, you wretched plebeian!"

In all these respects the balance of valuable results seemed to incline within the pens rather than outside them. Upon the whole, I am rather inclined to fancy that breeding tells more effectively in steers than in peers -- so to speak -- in the steerage than the peerage. While there were abundant cases of fat in both, I was often compelled to notice that what was good, honest layers of suet in the former, was quite often, in the latter, only a case of dropsical expansion with a malt or vinous basis. Barring the difference between the fragrance of attar of roses and the well-known porcine emanation, there was a perceptible improvement among the high-bred swine over their human competitors. The former had none of that lack of geniality, none of that hauteur characteristic of the latter. Any respectably-dressed, fair-appearing stranger like myself could approach one of these gentlemanly hogs without a letter of introduction, and could scratch his back and take other similar innocent familiarities without giving offense. I could do no such things to any of the titled ladies and gentlemen by whom I was surrounded. I had no genealogy with me; and without one, and a long one, the well-meaning stranger is debarred, in this country, from doing many things which would conduce to his pleasure.

In these respects, justice would seem to compel me, in an unbiased summary of the respective values of the two classes, as affected by culture and pedigree, to give the first prize to the four-footed competitors.



THOROUGHBREDS

I overheard a most affecting incident during the course of my wanderings.

It was related by a tall man, with gold eye-glasses and gray whiskers, to a small knot of listeners, composed of a stout lady in a velvet overcoat, a younger lady, with pale, clean-cut, regular features, and a young man with a single glass stuck in a weak blue eye, and whose reddish mustache was elaborately curled upward at the ends.

"She was," he said, "descended in a direct line from the Duke of Plymouth. Her great-grandmother was the Baroness of Avon. Her grandfather was the Duke of Fyldon, and her father, Prince Jerome. Her mother was Lady Flora, of Laddiport."

"Aw—naouw, was—aw—she naouw—aw?" asked the young man with the single eye-glass.

The ladies looked interested and sympathetic.

"I got her at a cost of seven thousand pounds."

"Aw, naouw, aw—did you, aw—naouw?" asked the young man with the single eye-glass.

"Yes, I did. I kept her three years, and she didn't breed, and I had to sell her for beef."

"Aw, naouw, aw—did you, aw—naouw?" remarked the young man with the single eye-glass.

The two ladies seemed on the point of weeping. Fearing I might intrude on their sacred grief, I walked away. Ah, me! how sad is the inner history of aristocratic lives! Who is the poet who will embody in some sad dithyrambic monody the life, the failure, the untimely death of this young descendant of so princely a line? Let us who are poor and humble cease to repine over our misfortunes. No such calamity as this ever falls to the lot of the obscure, the untitled. It is the castle on the towering crag that is struck by the howling tempest—the same which passes harmlessly over the lowly cot which nestles humbly in the valley.

It would be charming to wander longer, much longer, in this sacred precinct of blooded men and titled cattle, but space forbids. Perhaps at some other time I may invite the readers of *The Times* to join me again, and once more circulate in such goodly company. Thoroughbred society is not easily attainable on this island; and this fact must excuse my having lingered so long in this delightful company.

LETTER XXIV.

BRITISH CATTLE SHOW.

LONDON, Dec. 15, 1877.

IN my last I gave you a brief account of a visit to the great annual cattle-show of England. My first visit was on Monday, the opening day, and from which the common people were excluded, so as to give the gentry a chance to punch the ribs of the cattle and scratch the backs of the Berkshires without being exposed to the dangers of being rubbed against by cockneys from the city, and English hoodlums from Edgware Road.

The English grade things nicely with reference to rank. As, for instance, in this cattle-show, his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, and his immediate staff of noble adherents, were admitted to the hall at noon on Monday. Two hours later, people below princes and above cockneys were given admission. After these had had a view, the *hoi polloi*, at the rate of a shilling per caput, were allowed to follow in the footsteps of their betters. It costs something to be a nobleman in this country. We who went in the first day had to pay five shillings for the privilege of being somebody. The average difference, or ratio, of somebody to nobody in England is as five to one — which is a convenient method of expressing a social distinction by a mathematical formula.

On Monday I had an opportunity to compare the effect of high breeding by examining it in the thoroughbred men and cattle, and women and sheep and pigs who were gathered face to face at Agricultural Hall. A later day I had an opportunity to compare the thoroughbred with the common-bred, the vulgar. One cannot thoroughly understand the high-bred specimen until one has compared it with others of its own kind, and also contrasted it with others of an opposite kind. I had seen how a Devon carried himself in the presence of a duke. Before forming a conclusion as to his qualities, I had to see him in the presence of a costermonger. People are often on their good behavior, simply as a matter of policy when in good society, who, when with inferiors are insolent, overbearing, intolerable. A Dorset pig who would be a perfect gentleman when in company with a peer, might, if high breeding is of no value in manners, turn out a perfect hog when brought into contact with a purveyor of cat's-

meat. Truthfulness compels the admission that the thoroughbreds bore themselves in a manner so dignified, when exposed to the crucial test of contact with inferiors, as to entitle them to distinguished consideration; as to prove that blood *does* tell, and that its effects are manifest in all the greater, as well as less qualities that characterize action, demeanor, sentiments, and bearing.

There is one point worthy of note in this connection; and that is that, in some respects, culture and high-breeding seem to have done rather more for the animals than the men; or, if it be objected that there is no real difference between animals and men, then, I may say, breeding seems to have done more for the quadrupeds than the bipeds. For instance, among the former it does not appear that blue blood has produced any aristocratic defect of vision as among the latter. I saw no Hereford with a glass stuck in one eye, and gazing about with a weak, imbecile stare. I noticed also another difference. Among the aristocratic bipeds of Monday there seemed a very prevalent effort on the part of each individual to conduct himself as if he were the only person present. Nothing of the sort was apparent among the aristocratic quadrupeds. A Cheviot ewe would notice kindly a Ryland wether, while a Dorset swell would recognize with fraternal grunts his Coleshill neighbor in the adjoining sty.

In these, and other similar things, it seemed to me as if high culture, long pedigree, and all that, are doing more for the animals who occupy the pens than for those who live in the castles.

So far as quality of thought and language is concerned, I have no means of judging, as I can understand but little what the people say, and none at all of what may be said or thought by the others.

I overheard a conversation Monday, which may serve to show what is said by thoroughbred men and women. It was between a substantial gentleman with a very purple nose, an elderly lady, very puffy, and red in the face, and a couple of tall young ladies, whose principal labor seemed to be to look composed, uninterested, but interesting, and altogether oblivious of the fact that there was anybody but their party present at the exhibition. Said the gentleman:

“She has a magnificent top and middle, a wonderful bosom, and a very expanded chest —”

"Aye," interrupted the elderly woman, "but she lacks depth. She is too narrow in the thighs — "

"Yes, I dare say you're quite right," said the gentleman, "but then you see her thighs only appear small because of the great outpouring of her broad hips and loins."

"What a sweet, docile face she meets you with," remarked languidly one of the young ladies.

"Yes, but don't you think she has quite an odd expression?" said the other. "And yet such a lovely head, and waxy horns — "

It was only when the word "horns" was uttered that I learned that the conversation did not refer to some lady, but to a short-horn heifer belonging to a gentleman from Ipswich, and which has taken more prizes than any animal on the ground. I ought to have known sooner that the conversation did not refer to any woman, because it was altogether too complimentary, considering that three women were in the group of four who were engaged in the discussion.

As before said, the effect of breeding developed in the contrast of the thoroughbred stock with the base-born mob is worthy of all admiration and commendation. Anything less than the most perfect high breeding would have lost its temper and been guilty of breaches of politeness under the indignities to which the animals were subjected. Fancy a gentleman or lady surrounded for hours by a dense mob, odorous with foul pipes, sweetened gin, and fermenting beer; compelled to listen to all sorts of ungrammatical language embodying no refined ideas; forced to breathe a vitiated atmosphere; and to be punched, thumped, and prodded incessantly, by thick and dirty fingers; and, in fancying this, one can get an idea as to what was undergone by the delicate and high-bred aristocrats of the paddock. They bore it nobly. I will not say that now and then a look of wearied disgust did not creep over the countenance of some noble heifer, who could trace her ancestry in an unbroken line to Victoria VIII., as the stumpy thumbs of the mob prodded her rounded flanks; but then such manifestations of disapprobation were never boisterous or vulgar, and were always characterized by that serenity and composure so much sought after by the upper classes of Great Britain.

It was amusing to watch the movements of the crowds about the pens. There is nothing a cockney desires so much as to be thought a connoisseur in cattle and horseflesh. Every peddler

of periwinkles out for a holiday went gravely all over each animal in succession. He dove his fingers into the fleeces of the sheep, and appeared to be gravely calculating the fineness and yield of the wool. He fingered the chines, pinched the backs, and punched the ribs of the cattle; and felt all the pigs with a gravity and a deliberation intended to convey the idea that he was a competent judge of every point bearing on the value of wool, beef and pork.

Another common and amusing feature was the hungry looks upon men's faces as they hung about the pens. Paunchy chaps, with bursting cheeks and protruding eyes, stood and gazed on the rotund thoroughbreds with an expression which was that of ecstatic anticipation. Present in body, they were absent in soul, and sat about Christmas boards with napkins tucked under their chins, the odor of roast beef filling their nostrils, their whetted knives cutting great slices from the juicy loin, and their palates thrilling with grease and gore. No ragged hoodlum, with his nose flattened against the window of a pastry-shop, was ever half so complete an embodiment of eager, absorbed anticipation, yearning, and hungry desire, as these Englishmen who looked over the pens and devoured in advance their contents.

One thing is very noticeable in the characteristics of American and English articles on exhibition. It is the higher finish and lightness of the former. A laborer who uses an American fork saves immensely in the labor of carrying the implement. In fact, heaviness is a prevailing English quality. A one-horse cart is, by itself, a load for a horse. A hay-rigging is composed of immense beams and timbers, and looks like the skeleton of a mighty ship. The English plows, although beautifully finished, are so large that they seem intended for anchors. An American plow would not need more than half the draught to accomplish the same amount and quality of work. Among the heaviest of all the English articles on exhibition are several traction engines. They are monstrous machines—long as a steamship and as high as a house. They are mainly used for plowing, I understand, and are said to do excellent work. One is placed at a corner of a field, and by a system of cables and pulleys the plows are drawn across from side to side.

Statistics furnished me by an English gentleman show that in one hundred and fifty-nine days of the present year he plowed five hundred and twenty-six acres, cultivated two hundred and

ten, rolled three hundred and seventy-one, and dragged three hundred and twenty-seven, making a total of fourteen hundred and thirty-four acres of work performed by one steam plow, in the time specified.

In occasional portions of the gallery are displays of vegetables, among which turnips, beets, mangels, potatoes and cabbages predominate. Here, as in English machinery, bulk seems to eclipse all other qualities. There are beets almost as tall and thick as John Wentworth; cabbages resembling the domes of cathedrals; turnips that have the dimensions of a planet.

Mangels, eighty to ninety tons to the acre, and other roots in proportion, are to be seen in abundance. At short intervals are cards bearing the legend that these mangels, and those beets and turnips were grown by her majesty the queen, or his royal highness the Prince of Wales. I offered to buy a specimen, in order to have a personal memento of these august agriculturists — but was informed that none are for sale. I take it that they are destined for a better fate than to become the trophy of a Yankee journalist. Probably after being tipped with ivory and furnished with silver-mounted handles, they will be placed among the crown jewels at the tower, in order to convey to posterity practical evidence of the bucolic tastes and simple pursuits of the present representatives of the house of Hanover.

LETTER XXV.

BOOK-MAKERS.

LONDON, January 6, 1878.

DURING my stay here in London I have from time to time been thrown into the company of journalists and litterateurs without number. Many of these whom I have thus met are well known in America, others are partially known, and still others not at all. I have thought that sketches of some of these people would be of interest to the readers of *The Times*; and to gratify such an interest I will in this letter outline a few novelists.

It should be said at the outset that nearly all novels in England first appear in a three-volume form, and with expensive paper and binding. In this shape they are not put in the book-stores, but in the circulating libraries. A library edition consists usually of five hundred copies. The success achieved by a book during the library stage shapes its future. If there be a brisk demand, then a cheaper and larger edition is issued for the book-stores; and if this go, then a still cheaper "railway edition," for news-stands and railway depots.

Before leaving this matter of book-makers, I hope to be able to give some facts of interest as to book-making, such as cost of issue, circulation, profits, and the like, together with the remuneration paid to authors. Everybody, almost, in London, writes a book of some kind—generally a novel or two; and hence the opportunity for reading live authors is uncommonly good. Of every five English people who happen to be standing together, the chances are that there will be one author, and perhaps two, in the gathering.

I will at once to business, and commence the sketches with Joseph Hatton. Mr. Hatton, although comparatively a young man, has already produced some seven or eight novels; several plays, some of which are original products, and others, either adaptations from his own works, or those of other authors. Among the last named is "Liz; That Lass o' Lowrie," which was brought out some months since at the Opera Comique, and which is still having a most successful run. He has also dramatized his latest and most popular novel, "The Queen of Bohemia;" but the work has not yet been put on the stage, owing to the press of holiday amusements. At the present moment he is engaged in the production of an original melodrama, and also a novel, entitled "Cruel London," and of which one volume is already completed.

He is about thirty-seven years of age, with an expression and air of youthfulness that make him seem much younger. This is added to by a boyish geniality, frankness and fresh enthusiasm. He is just under medium height, athletic but not stout in figure, and with an erect, soldiery bearing. Unlike most Englishmen, he is dark, with full beard and mustache, which, like his abundant hair, are a raven black. His mouth is large and indicative of luxurious tastes, his nose sufficiently pronounced to establish the existence of strong qualities. His eyes are large, dark-brown,

keen, smiling, full of sympathy and a dreamy sensitiveness. As a whole, his face is handsome, sunny, attractive.

Originally, I believe, from Lancaster, Mr. Hatton began life as a journalist, and has never since entirely severed his connection with the press. I have read only his "Queen of Bohemia," a book which bears on every page the assurance that it is his favorite child, conceived in love, and born and nurtured with a partial and absorbing affection. It is a most charming work from title page to finis. Its characters have all the sharpness of outline, the rounded softness, the exquisite gradations of shading of a first-class photograph. They have an intense realism that makes them at once recognizable as from life, and yet all are here and there "touched up" with a brush dipped in idealism whereby the harsher details of nature are softened without obliteration. His pastoral scenes are bright with sun-kissed blossoms, drowsy with the hum of bees, musical with the sweeter voices of nature—in short, nature in her warmest and most charming aspects, such as one learns them, not from books or canvas, but by actual, studious, loving contact.

As a writer, Mr. Hatton is achieving a success. Nearly all his books have passed the crucial test of the library edition, and have reached second and third editions. He has visited America, for which country he entertains a substantial liking, and from which he selects most liberally in his search for characters and novel combinations of human experience. Some of his works have been republished in America and have been given a cordial reception. He is married and has a family thoroughly artistic in its tendencies. Mrs. Hatton, a lady of a handsome and imposing presence, has demonstrated the possession of most superior abilities in amateur theatricals. A son of seventeen is already a fair geologist and linguist; and a daughter, a couple of years younger, has taken to painting, and has already produced creditable and promising results.

A favorite here, Mr. Hatton is certain to become equally one in America as our people become familiar with his productions.

Next to Miss Braddon, perhaps there is no English lady novelist better known in America than Annie Thomas. Many of her novels have been republished by American houses; and, in addition to having thus reached the American public, she has increased the circulation of her writings by having contributed directly, and very largely, to Harper's and Frank Leslie's period-

icals. Her American connections extended over several years, and at present are, let me hope, only interrupted, not terminated, by the business depression in America, which has included book publishers as well as everybody else in its malign influences.

Annie Thomas is her maiden name, her present name being the somewhat extraordinary one—to American ears—Mrs. Pender Cudlip. She is married to a clergyman of the established church, and from whom, of course, she receives her present designation. She was born in affluence and reared in luxury until the age of eighteen, when, by the death of her father, a distinguished naval officer, she found herself and mother substantially penniless. By mere accident she was induced to write a short article, which was accepted by the publisher of a society magazine, and for which she received the—to her—munificent sum of twelve guineas. She at once, very naturally, conceived a great fancy for literary effort, and began and finished a three-volume novel. She submitted it to Maxwell, better known as Miss Braddon's husband, who gave her any number of compliments and five pounds for her manuscript. Disappointed but not discouraged, she finished another, for which the liberal Maxwell offered her ten pounds. Getting the manuscript from him with some difficulty, she resolved to try some other publisher. The very first one to whom she offered it, looked through it, and at once gave her three hundred pounds for it. From that time to the present she has been a hard worker, writing incessantly and achieving a very substantial pecuniary success. It is about eighteen years since she became a novelist, and within that time she has written and had published some forty novels, many of which have obtained several editions. This amount of work is the more extraordinary when one reflects upon the fact that she has the care of a family, and had the rearing of four children, of whom two charming boys died within a couple of days. Two beautiful little girls remain who, while necessary to the completion of the domestic and maternal life, add necessarily to the difficulties and burdens of her professional labor. All these surroundings have the effect to make her literary products seem out of all proportion to the time and facilities given to their accomplishment. There are a heroism, a devotion, an untiring industry and a suffering included in such a life which make it one of exceptional beauty and grandeur.

Despite all her hard work and her domestic bereavements,

Mrs. Cudlip is still young in appearance, and although her eyes have an appearance of much acquaintance with tears, and her voice has here and there a plaintive suggestion, she has all the elasticity and vivacity of a robust, healthful nature, to which drudgery and suffering are unknown. She is of medium height, has dark, regular features, keen, dark, flashing eyes, and a cheery and decisive utterance. Her head is small, her forehead womanly, and her appearance and manners are suggestive of an exquisite combination of the emotional, maternal, domestic woman, and the intellectual thinker and worker. She seems an embodiment of energy and determination—the possessor of a will-power potent enough to overcome all obstacles. She is humorous, philosophical, didactic, pathetic in conversation, rushing on forcefully and exhibiting all the rapidity of change and the infinite variations of a kaleidoscope.

Her books have few failures, and a most gratifying presentation of exceptional and most brilliant successes. Among the latter are "Denis Doune," "Played Out," "He Cometh Not, She Said," "False Colors," "Theo. Leigh," and others, several of which will be recognized as old favorites by American readers. It is to be hoped that the depression in business on our side may soon sufficiently be lifted so that this very popular writer and estimable lady may resume her connection with the American public.

It is a most creditable fact to Englishwomen that, in the present condition of literary production, they occupy so prominent—in numbers and quality of effort—a position. The fact becomes more creditable when it is understood that many of these women are in social positions which would afford them the stimulus of ample occupation; and are possessed of sufficient wealth, so that they are not forced into literature either to escape from the *ennui* of a life without extended social ameliorations and duties, or for the purpose of securing a livelihood. Perhaps Miss Ida Duffus Hardy is one to whom this creditable fact has an especial application. Above the necessities of literary efforts, she has apparently been drawn to her work because she loves it.

Not far along in the twenties, she has already produced excellent results. She has written three, perhaps four, works, of which the most noticeable are "Glencairn" and "Only a Love Story." I have only had opportunity to read the last-named, which, although far above mediocrity, is said to be inferior in some

respects to "Glencairn," an opinion shared by the author. "Only a Love Story" is her latest published production, and is what would be popularly termed a "society" novel. It seems to me, however, to have a deeper purpose than the mere portraiture of social phases and every-day characters. There is an intensity in much of the sentiment of the book, a fierce energy in its action, a warmth and a mobile vitalization in its characters, and throughout all of it a tender interest, which seem to demonstrate that the author is no mere photographer who coldly "focuses" and reproduces a group of ordinary subjects. Some works are based on observations directed without; others upon observations directed within. The former affords us imitation, the latter, creations—*that, copies; this, originals.*

The principal characters in "Only a Love Story" have a shapely fullness, a breathing individuality, which make them seem the creatures of self-experience. If not, then they are marvelous in their accuracy, and prove that simulation may be made to equal the fervid earnestness of real feeling.

Miss Hardy has an artistic face. She is of medium height, with a shapely figure. Her head is small, which fact, taken in connection with large, brilliant, dark-brown eyes, gives her an expression whose intellectual interpretation is impetuous concentration. In this same direction there is an indication of an almost morbid activity. Her dark hair, brunette complexion and eyes are Oriental in their suggestions; but these are negatived by the absence of a languid repose and by the presence of a lithe and strengthful mobility. She is a character the background of which seems concealed by impenetrable shadows, in which her real nature and life are probably hidden, but whose gloom has the effect to heighten, by contrast, the sunny and attractive qualities which are lavishly distributed in the middle distance and the foreground. It is very pleasant hereabout, although occasionally there shoots from the cloud-land beyond a tiny flash, lightning-like in its rapidity, scorching the too curious observer and leaving behind a perceptibly sulphurous odor of irony or sarcasm.

Miss Hardy's books are warmly praised, and justly so, by the English press. Her composition is never heavy or turgid. Her presentations are brilliant, rapid as her intellectual processes and characterized by a warm, realistic accuracy. She ought to be better known on our side of the water. Her creations will

interest anywhere, because they are cosmopolitan and human. One of the most salient characters in "Only a Love Story" is Jules Lusada, an American, a poetical and dominating border-ruffian. He is finely worked up, and his handling will suit the American taste, even to his final and summary taking off by a stray French bullet. Let me hope that the American public will duly and speedily make her acquaintance.

Miss Hardy has genius through hereditary. Her father, Sir Thomas Hardy,* has written a good deal, mainly in the antiquarian line, and has successfully solved some of the mustiest, dustiest and least insoluble of the problems which are everlastingly arising from out the nooks and crannies of the remote past.

Her mother, Lady Duffus-Hardy, is a writer of considerable prominence. Many of her novels have been republished in America by Harpers, and have met with prompt recognition. Lady Hardy is a great favorite among her friends, of whom Americans form no inconsiderable portion, and are by no means the least enthusiastic of her admirers.

Among Lady Hardy's more prominent works are "The Two Catherines," "Paul Wynters' Sacrifice," "A Hero's Work," "A Woman's Triumph," "Daisy Nicol," and "Lizzie," besides several earlier works, and one which she now has in press. Of these the best is probably "Paul Wynters."

Sir Thomas has been deputy keeper of public records for over half a century. His publications are mainly archaeological and historical, and have been published by government order.

"He lisped in numbers ere the numbers came" implies a precocity in expression not limited, in London, to poetical production. Miss Mary Hoppus, who has just launched her first literary venture, is scarcely more than twenty years of age. She is an orphan, the daughter, I believe, of a late professor in a prominent educational institute, and lives in company with an only brother, also young, in a quaint, comfortable residence near Regent's Park.

Her novel is of the regular three-volume dimensions, and is entitled "Five-Chimney Farm." The first volume is devoted to pastoral life in an English agricultural district. The rich, warm soil of this region is surprisingly fertile in the genesis of characters who spring up with a rapidity and density that are marvelous—and all this without any especial effort at top-dressing

* Since Deceased.

or sub-soiling on the part of Miss Hoppus. Fortunately, while she is thus fecund in creation, she is stern and pitiless in destruction. If she produces limitlessly, she destroys proportionately. She mows down and uproots so that the sun and wind can have free access to the plants she proposes to rear and permit to reach fruition. One closes the first volume as if from reading a history of a new creation and a new deluge. On the Ararat, at the end of volume one, there rests a little ark which contains the few characters not drowned in the inundation, and these make their way to France, where all are in time to witness, and a few of them to get slaughtered by, a French revolution.

Miss Hoppus is a slender, shy, quaint, little lady, who seems a part of the old, old-fashioned house in which she lives. Its walls are hung with rare old prints and paintings, ancient arms, antique vases, costly china; and on shelves and cabinets, tables, all heavy, dark, and old, are *bric-a-brac* odds and ends, books rich with the labors of the engraver, portfolios—everything, in short, that is rare, curious and old. In these surroundings Miss Hoppus has lived, grown, studied and written. She has become permeated, as it were, with the atmosphere of this solid, ancient and sombre environment. She is antique. Her blonde hair has a twist which suggests an old picture; her sleeves are puffed in a manner which links itself intimately with something long past; her *tout ensemble* has a rich and palpable flavor of the antique.

And yet within this old-fashioned casket are intellectual and spiritual diamonds of the very first water. An incessant reader and digester, she seems to have devoured and assimilated all knowledge, ancient and modern. She is a linguist who reads all the dead languages and speaks most of the modern ones. Knowing her isolation, her shyness, the painful embarrassments which attend her contact with the world, her book becomes a marvel in its accurate knowledge of men and women, their motives, their ambitions, their faults. She cannot have gained this information from books, or study of character, but from some species of intuition or inspiration. She seems to handle with equal facility the weighty sequences of great political or diplomatic events, and the elusive intricacies of ordinary flirtations, or the more elusive and mysterious relations of a love-affair.

I am strongly of the opinion that this slender girl, with her shy embarrassment, her quaint mannerism, her brown, introspective eyes, and her thin and almost unsmiling face, has a future

of no ordinary character; and that she will certainly take a high rank among the thinkers and writers of her generation.

I find upon looking over what I have written, two things which I must mention. One of these is that, although I have the names of some ten or more writers in my note-book, I have reached less than one-half of them; and who, in order to prevent this letter from being too long, will have to wait for some other mail. The other thing is that I have quite inadvertently, in the present group, put several ladies and but one gentleman.



WELCOME TO AMERICA. "MY BOY, SHAKE!"

So much the better for the gentleman. He is the escort of all these fair and talented women. He has their company all to himself; and they start, trusting to his attention and gallantry for their safety and comfort. And what a journey these English dames, squired by the lucky Hatton, have before them! For three thousand miles they will go, rocked by Atlantic waves, plunging through mist and storm, and tossed by wintry hurricanes, till they reach the shores of the new world; then a thousand miles through great cities, skirting the long stretch of ice

bound lakes, across the frozen marshes till they reach the Garden City. There, where the sleigh-bells ring out cheerily, and the skater's steel cuts the glistening ice; where the frost has etched the window panes, and the Paris of the new world displays its miles of marble palaces—there, in dear old Chicago, their journey will have but just begun.

A day, or two days, in *The Times'* building—whose dimensions they will find have no rival in Europe—and they are off again. Speeding south, they traverse the illimitable prairies of Illinois, cross the frozen Ohio, rush through cotton-fields, whose ragged bolls toss drearily in the uneasy winds; down through sugar plantations, by negro hovels, across green bayous in which alligators lurk; through the dead cypress woodlands, melancholy with their gray and trailing festoons of Spanish moss; on and on till the orange groves, the catalpas, and majestic magnolias, the verandaed houses, and the beautiful quadroons of the Crescent City are reached, and the Gulf bars their further progress.

But this is not all or even a considerable portion of the journey which must be taken by this lucky Hatton and his companions. Wherever *The Times* goes must they go. Away up into the cities of Wisconsin, up among the lumber regions of Minnesota, where the wind howls dismally among the tufted pines; up to the sombre copper section of Superior, where the great crushers are grinding the ore, and the smoke of the furnaces settles in the primeval forests, turning day into night; over to Mackinac, the silent, glacial queen of a frozen realm; and thus on and on over thousands of miles of country locked in the lethal grasp of winter, and dumb save as the voiceful frost, with a mighty force, rends the ice-bound lakes—and even yet their journey is not at end.

Straight as the flight of an arrow they go westward, crossing the Father of Waters, the sublime Mississippi, and thence on across the ever-sullen Missouri. Now come days of gray, alkali deserts, with ragged sage-brush—the very epitome, the quintessence of desolation. Then the Wasatch, with their lofty plateaus and long-reaching ranges; then the miles of snow-sheds, the snow-crowned summits, the yawning chasms, canons and ravines of the Sierras. Beyond this the Sacramento, the Golden Gate; and then the new life, the unique civilization, the gorgeous splendors of the American Eldorado—California—and beyond, the other ocean, the Pacific.

It is a jolly trip this just marked out for Hatton and his fair *protégées*. They will see more than they ever saw before; more than—dealers in imagination as they are—their wildest dreams ever constructed. They will see miners, yellow with the stains of the auriferous clay; Indians brilliant in gaudy colorings; Asiatics, timid, shrinking from contact with “western barbarism;” areas in which all England might be lost beyond recovery; uncouth negroes; much-married Mormons; desperadoes to whom the click of the pistol is the music of their gods; shaggy and lumbering buffaloes; monstrous grizzlies, which to follow is no queen’s stag hunt with its cowardly atrocities—all these will they see as they pursue their journeyings north, south, east, west, taking in all climates and peoples, from boreal Itasca to the tropical gulf, from the eastern slopes of the Alleghenies to the western slopes of the Coast range.

Good-by, Hatton! Good-by, ladies! *Bon voyage!*

LETTER XXVI.

A MODEL PRISON.

LONDON, Jan. 12, 1878.

S I wrote some months ago, I fancied that our people at home might be interested in prison management, and thereupon made an effort to secure an *entrée* to some of the representative prisons. I first wrote, as already detailed, to the governor of a penitentiary in London, known as Millbank, for permission to visit his institution. After a due season of delay, an answer came, referring me to some local board. Further investigation revealed the fact that I would have to make an application direct to the Secretary of State. I addressed a letter to Rt. Hon. Richard Assheton Cross, home secretary, stating that I am a journalist representing a paper whose patrons are interested in all that pertains to reform, asking permission to visit the British prisons, and winding up with a substantial list of gentlemen to whom I referred as being perhaps willing to certify that my real purpose in making the request was not to convey files or jimmies to the prisoners,

It was months ago that I wrote this request. It was so long unattended to that I had given the project up, with the conclusion that it was a matter so much beneath the attention of the home office that my missive had long since been tossed in the waste basket and forgotten. But I was mistaken. British officialism may delay, but it does not forget. Two months after sending a request to visit some British prisons, I received a document labeled "On Her Majesty's Service," and which included permission for me to visit *a* prison.

If it requires sixty days to secure permission to visit one prison, how many days would be required to secure permission to visit all the British prisons? While life may be long enough to work out the problem in theory, it is altogether too brief to test it by practice.

There are several prisons in Great Britain, each of which is unlike the others—which should I visit? There is the one at Pentonville, which is known as a model prison. There is the Millbank prison, which is for Roman Catholic convicts and certain other classes of offenders. There is the Portsmouth prison, with which are connected the public works. Each of these has some special attractions; but, after due consideration, I was captured by the phrase "model prison," and determined to bestow the honor of my presence on Pentonville.

Like Millbank prison, the Pentonville institution is within London, being located well up in the northern portion of the metropolis. I took the underground to King's Cross station, and there hailing a hansom, I was in five minutes before the great iron gates of the prison. I handed the cabman a shilling. The legal fare is a shilling for two miles; I had been driven about three-fourths of one mile. I placed the shilling in his outstretched palm. He did not withdraw it, but held it out, and an expression of amazement and disgust came over his face.

"What's that?" he asked in a doubtful tone, as if he were not quite certain.

"That? That's a shilling."

"A shilling, is it? And wot's a shilling for?"

"For bringing me up from King's Cross."

"A shilling for that! A shilling from King's Cross! All that distance for a shilling!"

"Why, isn't that enough?"

"Of course not! Only a shilling from King's Cross!"

"How much more do you want?"

"Eighteen pence more. 'Alf a crown is little enough from King's Cross!"

"Certainly, if you say so. I didn't know, you know."

I reached inside my buttoned coat. A genial smile supplemented the amazement and disgust which had occupied his face. I pulled out some silver coins, and then a note-book and pencil. With serene composure I wrote his number in my book, returned it deliberately to my pocket, and then, with a benevolent smile, I said:

"I'm sorry, you know, I didn't know. Eighteen pence, was it? Well, here is eighteen pence. Make it two shillings if you say so."

"I won't 'ave yer eighteen pence!" said he, with a foul oath, as he struck his horse a furious blow and tore away, leaving the air sulphurous with profanity. I insert this occurrence, in the first place because it took place exactly as narrated; and, in the second place, because it gives a method for handling cabmen, who are the biggest thieves and extortionists in all London. The law is strict and unrelenting as to overcharges. I have scarcely had anything to do with any cabman who has not attempted an overcharge, and I have never yet seen one who would take the overcharge after I had taken his number.

Without, Pentonville does not look much like a place of confinement. The grounds are fronted on all sides by streets, from which they are separated only by a brick wall, not higher than those which usually surround the grounds of any English residence. The prison consists of a number of detached buildings within the irregular grounds. They are of brick, and have none of that appearance of tremendous strength such as characterizes the buildings at Joliet.

In stating that the buildings are detached, I have given what appears to be the case from an exterior view. If one were up in a balloon, and should look down in Pentonville, he would see an enclosure of eight to ten acres. The wall has some massive posterns in front, and small towers, at intervals, for the use of guards. The buildings are four or five in number, and are set with their ends to the main corridor, from which they radiate like spokes in a wheel—the central building being the hub.

An air of silence and depression seems to prevail in and about the prison. The warden who admitted me through the entrance

gateway is a stalwart person, but mildewed with silence. I handed him my paper, which he received, glanced over, returned, and then unlocked a small door constructed in the great gate, and admitted me, without a single word. I followed a wide, graveled walk which led to the main entrance of one of the "spokes," and rang the bell. It was opened, after due waiting, by a man in blue, who looked at my document, and then turned, without a word, and went down the hall and disappeared in a side room, into which I followed. There were a couple of chairs, a plain desk and table, and two silent men in blue, who, in dumb show, were looking over my credentials. One of them took the paper and left the room, while the other sat and gazed quietly into vacancy. After a long time the other came back, laid a large ledger before me, and said "Sign." I signed my name and residence, noticing as I did so that the date of the one preceding mine was some three weeks before, whereat I concluded that Pentonville is not a favorite resort for picnics and other gayeties of excursionists.

I began to be oppressed with the horrible silence, and to wish the Pentonville model prison to the devil, or somewhere where I was not.

My name was scanned rigorously, as if there was a probability that I was somebody else who was trying to gain access by a reckless forgery. The book was then taken away; and some minutes later, an undersized veteran in blue, with a score of keys in a bunch, entered the room and motioned me to follow him. He held in his hand the paper which I had brought, and during our tour through the prison it never left his hand.

Traversing the long hall, we came to a high iron gate, through which we passed, and then found ourselves in the center of the hub. Radiating from this center are four lofty corridors, which contain the cells, which line each side of each corridor, and are four tiers in height. It is an admirable arrangement. A man standing in the center can take in every cell in the building at a glance. In case of an *émeute*, a force at the center, or a gun, would command every portion of the prison. Galleries run along in front of each tier of cells. Winding stairways ascend and descend at short intervals. Iron platforms with hand rails connect the various balconies at the point where they abut on the central hall. The high roof is a circular arch through whose glass there comes no light. At the inner end of each gallery a

"lift" is arranged for the hoisting of provisions to the various tiers of cells. Here and there were men in blue patrolling the balconies, who seemed engaged mainly in keeping silence.

I think it was the intention of my guide to show me through without saying a word — certainly, at least, without my saying a word. If such were his intention he encountered at least a partial failure. He had introduced me to the central hall, and then halted, and commenced gazing down the various corridors in silence, thereby intimating that I was also to gaze down the corridors, and in silence. Since the sepulchral order "Sign!" there had not been a word said. I gave utterance to the second word that was spoken since my "row" with the cab-driver:

"Quite Napoleonic," I said in desperation. "This central hall, commanding all the aisles, embodies the same plan employed in the reconstruction of Paris — a central *place*, from which streets radiate, and which can be commanded by artillery."

My guide seemed frightened at this outburst. He made no answer. I ventured on a question:

"How many prisoners have you here?"

There was an effort to speak, as if he had been tongue-tied for years; it was a minute or two before he could break through his habit of silence. Then he spoke, but it was in a scared, hushed voice, as if it were an innovation, and he were liable to a fine of a guinea a syllable for each utterance.

"A little over eleven hundred."

Having broken the ice, having gotten him started, I kept him going.

"Pentonville is known as a model prison, is it not? Why is it so called?"

"Because the effects of separate confinement were first tried here."

"By separate confinement do you mean solitary confinement?"

"No. In the system in use here, every man has a cell to himself. He works in his cell, sleeps in it, eats in it, and never has any contact with any other prisoner except in chapel, or when exercising."

"What class of convicts do you have here?"

"Only men, and those who have to serve out sentences of over five years. All such prisoners have to spend nine months here, and then they are sent to Portsmouth and put on the public

works. Formerly they had to stay here eighteen months; then the time was reduced to twelve months, and later, to nine months. But let us look at the cells."

He led the way into an open one on the ground floor. In it were a loom, an earthen water-closet, a wash-basin, a stool, drinking-cup, table, and a low cot. On the table were two or three books. In one corner were some shelves fastened to the wall, on which, neatly folded, was packed the bedding. There are also a shaded gas-burner and a bell-pull. Each cell is thirteen and a half feet long, seven and a half wide, and nine feet in height. The cell, like the hall and corridors, was exquisitely clean, and the air perfectly sweet and pure — having none of that prison-smell which one notices at Joliet.

"This cell," said my guide, "is exactly like every other cell in the building. All are heated by hot water coming through pipes from the basement; and ventilation is secured by pipes connected with each cell, and which lead into a large central shaft."

"What books can a prisoner have?"

"That depends on who he is. All of them have a Bible and prayer-book, and can get a book from the library every fortnight. If a convict is a scholar he can get books oftener."

"Have you any noted characters here now?"

"We have no noted characters; all are unknown ones. When a man enters here he ceases to have a name. He becomes a number. See here," he said, as he motioned to me to step outside. "You see the number on this plate?" and he pointed to a black, metal plate, about four inches square, on which was painted a number. "We don't know whether the man in this cell is a peer or a costermonger; we only know that the occupant is number 2,001, or whatever the number may be. The plate has also another use."

He stepped into the cell and pulled the bell-cord. A sonorous gong rang out at the further end of the hall, and, at the same time, the plate turned on a hinge, and stood at right angles to the wall. "When anything ails a convict, or if, for any good reason, he wishes to see a guard, he pulls his bell, and the plate at once indicates which is the cell."

"What industries are carried on here?"

"Weaving, tailoring, and shoemaking. Every cell on the ground floor is devoted to weaving. Each tier on the upper floor has its particular trade."

"You have, I believe, no contract system in any part of Great Britain—that is, the convicts work only for the government?"

"Yes."

Do the convicts pay expenses?"

"Not here. The cost, last year, of keeping a convict was about ten shillings each, a week, while their earnings were about six shillings each for the same time."

"Let us go and see a squad exercising," and he led the way down one of the corridors till we came to a small side door. This he unlocked, when we passed through, and found ourselves in a large open space, known as an exercising-yard. Here are three stone walks, circular in form, one within the other, the largest being perhaps fifty feet in diameter, and the smallest some thirty feet across. Around these three walks was circling a gang of convicts at a five-mile pace, its operations being superintended by a couple of guards. The uniform is not one which a gentleman would select to wear to an evening party or an opera. In color, it is a sort of whitey-brown, or dirty yellow, as if the men were miners who had been working in yellow soil. The cap is conical, the coat a blouse or smock, the breeches loose, and cut off just below the knee. Striped stockings of a dark color, and low, hob-nailed shoes complete the dress. The faces of the convicts are smoothly shaven, and their hair cropped close to the scalp.

"They are exercised in gangs, as you see; and it is so arranged that each man gets an hour each day in the open air, providing the weather will permit. Once the visors of their caps were made long, so that when turned down they served as a mask, and this was always worn when the convicts were in company with each other. The mask system has been abolished, as it didn't seem to effect any particular good."

There are five exercising yards, all in the main consisting of concentric rings, like the ones just described. The men move for a short time in one direction, when, at the command "halt! face about!" they stop, turn about and commence moving the other way. Moving with intervals of almost six feet, the distance, together with the rapid motion and the vigilance of the wardens, prevents anything like effective communication among the convicts.

LETTER XXVII.

A BRITISH PRISON.

LONDON, Jan. 17, 1878.

N my last, I conducted such readers of *The Times* as were kind enough to accompany me, to Pentonville prison, where I was obliged to leave them a couple of days, including a Sunday. Hoping that none of them are any the worse for having been under lock and key for a short period, we will, with their permission, finish our inspection of the model prison.

I continued, as we progressed, to ply my guide with an incessant succession of questions. It had been such hard work to get his mouth open that I dared not let him shut it. Hence, I kept his unused jaws in a condition of activity which must have had a most fatiguing effect.

“By the way,” I asked, “is the idea involved in this prison an English invention—that is to say, is it the first of the kind?”

“O, certainly. It’s an English idea. It’s been in use now about forty years.”

Having, since my arrival in England, had a rather unpleasant experience in endeavoring to act the part of an evangelist in spreading American ideas, I omitted to tell him that Pentonville prison is founded upon an American model; that Messrs. Crawford and Russell were sent over to Philadelphia to examine the system there in use; and that, some three years later, in 1837, Lord John Russell, Secretary of State, issued a circular recommending the employment of the Philadelphia, or separate, system of penal treatment.

Just here some English gentleman may be tempted to exclaim: “Oh, well, you know, America may have taught us something about handling convicts, because she has had so many more of them, you know!”

To which I could only respond that, if America has had an unusual experience in regard to her great number of criminals, there is only to be pleaded her English descent, and the uncommon cheapness of steerage travel between Liverpool and the shores of the New World.

As intimated, I did not inform my guide about Crawford and Russell, or the parliamentary debates, or the official circular of

the Secretary of State. I knew he was disgusted at the rate I was asking questions; and, in case I told him we had the same thing in America, he might, in his just irritation, have asked me why the deuce I had traveled three thousand miles to see something which I knew all about already.

“Can a man shorten his period here by good behavior?” I asked.

“No; he must serve out his nine months in any case.”

“What inducements, then, has he to good conduct?”

“Several. If he carries a first-class certificate when he leaves here, it is taken into consideration at the public works, and gets him, in time, a ticket-of-leave. Besides that, good behavior counts for something, here. A convict may receive and send a greater number of letters if his deportment is correct. He has greater privileges in other directions. He is taken into the bakery, or some other portion of the prison, where his work is light, and he has companions. Those who work well, and have no report against them, receive a gratuity for a certain amount of labor. In short, a good-conduct badge entitles a convict to many little favors which he highly values.”

“How about letters to friends?”

“A convict may write one letter when he is received, and another at the end of three months. If he be all right, the intervals between writing grow shorter. All letters must be from respectable friends, and contain no news of general events, or anything of an improper tendency.”

“Can they receive visits?”

“Yes, at stated intervals of three months, and for half an hour. When a convict sees a relative or friend, they communicate through iron grates, which keep them some distance apart. Between them a man is stationed who hears all that is said, and who sees that nothing is passed to the prisoner.”

Just then we turned into a corridor, and almost ran against a stout, pleasant-faced individual in plain clothes. My guide instantly placed himself at “attention,” and brought his hand to his cap with a respectful salute.

“Who is it?” asked the man in plain clothes, as he looked me over.

“A gentleman to see the prison on the order of the Secretary of State.”

“Any profession?”

I informed him that I was a humble American pilgrim, a journalist by choice as well as necessity, and engaged in getting information about all sorts of English excellencies for the purpose of transporting them to the soil of the New World.

He graciously bowed, told my guide to "show him everything," and then strode away.

"The governor of the prison," said my guide, humbly and hurriedly, as soon as the dignitary was safely out of ear-shot.

I may here say that substantially the same thing occurred at short intervals during the remainder of my visit. Whenever we passed into any new room some Cerberus would pounce on us and look me over with an expression which said as plainly as words:

"Oh, I see through you! You've got a pocket full of files, and there are jimmies under your coat, and notes for convicts in the lining of your hat."

"A gentleman to see the prison on an order from the Secretary of State," would say my guide, apologetically, and with an air which seemed to assert: "I know as well as you do that there's something wrong here; but I'll catch him at it yet."

The doctor rather pleased me. When we entered the hall of the infirmary, my guide halted me before the open door of a room, which, from its array of bottles, I saw was the drug-shop. A man in civilian's dress stood in the further corner, at a desk, with his side and half-face toward me. My guide entered, reached the middle of the room, drew himself up, halted, and saluted.

"Who is it?" said the man at the desk, without looking up.

"A gentleman to see the prison, on an order from the Secretary of State."

"Who is he?"

"An American journalist."

"What does he want?"

"To learn how this great country conducts her penal institutions," I answered from the hall, through the open door.

"Humph!" said the doctor.

My guide backed out. The doctor never looked up. He missed seeing my benignant face. It might have been the great Josef Medill who stood before him, and yet he would never have known it.

"Do you have to resort to punishment to any considerable ex-

tent?" I asked, as soon as we had pulled away from the stoical doctor.

"Not very largely."

"What punishments are inflicted?"

"Solitary confinement on bread and water, and loss of privileges."

"In America, we sometimes duck a convict in ice-water when he is feverish with heart disease or some other form of disobedience. Do you cool off your refractory subjects in that way; or do you use the shower-bath, or the whip?"

"In cases where a prisoner assaults another we use the whip, and he gets from five to twenty lashes, according to his offense. We never use shower-baths or ice-water punishment. If a convict tries to escape he is obliged, when he goes to bed, to put his clothes outside the cell, so that in case he should get away he would have nothing to wear."

The governor had told him to "show me everything." He obeyed orders, except so far as nearly everything I wished to see was concerned. He did not, for instance, show me the cells for solitary punishment, or the cat with which the lashing is done, and a few other little things of the same sort.

The general plan of the infirmary is that of cells, each of which is for a patient. They differ from the ordinary cells simply in being a trifle larger, and with more light and ventilation. There are two rooms which contain several beds each. These are for patients whose cases demand an extra allowance of fresh air.

"What are the prevailing types of disease?"

"Nearly all are bronchitis, consumption and catarrh."

"Don't you have fevers?"

"Very rarely."

"How about the effect of separate confinement on the mental condition of the convicts?"

"Oh, it doesn't affect them unfavorably."

"Is there no increase in lunacy over that connected with other systems of confinement?"

"No; on the contrary the average is in favor of separate confinement."

Here I may inject a word or two bearing on this question. Originally, the statistics of insanity showed that there were several times as many cases at Pentonville as among convicts in

other institutions. At one time the cases of insanity in the model prison reached the extraordinary total of a fraction over sixty-two for each ten thousand prisoners, while in the other institutions the percentage was only 5.8. By shortening the term of imprisonment from eighteen months to nine months, and by other alterations and improvements, such as abolishing the mask, better ventilation, and the brisk, out-door daily walk, the ratio of insanity has been reduced to nearly one-sixth of its original dimensions, although, I believe, Pentonville still leads all other prisons and systems in its percentage of lunacy.

"Do you have difficulty in preventing the prisoners from communicating with each other?" I asked, as we were inspecting the bakeries.

"It is utterly impossible to prevent all communication. The men exchange signs and glances when they are exercising. Sometimes in passing a cell a convict will toss in a note. In the chapel, although they are separated by partitions which reach above their shoulders, they manage sometimes to pass notes to each other, although there are wardens on elevated seats, who overlook every portion of the chapel. They also have a dumb alphabet, somewhat like that in use by mutes. Another method is by rapping softly on the walls of the cells. One rap means *a*, two means *b*, and so on through. With this they will communicate with each other, telling their names, history, offense, and other matters. It is a sort of telegraphic system, and although wardens in list slippers patrol the corridors all the time at night, and are constantly flashing their bull's-eyes into the cells, the thing can't be wholly prevented. Move on there! Look the other way!"

This last remark was addressed to a convict who was standing at the door of a cell, a few yards away, and was gazing very intently at the warden and his visitor. Very humbly and rapidly, the convict turned his back and walked away.

All the convicts seem to be under a sort of military drill and discipline. Whenever we entered a bake-room or other place where there were any of them, they instantly, upon our appearance, ranged themselves in line, and stood faced to the front till we passed.

The ration is a plentiful one, consisting of meat, bread, potatoes, soup, and cocoa—tea or coffee not being allowed. The prisoners all seem robust and healthy, there being in the in-

firmary not more than a dozen out of a total of over eleven hundred convicts.

My guide rushed me along at such a pace that he had shown me everything, raced me through to the front hall, and had me locked out into the street in less than an hour from the time of my entrance. Evidently visitors are not in demand at Pentonville. If I ever go there again, it will certainly not be under any pressure less potent than a government escort.

It is claimed that the separate system now in use at Pentonville has great advantages over its predecessor—the “silent” system—in reforming the convict. It certainly has one great superiority over the system in use at Joliet in preventing the association of criminals, whereby the comparatively young and innocent are mixed by contact with the hardened ruffians in the same gang. Under the Pentonville system, men are thrown upon themselves. If there be any good remaining in their nature, it is apt to be developed by reflection, and by the absence of malignant examples, and ferocious sympathy. It is to be feared that there is much hypocrisy in the profession of religious interest among criminals; nevertheless, all are not to be regarded with suspicion; and hence, making due allowance for the spurious professions of the Pentonville convicts, there is no question that most substantial reformatory results are obtained from the system in use.

LETTER XXVIII.

LONDON 'BUS DRIVER.

LONDON, January 24, 1878.

HE next best thing to keeping one's own carriage in London is to ride by the side of the driver on an omnibus. The perch is an elevated one. One looks down on the crowds and gains an extended *coup d'œil* of the streets. Elevated so high, one is above the brick walls with their tops armed with fractured glass, and can take in the yards beyond *en passant*. I may say that, after having thus looked over many hundreds of these brick and glass defenses to the average “Englishman’s

castle," I am satisfied that they are not erected to guard anything very precious. Rather they seem to be barriers put up to prevent the world from seeing what a poor, dingy, unprepossessing "yard" often lies behind them. A few stunted flowers, a few square inches of grass, a thriving ivy, these are the treasures which are "protected" by these lofty walls with their broken bottles and their general *noli-me-tangere* expression.

It reminds one of the Scotchman who made such a fight with the highwaymen because he was ashamed to let them know how contemptible was the amount he had in his purse.

A seat by the 'bus driver has other advantages than those connected with sight-seeing. The driver is a character of inexhaustible interest. His world is limited in one respect—not extending beyond the streets along which, year after year, he comes and goes. But the characters, incidents, occurrences within this world are limitless, and he knows them as the lover knows the details of his mistress' features, or a skillful violinist knows the stops on the finger-board.

Views of life taken from such an elevated standpoint are broader, freer, than those which we ordinary mortals obtain from the dead level of the human plane. The driver is near enough to humanity to comprehend it and sympathize with it, and yet sufficiently remote not to be tainted with the dirt of its jostling elbows, or to be splashed by the mud of its passing wheels. His views of life are, therefore, at once correct and cleanly.

Withal, as a general thing, he is sociable. He has observed much and is willing to communicate his knowledge to a patient and respectful listener. Such am I; and I hereby publicly and most gratefully tender my sincere thanks to the guild of 'bus drivers for the mass of interesting and always peculiar information with which they have favored me.

Let me say here, for the benefit of any one who may be disposed to become a student in this school, that he must come humbly, and as a learner. His soul must be a *tabula rasa*. He must sit at the feet of the professors on the box as at those of a Gamaliel. He must commence by forcing himself to believe that he knows nothing. Through all his course of study he must always ask—never communicate. If he be thus humble, and solicitous to learn, there is no end to the information he will acquire, the novel, strengthening, valuable philosophy he will become imbued with.

One's admiration of the 'bus driver increases as one knows him better. He is, in the main, a philosopher whose study is human nature. But he is much more than a mere philosopher. He has his practical duties to perform. All the time that he is studying the great subject of humanity, he also fills the not inconsiderable *rôle* of instructor to the endless succession of students who place themselves beneath his care. One would fancy that either of these pursuits would be enough for the capacity, the time, the genius of one man. Each of them is sufficient in the case of an ordinary man. But he is no ordinary man; fatiguing and comprehensive as are these two *rôles*, they constitute but a small part of the duties of this wonderful person. He has a thousand other things to do.

He is careful of the interests of the company, and hence has an eye upon the passing throngs so as never to overlook the uplifted finger, the waving umbrella of the would-be passenger. Nay, more; so acute is his observation that he can tell by the mere expression of a person whether he or she wishes a 'bus, and if so, whether or not the particular one that is passing. This is no boy's play; but this is not yet all. He must keep his eye out for vehicles which are in his way, and be prepared to deluge the offender with whatever class of chaff or abuse is best suited to the case. This feature is a wonderful one to the student who sits humbly beside the great man. The flexibility and adaptation of the Jehu of the 'bus are marvelous. The driver of a dust-cart obviously needs different treatment from that deserved by a costermonger who drives a donkey-cart, or the stiff and liveried coachman of some swell turnout. All these, so to speak, require different "handling," and they get it. The chaff or the rebuke which is extended to a coal-cart is varied in turn as the offender is an equestrian, a flower-hawker, a four-horse drag, or a swell, with a glass in one eye, who pulls the ribbons over a pair of high-stepping thoroughbreds.

Nor is this all. He notices everything worthy of note in the street or on the sidewalk. A woman with a pretty foot is detected and commented on. He sees everything unique and outré, and gives it a passing comment. Nor does he stop here. He sees the driver of every other 'bus that we meet, and they exchange mystic signals with their whips, and confidences by gestures, and enigmatical sentences, such as, "'E's got it 'ot!' There are whole volumes exchanged between two drivers, in

passing, by a movement of the thumb, a lifting of the butt of the whip.

And finally this wonderful man has, in addition to all these duties, to keep up an incessant yelling to pedestrians. If we are going to the bank and Whitechapel, he calls at every few steps, "Bink! Bink! Wichipple! Wichipple! Bing-Bink!" If we are going toward Royal Oak it is equally his duty to bawl "Re-luke! Re-luke!" and to see that not a single person who desires to go in either direction shall be left behind.

Of course an individual with such peculiarities of character must be equally marked in his personal appearance. There are differences naturally, but they are of degree rather than of kind. The driver who pulls the reins over a pair of 'osses that travel along aristocratic Knightsbridge and Piccadilly absorbs in his appearance more or less of the aristocratic atmosphere through which he constantly travels. His brother Jarvy, who comes down Hamstead road, and so along Tottenham Court road toward the city, breathes an air impregnated with the odors of workshops and the pungent ammoniacal aroma of mews and stabling. He has less hauteur than the other. In politics he is a trifle less a Tory, and occasionally would seem to have wild and fantastic bursts which are pronouncedly democratic in their tendencies. He is, in short, a little less genteel and poised and more radical than the Piccadilly aristocrat.

Otherwise they are much the same. The representative 'bus driver is a man about fifty to sixty years of age. He wears always a dress hat. He is stout as to body, and, during these wintry days of spring, he has his throat so wrapped up that the diameter of his neck is but little less than that of his capacious waist. His skin is the color of well-tanned sole leather—except his cheeks. These are the richest purple, like ripest skin of grapes. His jowls are great masses of flesh, which flow over his neck-wrapping like a monstrous fleshy cataract. His nose is a gigantic bulb, a royal purple in tone, mottled with spots of crimson and varied as to surface by a network of pits, or rather caverns. His dress hat is pitched well forward on his nose; his hands are always carefully gloved; his reins are clasped methodically in his left hand, and his whip, when in rest, crosses in front of him at an artistic angle.

I have two of these distinguished gentlemen whom I usually patronize, or, to be more exact, who patronize me. One is a

veteran, who comes down from breezy Kilburn, and who usually has a smart bouquet in his button-hole. The other is a younger man, who comes over from Bayswater. They pick me up at Praed street, and then we go rattling over the stone blocks of Edgware road till we strike Marble Arch of Hyde Park. Thence we bowl merrily along the wooden pavement of Oxford street; turn and go grinding and crunching over the macadam of swell Regent street; around into Pall Mall, and thence by Trafalgar square and Nelson's towering monument into the Strand.

The veteran instructs by experience; the junior by observation. The one sees everything that does occur; the other has seen everything that has occurred. The elder is a staunch conservative; the younger has just a flavor of radicalism. Both hate the Rooshans; and both agree in believing that London is a center around which all the rest of the world revolves, getting from it heat, light and civilization.

From the elder I have received such stores of information that I feel I am a better and a wiser man. It is not always that he will talk. We sometimes go a whole trip without an exchange of words. He is wrapped in deep thought; and knowing how mighty are the problems which now and then invoke the aid of his capacious intellect, I invariably respect his silence. Sometimes, however, he talks. On such occasions it is when the flavor of juniper on his breath is strongest, and a richer than purple dyes his cheek.

A couple of days ago when he came along he was in his better or more communicative mood. As we waited a moment, he gave a jerk of his thumb toward the sidewalk. A man stood there whose countenance was a study. His complexion was a dirty red. His features were swollen until the flesh seemed on the point of bursting through the skin. One eye was closed. The other looked through a narrow slit whose edges exuded pus. He looked like a huge, disgusting boil in a high state of inflammation.

“For heaven’s sake, what ails that creature?” I asked.

“Forty goes o’ gin a day is wot’s the matter with ‘im,” he answered.

“Who is he? Do you know him?”

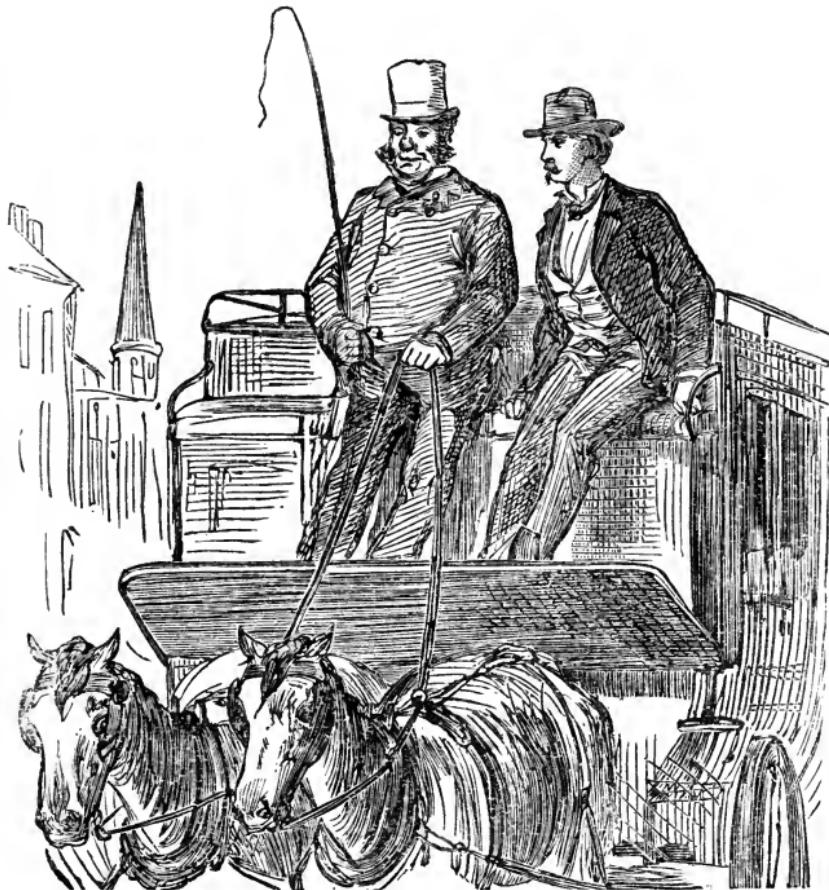
“Yes, I knows ‘im. ‘E’s the time-keeper for the ‘bus company.”

He then proceeded to give me some points in the chap’s his-

tory. He had been transported many years ago for some crime. This led me to ask how the London Omnibus Company would employ such men.

"The company's a bad lot," he went on to say. "Now, there's the general manager of the company. 'E's a bad un, 'e is, too."

"What's he done, and what kind of a man is he?" I asked.



"He's a regular bad un. A good many years ago, 'e was sent across the water for somethin' 'e'd done. Wen 'is time is hout, or he gets a ticket-o'-leaf, he comes back and is made the general manager of the Omnibus Company. Then he cuts down our wages and puts all sorts o' chaps to watchin' the guards to see whether they was fair with the company. But it isn't all. There's something worse to come. 'E's an atheist, 'e is, and don't believe

in either God nor devil. And that isn't all neither. 'E's a"—here he paused as if to give me time to brace myself for the tremendous revelation, and then added, "'E's a *teetotaler!*!"

Was there ever anything more cumulative than this? He begins small. He only lets out at first that the man was once a thief, or something similar. Then comes the more damaging fact that he employs "spotters" to prevent the guards from stealing. Then he begins to pile it on. He is an atheist! Mark what a magnificent crescendo, and which leads and prepares one for the astounding denouement. And now finally comes the tremendous finish—the thief, the suspicious official, the hardened atheist caps the infamy of his life by being a—teetotaler!

I was too much thunderstruck with the climax to even reply to his closing question, "And wot worse could be said of a man than *that?*!"

I asked:

"What wages are paid drivers and conductors?"

"The London Omnibus Company pays drivers six shillings a day, and conductors they gets four shillings a day."

"For how many hours' work?"

"Fourteen hours a day."

To American readers not familiar with sterling money, I may say that these amounts respectively represent \$1 50 and \$1 per day.

"Can a man live on four shillings a day?"

"'E cawn't, indeed. If 'e's got a family 'e doesn't 'ave a bloomin' time on four shillings a day."

"I suppose as the guards have to live, they make it up somehow?"

"Of course they does. They 'as a 'ard time. Many of 'em never sees their families except in bed from one year's end to t'other."

"How many 'busses has the company?"

"About fifteen hundred."

"And what does each 'bus average a day?"

"From two pun ten to three pun ten" (\$12 50 to \$17 50). "They pays ten shillings a day to driver and guard, and it costs just a pound more a day to feed and keep up the stock."

"Then the profit is from one pound ten to two pounds ten a day on each 'bus?"

"That's hit to a farden."

“Well, I should call that a pretty fair profit. Omnibus stock must be a good thing to have around in a dull season. How many miles does a team travel in a day?”

“From ten to fifteen. Never hany more than that.”

“Is this a regular 'bus?”

“No; this 'bus do not belong to the company. There's a man as owns three 'buses, and we runs in with the regilar ones and makes time with 'em. Our guvner isn't no 'bus company. 'E pays drivers seven shillings a day and guards five shillings. 'E don't spend his money for detectives a-watchin' to see if a guard knocks down a penny—expendin' two shillings to save a ha-penny. 'E says to us: ‘Boys, I'm a-runnin' these 'busses to make money. I don't want to make too much. All I wants is wot is fair. Now if you boys wants a drink any time just 'ave it. I shawn't watch you, an' if the receipts come in satisfactory, hits all right. If they isn't satisfactory, an' I thinks you doesn't divide strictly fair an' honorbul, then I'll discharge you quicker'n wakin’.’ That's wot 'e says, an' I calls that a helevated way o' doin' business.”

I agreed with him, and wondered how such an arrangement would work in Chicago. Perhaps Messrs. Lake, Turner, and the rest may avail themselves of this suggestion and introduce the system on the street railways.

LETTER XXIX.

GEORGE ELIOT.

LONDON, Jan. 31, 1878.

N a letter sent a short time since I gave sketches of some English writers whom I have met, from time to time; and in that I promised to continue the subject as opportunity offered. The original intention was to group certain classes of writers in each letter — novelists in one, journalists and essayists in another, scientists in a third, and so on. I find, however, that such a grouping is not possible, for the reason that many of the English writers do not belong to any one class, but to several.

Men like Justin McCarthy, for instance, are novelists, essayists, journalists, all in one. Hence, abandoning the original plan of groups of similarities, I shall take the English bookmakers as I find them on my note-book, and shall pay no attention to anything save their personal qualities.

The foremost novelist in England to-day is George Eliot. She is not only the first in England, but since the death of George Sand — whom she resembles in many respects — she is the first lady novelist in existence. At least, such seems to be the fact to one who is within the powerful magnetism of her presence. It may be that, at a great distance, she might seem less conspicuous. In fact, while always recognizing her great genius, she never seemed so alone in the possession of transcendent ability as since I have come within the atmosphere of her life and labors. Probably you who are in distant America can judge her more accurately; but in no case can distance, however great, much impair the dimensions of her commanding position.

Before describing the George Eliot of to-day, let me refer for a moment to her early life. Her father was steward of the estates of the Marquis of Aylesbury, at Nuneaton, and those of Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth. He was a very successful manager, and when he died he left his business to a son, who yet cares for the same estates. I know nothing of Miss Evans' early life further than that her first literary work dates back to 1845 or 1846, and was a translation from the German of Strauss' "Life of Jesus." The rationalistic quality of this work, and the knowledge of German necessary to its translation, afford one a hint as to the spiritual tendencies of, and the amount of information possessed by, one who could then have been only a very young girl. Her next production made its appearance in *Blackwood's*, and was entitled "Scenes in Clerical Life." Her first hit was "Adam Bede." Perhaps it may be stated as probable that Miss Evans was stimulated in the direction and production of fiction by the wonderful success of Charlotte Bronte, whose "Jane Eyre" had just then taken the English world by storm.

At that period in Miss Evans' life, or at least many years ago, George H. Lewes was editor of some popular magazine — I believe *The Westminster Review*. He is a man* well known in literature, having written "Physiology of Common Life," "The Life of Goethe," a translation of Comte's philosophical works,

* Since Deceased.

and other valuable and elevated books. Mr. Lewes and Miss Evans became friends. Soon after this, Lewes' wife eloped with Thornton Hunt, a son of the famous Leigh Hunt—a person who in appearance and intellect was every way inferior to the man whose wife he carried away. There were some children, whose motherless condition excited Miss Evans' pity, and she took up her residence in Lewes' house, in order to care for them. By some trick, Mrs. Lewes managed to get an interview with Lewes under circumstances which had the effect to prevent a divorce during her lifetime. She then left, and never returned. Lewes and Miss Evans went abroad, and were united under the laws of a foreign state. Whatever may have been the quality of the union then, the subsequent death of Mrs. Lewes has had the effect to make it less objectionable.

I have thus very briefly outlined George Eliot's earlier life, for the reason that there is a very general misunderstanding in regard to it in America, and because it furnishes an explanation of her extraordinary sensitiveness, her reserve, her almost total seclusion from the general public.

George Eliot is a woman who must have passed her tenth lustrum. Despite this, her hair, a very dark brown, has none of those silver threads which one might expect when the burden of over half a century of years is superimposed by incessant labor and by experiences full of desolation. She is not handsome. Her face is long, pale, with a small, sensitive mouth. Her eyes are a vivid, warm, blue-gray, full of depth, now keenly perceptive, now dreamily introspective, always full of sadness. Her hair, worn low, gives a womanly effect to a finely-intellectual forehead. Her general expression is that of wearied sensitiveness—a sensitiveness whose development touches so closely on suffering that they merge into each other, leaving it doubtful where the one ends or the other begins.

Despite its sadness and suggestion of suffering, it is a face full of resolute determination. This quality, however, seems the dominancy of pure will-power. Her slender figure has no expression of robust energy. Her will seems far in excess of her physical capacities; and her energy is thus an intellectual instead of a physical fact. She is, in spite of her sensitive suggestions, full of a grand repose. Her voice is low and penetrating; and she is, almost without exception, one of the greatest of living conversationalists.

"Do you know George Eliot well?" I inquired of a well-known essayist.

"Yes, I do."

"What is your estimate of her?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I am in a position where I often meet such people as Huxley, Tyndall, Browning, and others. I am not afraid to meet them, for I may say without any vanity that I am their peer. But with George Eliot it is different. She knows more than I do. I *am* afraid of *HER*. She knows everything. History, philosophy ancient and modern, all sciences and languages are known to her. She is the most accomplished amateur pianist in England."

"And so you think ——"

"I think she is the most adorable woman that ever lived!"

What the witty Mrs. Trench once said of Madame de Staël—that she is "consolingly ugly"—will apply to George Eliot, with the reservation, however, that her plain features are so sanctified by her expression that she becomes a very beautiful woman. She is morbidly sensitive in regard to her appearance and certain phases of her life. She has been offered fabulous sums by London photographers if she would sit for her picture, but she has always refused. So far as I know there is not a picture of her in existence. She goes little or none in society, but has weekly receptions, to which only a certain class is admitted. She may be often seen at the classical matinées, given every Saturday at St. James' Hall; and occasionally she may be seen on the street with a pair of spanking bays, a very swell carriage, and liveried servants.

I have been assured that she has already cleared £40,000 on her last work, "Daniel Deronda." This is a godsend in one sense, for although Lewes is a man of unquestioned ability, his books do not sell.

Her home-life is a very charming one. She exercises an active supervision, and develops a most comprehensive management and exquisite taste in every detail, of the household. In composition, she is very slow and methodical, writing, I have been assured, not more than from forty to sixty lines a day. When a book is completed, she is in such a state of nervous exhaustion that Mr. Lewes takes her to Italy, or Southern France, to recuperate. While writing she must be scrupulously arranged as

to person, while every detail of her surroundings must be in harmonious place.

Her information is encyclopedical in its extent, and as exact as the sciences. She belongs to a materialistic school of thought, in which Leslie Stephens and George H. Lewes occupy about the same position that do Huxley and Tyndall in the scientific school of which they are the head.

I may conclude this notice of her with a conversation which I had with a gentleman who has known her many years:

"How do you account for her extreme sensitiveness, and the palpable flavor of hopelessness — something despairing — which seems to pervade all her works?"

"I think," said my friend, "it may be because all great genius is more or less morbid and sensitive. There is, however, an orthodox element which sees in this hopelessness a consequence of her religious belief, or rather unbelief. In its view, she writes as one without faith, without hope. But apart from this, she is a most extraordinary woman. She is a profound student and a genuine artist. She never undertakes anything, without complete, exhaustive preparation."

"Why did she write '*Daniel Deronda*'? There are people unappreciative enough to assert that she wrote it in order to bid for the support of the Jewish world."

"It is not so. She wrote the book because she became interested in Jewish history and Jewish men and women, whose record as a race is full of the most dramatic interest to an artist like herself. Moreover, she was led into it by a chivalrous desire to right a wronged people, just as she was led to taking charge of Lewes' motherless children."

"But you know Disraeli has been all over the same ground?"

"Yes, and no. Her work is an entire contrast to Disraeli's. She has elaborated the genuine qualities of the Jewish people. Disraeli is a snob. He could handle only princes and people who occupied high social positions. She has constructed characters which Disraeli could not even understand. In short, I believe '*Daniel Deronda*' to be the highest production of an inspired artist."

My friend then proceeded to argue that, in addition to these motives for writing "*Daniel Deronda*," there are others, prominent among which is a desire to perpetuate a very profound and

subtle philosophy connected with social life. But as this feature belongs more especially to a review of her books rather than a sketch of the woman, I omit his conclusions.

LETTER XXX

DEPARTMENT OF THE EXTERIOR.

LONDON, Feb. 5, 1878.

O gain admission into either House of Parliament during the evenings devoted to debate on the motion for a vote of credit, has been as difficult for an outsider as getting into heaven under the most cast-iron, exclusive system of orthodox salvation. In the first place, the accommodations for spectators are miserably circumscribed—it being in the House of Parliament, as in every other public building in the country, the case that everything is for the officials and nothing for the public. The latter seems regarded as an impudent nuisance, which has no business with official matters; and to snub and restrain which no end of agencies is employed. If England would take the money which she now pays to policemen and other understrappers to keep back and brow-beat the public, and would use it to enlarge the spectators' galleries of her public buildings, there would be ample room for everybody, and some to spare.

The House of Commons has, away up under the roof, a kennel, grated over on the side which overlooks the members' seats. This is the "women's gallery." It holds the enormous number of forty! One choosing to do so might draw from this fact a conclusion as to the estimate placed upon women. This isolation is the logical outgrowth of a domestic system akin to that of the Turks, in which the seclusion of women is demanded.

This narrow kennel, with its close grating, is a permanent insult to every English woman. It says, in substance: "Women are so trivial and contemptible that there is no need of any extended accommodations admitting them to witness the conduct of public business. And there is so little confidence to be placed in them that a grating must be used to prevent their getting up

improper flirtations with the distinguished and irresistible legislators in the hall below."

As exhibited by the construction of the House of Commons, the gradation of things here is about thus: Officialism, much account; the British public, little account; women, less account; foreigners and the outside world, no account whatever.

The reporters' gallery contains room for about one-fifth the force needed to represent the leading journals of London. I heard, on yesterday, the editor and chief proprietor of a leading London newspaper complaining that he has been unable to gain admission to the House as a spectator during the debates, and equally unable to secure a seat for a reporter in the proper gallery.

Each member of the House of Commons has the disposition of two seats in the ladies' gallery. As there are some seven hundred members, it becomes a problem how the fourteen hundred seats which they control can be harmonized with the fact that the woman's gallery only seats forty people. I believe this is done by balloting, or drawing lots, whereby twenty members are selected who have the right to give out the seats on a given night.

Upon ordinary nights there is little difficulty in getting in, principally for the reason that nobody cares to go in. A person wishing to go in has two methods. One of these is to write to the Speaker, who will order the name to be entered on a list. The individual then goes to the corridor and waits till his name is called, which will be in the order in which he has been entered. The other is to get a member's order, and then go and stand in line. If he be at the head of the line, the visitor will get a seat in the strangers' gallery. When the gallery is filled, the line waits; and as visitors leave the gallery, others at the head of the line are admitted.

It is often the case that a man may go a dozen times, and after standing about and waiting for hours, will be unable to get in. A peer's order will admit one to the strangers' gallery in the House of Lords, under the same circumstances as in the case of the House of Commons—that is to say, by waiting in line, and passing in if there be room.

During the late debates on the vote of credit, there have been a thousand applicants to each one who has succeeded in getting within the charmed precincts. Nearly all the admissions have

been a matter of favoritism, having no reference whatever to the actual merits of the applicants. The members take in their friends and seat them, and thus fill the galleries long before the hour when the general public is admitted. For this reason a Speaker's or member's order has been of no more value than is a Confederate bank-note. It was only after infinite labor that I succeeded in getting in. The same amount of intriguing, figuring, wheedling, threatening, coaxing, labor, and perspiration, if expended by any chimney-sweep in the United States, would make him President of the Republic.

The second day of the debates, I had returned to the American Exchange utterly disheartened, having vainly attempted every available means to secure admission to the debates of the coming evening. I was indulging in a quiet but very heartfelt "swear," when there entered the Paris representative of a leading American newspaper, *The —*, a paper with more "cheek" than all the other newspapers in the world.

"Halloo!" said I, "what are you doing over here?"

"I came over to look after the Parliamentary debates."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes. By the way, it's close to four. I must go down to the House."

"Got your pass?"

"Oh, no; I don't need any. *The —* goes anywhere, you know."

"Oh, yes. I see."

"Going down?"

"No. I have an engagement. Sorry. When shall I see you again?"

"Well, I shall be at the House till midnight, so I won't see you again before to-morrow"

"Au revoir!"

"So long, old fellow!"

He is a fresh-faced youth, hopeful and enthusiastic. He went off with his countenance in a glow and his eyes a-beaming.

Two hours later I dropped into the American Exchange. Writing furiously at a table was my fair-faced friend with the beaming eyes. His hat was pulled down over his forehead, his teeth were set, his lips compressed,

"Halloo, old boy! House risen already?" I asked cheerily.

"House h—l!" he said, as he looked up with a scowl.

"Why, what's the matter? Didn't you get in? I thought *The —* could go anywhere."

"Oh, come, now, that's enough of that."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"The trouble is just here: No white man, or one who has any business to go in, can get in. I represent a paper which is read by more than a hundred thousand people. I could make famous the debate and every man who participates in it. I could make their names household words all over America. I can't get in, of course. But some retired dry-salter or wealthy costermonger, who is actuated by no higher motive than vulgar curiosity and a desire to be able to inform his cronies in some public house that he heard the debates—he can get in and occupy a front seat! This is like everything else in this beastly country!"

"Just so. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Going back to Paris on the first train. The French people have a decent comprehension of things. Such a thing as this couldn't happen there."

He left; and *The —*, which goes everywhere, you know, will have no detailed reports of the great debate on the vote of credit.

While it has been impossible, except for the few, to get into the houses, it has been a matter of no small difficulty to stay around on the outside. To keep people out, and to stir them up after keeping them out, has appeared to be the main duty, as well as the supreme pleasure, of the omnipresent and omnipotent policemen.

The House of Commons assembles at four, and the House of Lords at five. At as early as three in the afternoon, crowds begin to gather in the vicinity of the Parliament buildings. The principal entrance for the House of Commons leads through "Westminster Hall," which is simply an immense space, with a stone pavement, and arched over at a lofty height. Into this hall anybody can enter; and here, an hour before the time of meeting, there come hundreds of people, who are ranged on one side of the hall, so as to leave about half of it clear. Here, four or five deep, and extending the entire length of the hall, stands a dense mob of both sexes, waiting with craned necks and bated breath to see the members pass. As nearly all of this waiting crowd are strangers, they have no means of knowing who are members and who are not. In front of them, along the cleared space, pass members, messengers, and anybody who has the cheek to look as

if he were somebody. This mixture makes it inconvenient for the spectators. They can't tell whether a man who is passing is a member or a merchant, and hence they do not know whether to cheer and become enthused, or what to do, as each man hurries down the open space.

It is certain that everybody who hurries along tries to look as if he were at least a Cabinet Minister. He drops his head as if from weight of thought, pretends not to notice the crowd as if he were pondering some tremendous political problem, and strides along as if he were the incarnation of political wisdom and responsibility.

I went down yesterday early in company with Hatton, the novelist, to see the outside show. We took position in the front rank in the hall. Policemen moved up and down, keeping the crowd in line and making themselves generally a nuisance. My friend happened to lean a little forward, when a vigilant "Bobby" espied him:

"Come, now! Wot a you a doin' there? Stand back!" and, using his broad shoulder as a sort of trowel, he leveled poor Hatton off so that he was on a line with the others.

"Let's get out o' this!" said he, in a tone of profound disgust. "This all comes of these beastly liberals that you Yankees admire so much. Formerly the public was admitted into the corridors of the House, but the liberals, d—n 'em, who love the people so much in theory and despise them in practice, were the ones who turned the people out."

We went out into the yard, my friend indignant at being run over by a "d—n insolent Bobby," I trying to soothe him. He stopped a moment to give emphasis to some bit of feeling, when another policeman espied us. One can't stop in the yard — like poor Joe, one must "move on."

"Pass away! Pass away!" said this vigilant official. "Pass away! or pass into the 'all!'"

My friend became angrier than ever.

"Pass into the 'all!'" he said, with deepest scorn. "'Pass into the 'all, is it?'" he continued, with tremendous emphasis on "'all.'" Then, changing his tone into one of freezing politeness, he said: "I say, Bobby, my boy, you dropped something."

The policeman looked dubious and inquiring.

"Yes, you dropped something. 'Pass into the 'all.' You dropped an *atch*. 'Pass into the 'all,' and be blowed to you!'"

The policeman got mad.

"Wot a you goin' to make of it! Come, now, you pass away, will you?" and he followed us slowly toward the gates. My friend was at a white heat, but he was freezingly polite.

"Never mind, Bobby! 'Pass into the 'a-a-all!'" You *did* drop something, Bobby! But never mind! You just go into the House, and you'll find the floor covered with *aitches* dropped by the members. You can find there twice as many as you've lost here. 'Pass into the 'a-a-all!'"



"PASS INTO THE 'ALL.'

We were now through the gates, and the policeman had reached the end of his chain. He glared wildly at my friend, and retraced his steps.

"If you were to chaff a Chicago policeman that way," said I, "he would take his club and hammer you on the top of your head until he had driven the most of you down into your boots."

"Oh, d—n 'em, they daren't touch you here."

As just seen, about all there is in waiting to see the members

go in, is not to see any members, and be ordered about by policemen. At the peer's entrance, a small crowd usually collects at five to cheer Beaconsfield as he enters. His portraits have made him so well known that he is always at once recognized, and is always the recipient of much complimentary attention.

LETTER XXX.

PROMINENT MEN.

LONDON, February 7, 1878.

IN my last* I promised some sketches of the men who have been prominent in the great parliamentary debate on the motion for a vote of credit. Pre-eminent among these are the Earl of Beaconsfield and William E. Gladstone. I am sorry now that I have already done up the former, for the reason that a description of these two great leaders would go so well together. Brought out in this way, one could avail one's self of the contrasts of their character, and thereby advance the effect of the whole. To some extent, however, I may, without repetition, bring into view some of the points of more glaring dissimilarity.

The best time to take Gladstone is as he appeared last Monday night on the occasion of his great speech in favor of the amendment to the motion for a vote of credit. It was known that he was to speak, and, as a consequence, every available seat in the House was taken. The opposition benches were all occupied; the Peers' gallery was filled to overflowing with members of the House of Lords, and other distinguished guests, among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princes Leopold and Christian, and the Crown Prince of Austria. The ladies' gallery was dimly seen through its grating to be a brilliant jam. In fine, scarcely ever was there assembled in the House a more distinguished auditory, as to wealth, title and intellect, than the one which gathered to hear Mr. Gladstone. Thousands vainly sought admittance; the corridors were densely packed, and a great mul-

* Omitted.

titude stood beneath the century-old arches of Westminster Hall, and waited for hours before and after the time of opening with the frail hope of seeing some distinguished members pass in, or out, or of hearing some fragmentary echoes of the debate.

There was some preliminary business transacted amidst an impatient buzz and general inattention. Finally the question of the evening was reached, when instantly a great hush fell upon the audience and was immediately followed by a tremendous burst of cheers from the liberal side of the House, as Mr. Gladstone rose to his feet, on the Speaker's left, and stepped forward to a table, removed his hat, arranged a mass of manuscript on a pile of books, and placed some water and his hat immediately in front of him. He was as cool and deliberate as if in his own study alone and there were not about him the most brilliant and critical audience that could be assembled in Great Britain.

He began in a low, distinct, musical voice that contrasted almost painfully with the profound silence that fell upon the assembly as he commenced his remarks. His intonations were gentle; his tone almost pleading; his bearing was winning, pacific. Evidently his *rôle* was that of peace. But a day or two before he had made a most tremendous onslaught upon the government and its leader; but now he had come with "healing on his wings," and his voice was as sweet and his manner as gentle as those of a woman at the bedside of a sick child.

The audience saw before them a slender man, of medium height, in age close upon the sixties. His head is large, well-balanced on his shoulders, with thin gray hair, and bald in the regions of intellectuality. His complexion is almost ashen in hue; his face is covered with deep lines as if furrowed by thought; his expression is benignant and toned with a touch of sadness. His nose is prominent, giving a massive strength to the face; his eyes are brown, piercing, full of fire, which is somewhat hidden by the partly-closed lids, and which has the effect of making him seem as if he wished to reveal nothing, while comprehending, seeing everything.

Such was the man as he appeared then; as he stood erect, easy, and poured forth a torrent of words which, however swift it came, was never other than clear as crystal.

As his speech progressed, his voice, without losing its sweetness, became more penetrating, full, sonorous. His tones are powerful, of a grave quality, luxurious, and smooth and flexible

as those of a singer. His words seem impassioned, and this seeming is increased, by way of contrast, by the repose of his manner. His gestures are few, simple, scarcely ever full length; his body emphasizes a sentiment with an easy forward motion, but is never rocked or shaken, however passionate the utterance. So pronounced was his repose, so sustained his equipoise, that neither the enthusiastic cheers of his adherents nor the laughter and ironical applause of his opponents produced a waver in the level line of his movement.

But interruptions were not frequent. There were long stretches in his progress—flights full of graceful beauty which his sympathizers watched with entranced interest, and scarcely breathed lest they might dispel, or injure, the charm of his wonderful movements.

He spoke for three hours, and wound up with a peroration so magnificent that not a whisper impeded its course as its rich volume streamed away over the crowded benches, and up among the galleries, where men sat in dumb admiration, and not conscious that hours had passed since he had risen to his feet. He resumed his seat; there was a moment or more of profound silence, as if men were slowly dragging themselves back to the dull realities of the present, and then from the opposition benches there rose a storm of applause that broke in wave-like succession against the distant galleries and lofty roof—applause thunderous in volume and seemingly endless in its continuation.

Thus ended what has been, thus far, the great speech of the session. It is one which is perhaps second to no other delivered by the leader of the opposition. It was an effort full of vehemence without gush; one sustained from exordium to peroration without a break or waver; one that from source to termination flowed on smoothly yet impetuously, always musical, always full of unlimited power.

As a speaker, there is more warmth in Gladstone than in Disraeli. The latter is an intellectual product, the former more an emotional one. Each in his *rôle* has no superior. They are rivals in politics, but not in mental qualities, any more than are a great astronomer and a great geologist.

The Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for War, never presented a better opportunity for a portrait than as he appeared when he applied himself to answering the speech of Mr. Gladstone. He rose to his feet, and evidently was angry.

The olive branch proffered by Gladstone was wholly unexpected. It had been thought that the ex-Premier would follow the line of his vituperative Oxford speech; and to meet this kind of attack the government had prepared themselves. But in place of an assault delivered, as expected, Gladstone had come the bearer of a white flag, and had sweetly deprecated war and bloodshed, and had proposed that the besieged government, in place of fighting, should surrender.

It may easily be imagined that the government forces were angry. They were burning to avenge the Oxford affair. They had an overwhelming superiority of numbers; they had calculated that Gladstone would attack; they had massed their troops and batteries to meet the assault; and they confidently and jubilantly expected to annihilate the assaulting columns. There was no attack. Their arrangements were all useless. The gunners dropped the lanyards, the waiting infantry took their fingers from the triggers. As a consequence of the change of tactics on the part of Gladstone, all the speeches of the government—all carefully prepared to meet something, which something did not occur—were rendered useless. I have thought that it was for this very purpose that the wily Gladstone took the position of conciliation.

One sure result of such a course was to thoroughly test the readiness of the government to adapt themselves suddenly to a new and wholly unexpected situation. Fancy a man down for a response to the toast, "The Ladies," who goes to the banquet-hall with his speech in his brain, and his coat-tail pocket, and who, when the toasts are read, finds himself suddenly and without a moment's warning, called on to respond to "The President of the United States." In such a case one can gain a faint reflection of the condition of Hardy. His toast was "War." He had crammed for it, and had his response at his tongue's end. In the twinkling of an eye he found himself on his feet to respond to "Peace." His speech was waste paper.

It is only a man of great genius who can adapt himself to new and unexpected situations. Hardy proved himself a great genius. His reply could not have been better—I doubt that it would have been as good—had he had months for its preparation.

When the Secretary of State for War came to his feet, there was a buzz of excitement and anticipation all over the densely-packed house. It was a giant who rose to the right of the Speaker—a

giant in his commanding stature, his great breadth of shoulders his deep chest, his colossal legs. He seems the product of the soil—one of those mighty specimens grown far from the enervating atmosphere and dwarfing influences of city life. His head is large, hair gray, complexion florid, eyes brown and clear, nose rather fleshy and sensuous, features prominent, mouth large, with lips indicative of strength. His expression is frank, open, kindly, with a slight suggestion of bulkiness and weight.

I am told that, as a general thing, he is quiet and undemonstrative. But now he was in a rage. The great Vesuvius that suddenly rose before the audience was smoking at every pore and crevice; its crater was choked with the upheaval of molten lava and ruddy flames; and the whole mountain quaked with the detonations of passion.

Hardy was mad. There was no doubt about it.

There was a very perceptible effort at the start to hold him in. He seemed like a horse about to run away, and who commences operations by vicious tossings of the head, switches of the tail, and short, furious plunges against the bit. He is too powerful an animal to be restrained when he makes up his mind to get away. This was speedily seen, and he was let go. There was a great jump or two, and, then, with bit between his teeth, his ears laid well back, eyes aflame and nostrils snorting thunder, away he went!

He commenced his remarks in a broken voice, as if its flow were choked by passion. He stuttered, hesitated, drawled, but soon began to move without stumbling. His full, deep voice became deeper and resounding. It grew *stridente* and stentorian, and rang through the hall like the blare of a trumpet. He became grand, inflamed, inspired—this stalwart man upon whose broad shoulders rests the weight of over sixty winters and makes no impression.

His action and sentiments were a cumulative succession of shocks like those from a battering-ram, which grow heavier and more destructive at every impact. He did not move evenly, but rose from the ground in great leaps. He “went for that heathen Chinee,” Gladstone. Taunts, sneers, sarcasm, invective, were flung from him in showers. He was appealing, he was denunciatory, he was ironical. He shook the ex-Premier as a mastiff would a lady’s pug.

All this time it was evident that he is no cultured orator. Oc-

casionally he would drop into his normal condition, when it would be seen that he is as simple and unpretentious as he is strong and massive. Then his gestures are short, few, and unstudied. Then he is modest, unassuming, and suggestive of latent power. But these lulls in the storm were few and short. He would suddenly start from them, and his attitude would become bold, defiant, aggressive. His gestures, voice, intonations would become vehement and demonstrative. Inspired by the furious applause of his sympathizers, he became, at times, full of inspired savagery, of fierce, irresistible insolence.

Such was Gathorne Hardy on the occasion of his reply to Mr. Gladstone. It was the combat of a muscular, earnest, furious gladiator, armed with ponderous sword and buckler, with a light-armed master of modern fence. Skill was of no use to the latter. There was no parrying the tremendous descent of the heavy weapon of the other. Agility could enable him to avoid mortal hurt; but when the issue is narrowed to the sword of one combatant and the nimble heels of the other there is no difficulty in reaching a conclusion as to which is the victor.

Passing from the tempestuous Hardy to Bright, is like leaving a foaming and howling sea and suddenly passing into some quiet haven, where all is calm, where the shores are green with foliage and the idle winds scarcely lift the languid leaves. Bright did not appear on Monday night. He came out earlier in the debate. He was a summer day—bright, breezy and perfumed—that preceded the one of the tempest.

Among all the great men in the English House of Commons, John Bright is a conspicuous figure, both in intellect and appearance. His square, stoutish form, florid complexion, and white hair, render him a noticeable object. As one studies him he grows in attractiveness. His massive, leonine head is crowned with a wealth of wavy, silvery hair, which is thrown back from an expanded forehead, giving a noble effect to his intellectual developments. His face is square, without there being especial prominence in any feature, while the whole is radiant with a kindly and benignant light. His mouth is rather large and full of eloquent sensitiveness. As he is seen with his genial smile, his gentle expression, his venerable head, he seems the impersonation of a sympathetic benevolence.

When he rises to speak, he commands universal respect and attention. He wins, through his gentleness, his sincerity, his

warmth. Everybody knows that while he has the floor, there will no slashing, no wounding, and that his effort will be to heal dissensions, to restore peace. His voice is a rich baritone, and as musical as a bell. He is quiet but earnest. Not only are his thoughts powerful in their logic, but in their profound sincerity. All who hear him feel at once that it is not a politician or partisan who speaks, but an Englishman who has risen above party, and who speaks only from a party standpoint because the machinery of organization is of value in giving effect to his convictions.

He is the peer of Gladstone in the possession of all the graces of oratory, with the difference that Gladstone is the result of labor, while Bright is a product of nature. He is not the finished result of a school. He differs from the ex-Premier as a fragrant tuberose with its exquisite tracings and perfume, differs from a finished statue. Both are complete in their way, and yet their completeness is antipodean in its dissimilarity. All his attitudes are strong and graceful, his gestures easy and flowing; and his utterances distinct, smooth; the quality of his tones sweet and impressive. He can be poetical; he is often intensely humorous; he is occasionally bitter, but never to an extent that pains, or which has for its purpose other than the conviction—not irritation—of an opponent. Upon the whole, there are perhaps few speakers in Great Britain who can command a larger or more intelligent auditory than can the Rt. Hon. John Bright, the shrewd, unaffected, universally-respected member from Birmingham.

I have hitherto spoken only of Commoners. A Peer is necessary to give tone to this article and to render it to some extent representative of the Parliament from which these characters are selected.

The Duke of Argyle is a member of the liberal party. He has an ancestry that reaches unbroken in its flow of the bluest of blue blood to the period—for aught that I know to the mists—surrounding the life of pre-historic man. His wealth is so great, his estates so numerous, his bank credit so large, and his rent roll so long, that I dare not attempt to detail them. He is the father of the Marquis of Lorne, the father-in-law of a princess, and, hence, after a fashion, the brother-in-law of the Queen. From his manner and bearing, I have no doubt that he believes all the honor coming from the connection is conferred on the Queen and

not at all upon himself. When I have added that he is a shrewd business man, and has one son in trade, I have said all that is necessary to say of him outside his character and appearance as a member of Parliament.

Fancy a man of some fifty-five years of age, of medium height, light complexion, partially bald, with light, long hair. His head is rather a fine one, his forehead broad and open; but there is such an extraordinary development in the region of the organs of self-esteem that the back part of the head is overweighted, throwing it back so that his face, in place of being perpendicular to the horizon, is turned up till it fronts the sky. This gives him a most pompous, not to say ridiculous, appearance. His face is a modified Scotch one, with light, crafty, blue-gray eyes, medium mouth, with thin, nervous lips. His expression is a combination of the intellectual and the effeminate, with suggestions of Scotch shrewdness and cunning.

As an orator, he is far from ranking with Gladstone and Bright. His voice is pitched high, his manners are fussy, pompous, vapid, conceited; his demeanor is didactic, forced, demonstrative, and pervaded with a thorough consciousness that he is "Sir Oracle," and that when he speaks "no dog should ope his mouth." He is unquestionably a man of good intellect and great force; but his pompous egotism, as exhibited in his deference to himself and his confidence in his own opinions, makes him anything but a pleasant speaker.

I am sorry that I can't give you a better specimen of a peer in this letter. In my next I hope to hunt down a more creditable article. The parliamentary preserves are not exhausted, and my next consignment may contain a specimen from the Lords' side of the House which will be worth the trouble of examination.

LETTER XXXII.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTABILITIES.

LONDON, February 12, 1878.

N my last I gave some outline sketches of Parliamentary notabilities. As the list was not entirely exhausted I add a few more, the first of which shall be that of Sir Stafford Northcote, the well-known Chancellor of the Exchequer. This gentleman, at least in his seat in the House of Commons, is the hardest worked member of the cabinet. To him is directed a majority of the questions having reference to the foreign policy of the government. Either to answer questions, or in speaking in defense of the policy of the government, he has been before the House oftener than any other man, and has had much more to say during the pendency of the debate on the vote of credit.

Ordinarily, Northcote is not only not a good speaker, but he is positively a bad one. In this respect I refer more especially to his manner, and not his ideas. In speaking in response to an interrogation, he is slow, awkward, hesitating. His worst defect, at such times, is his employment of the drawl—*aw—aw*—so much in use by English speakers.

Apropos of this peculiarity, and which by many English speakers is considered a graceful piece of ornamentation, I have been told that it originated with Lord Palmerston when leader of a party in the House. He had a ticklish task to perform, the situation being delicate and critical, and his hold upon the members precarious. Never being able to decide in advance what shade of policy would suit his fractious following, he was compelled to conform to the shifting temper of the House. He would speak, watching the effect of each word as it fell upon his listeners, thus constantly feeling his way, always ready to go ahead if the signs were favorable, or to tack and go upon some other course in case there were indications of dissent. In order that he might find how each word was taken before putting out another, he introduced a drawl—a series of *aws*—after a word, which gave him time to observe its effect before launching its successor. What was thus used originally as a matter of policy, has since become an indispensable ornament in the addresses of many English speakers. It consists not only in from one to half

a dozen *aws* between each word, but in stuttering, or tripping over the first syllable of every third or fourth polysyllable. Thus, in the sentence: "Gentlemen, I am determined to conclude, etc.," the prevailing style would render it thus: "Gentlemen, aw-aw I aw-am aw-aw d' d' d' aw, d' aw, d' determined aw-aw to aw k' k' k' k' conclude aw," etc. As said, this atrocious defacement is regarded by no small number as a most graceful accompaniment to a speech; and especially among clergymen, it is not uncommon for an entire sermon to be composed to the extent of fifty per cent. of awing and stuttering.

Northcote has this defect under ordinary circumstances. When, however, he rises to the dignity of a speech, as was the case once or twice during the great debate, he drops this abominable appendage, and becomes smooth, fluent and coherent. While lacking the cultivated finish of Gladstone, or the natural graces of Bright, he is still a fervid, forcible, impressive speaker. In appearance he is striking. He has a massive head, whose strength is added to by thick masses of light hair, and a heavy, full beard, which give him a majestic effect. His hair and beard being light, with just a tint of gold, suggest the idea of his being enveloped in a mazy aureola. He is above medium size, strongly built, without being stout; and of sufficient dimensions to make a striking, if not a commanding, figure when on his feet. He is a pure Saxon in appearance. He has blue-gray eyes of great magnetic force, and shapely features. He is, in his peculiar style, a very handsome man. As an official, he is considered invaluable, not especially as leader of parties, but most competent as a subordinate. Withal, he is generally liked, and is one of the few members of the cabinet who have escaped being made the subject of special and venomous attack by the opposition. Fresh in face and complexion, always concise in his answers, even-tempered and thoroughly informed, he seems, in his difficult position, to be exactly the right man in the right place.

The Earl of Derby, as the head of the foreign office, plays a conspicuous *rôle* in British politics. He is the son of one of England's most sagacious statesmen, and who was one of the most brilliant and scholarly men of his age. He translated Homer, and, in various ways, demonstrated the possession of great intellectual power and marvelous versatility.

The present Earl of Derby, in his younger days, was a violent liberal. At one period, as Lord Stanley, he visited, and traveled

quite extensively in America. He was always very studious, mainly, however, in the literature of Blue Books, which possessed for him a charm above all others. The veteran, Disraeli, was his teacher, and spent many a day at the home of the present earl, inducting him into the mysteries of statecraft. He is a pupil who does no discredit to so great a teacher. He knows all politics; and, although lacking the brilliant versatility of his famous father, he is certainly the peer, if not the superior of the old earl, in this particular study to which he has given his life. He is eminently a man of detail, in the broader sense of the term. He is almost always right, although in one case, having reference to the extradition difficulty with the United States, he did commit a blunder.

He is tall, rather inclined to stoutness, with a frank, open, handsome face. He dresses very plainly, and has a bearing which would lead no one into thinking that he is anything but a gentleman. During all the bitterness of the late conflict, he has escaped all calumnious assault. He is universally recognized as a man of great political fairness and unimpeachable honesty, and, hence, is universally respected.

Henry Fawcett is tolerably well known in America, partly from his fine ability, and in part because he is blind. He lost his sight when nearly twenty-five years of age, from the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his father. He is the member from Hackney, and is also professor of political economy at Cambridge.

Prof. Fawcett is tall, robust, and about forty-five years of age. He has a coarse, heavy voice, and speaks slowly and with few gestures. He always speaks directly to the point, and is one who brings to bear innumerable facts and strong logic upon the subject under discussion.

In politics, he is an advanced liberal, or radical, who occupies a seat near the "gangway." The "gangway" is an aisle which divides into two equal parts the seats of the members. Above the "gangway" and nearest the Speaker, sit the leaders of the two parties and the older and more reliable members. Below the "gangway" are the younger men, the rank and file, who do the most of the yelling and applause. Fawcett, while below the "gangway," sits near it, which indicates that he is superior in judgment and wisdom to those who, while also below the "gangway," are seated further from it. An expert, looking over the

House, can tell at a glance the estimate a member is held in by his party leaders, and also the grade of his politics. Fawcett may be ranked as the head of the mob which sits below—that is, their superior in judgment and party value.

J. H. Puleston is a member of the House of Commons from Devonport. He is an ardent conservative who emphasizes his views by the fervor of his convictions, and his incessant activity in the interests of his party. He lived for many years in the United States, and was, during all, or a portion of that period, in business there; being, I believe, a member of the banking-house of Jay Cooke. The fact of his having lived in America has given rise to a belief that he is an American by birth; in fact, I have frequently seen in the home papers allusions to him as an American Member of Parliament. This is erroneous. I have his own statement as authority for the assertion that he was born in Wales, a fact which is further verified by his ability to speak Welsh as well as English.

Having lived in America, Mr. Puleston is regarded as common property by all Americans who visit the English metropolis. It is to him that they apply for information; it is he who introduces them into the House of Commons or of Lords. It is an exceptional evening when Parliament is not graced by the presence of at least a couple of Yankees who are indebted to Mr. Puleston for their seats. Such is his attention to Americans that I have come to regard him as a sort of representative-at-large from the United States, although, for constitutional reasons, he consents to appear on the records as the member from Devonport.

He is about forty-five years of age, medium height, and with a figure which, without being stout, is well-knit, firm and well rounded. He has a finely-shaped head; dark hair, just becoming sprinkled with gray; large, dark-brown, keen eyes; a firm, large, good-natured mouth; and an expression at once intellectual, benevolent, and full of shrewdness and good nature. Unlike the majority of his Parliamentary confreres, he does not look like an Englishman, but like a cosmopolitan who would seem equally to belong to the place, were he in France, the United States, Austria, or Great Britain.

He is a most indefatigable worker, and a man of versatile character.

“Can Puleston speak well?” I asked a Londoner, before I had heard the member from Devonport.

"I never heard him speak," was the answer, "but then I know he can. I would like to know anything that Puleston can't do, and can't do well."

He is a fluent, forcible speaker, when once warmed up. He indulges in little ornamentation, but goes directly to his subject, speaking always closely to the point. He is strong, argumentative, logical. He never speaks unless he has something to say, his forte, or preference, I fancy, being what, in the United States, would be termed caucus work. He is wily, shrewd, diplomatic; and knows to a certainty whether a speech or a motion, and exactly what kind of a speech or a motion, will best advance the end in view. During all this long and heated debate he has not once addressed the House; but, despite this reticence, I have no doubt that his quiet but effective work has done more to swell the triumph of the government than any half-dozen of the most eloquent of the conservative speeches. Untiring, vigilant, fruitful in resources, sharpened by travel and experience, he is a most capable partisan — a fact, I have reason to believe, which is recognized by the conservative leaders, and by whom he is regarded with unlimited respect and confidence. In fine, he is at once a creditable representative of the county of Devon and the United States of America.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, a member of the liberal party, and who represents Oxford, is generally known in America from the fact that he is a son-in-law of Motley, the historian. He was Solicitor-General under Gladstone, and is a man of marked ability. He is full-faced, stout, almost forty-five years of age, has a full beard, and no mustache. As a speaker, he is clear, argumentative, and impressive. He is easy and fluent, but, like the majority, he is quiet and undemonstrative. He probably is influenced by the prevailing opinion that oratorical flights, *a la* Burke, are in "bad form." Gathorne Hardy, who has an ungovernable temper, and some of the Irish members, are about the only ones who ever do any howling, or who ever, however heated the debate, become excited or impassioned.

Harcourt stands high with his party and the country. He is very ambitious and aspires to the leadership of the opposition. He and Foster were both candidates for the chieftainship, but the honors were carried off by the Marquis of Hartingdon. He is certainly yet to be heard from.

Rt. Hon. R. Lowe is, in many respects, one of the most remark-

able men in the House of Commons. He is one of the readiest and easiest speakers, the most admirable debater, and brilliant man among the hundreds with whom he is associated. Scholarly, gentlemanly, abounding in epigrammatic utterances, cynical, sharp, cutting, forcible — he is at once to be admired, feared, respected. He is a liberal, and represents the University of London. He is tall, has an imposing figure, is very gray, and commanding in appearance. When he speaks, it is with half-shut eyes, as if he were engaged in soliloquizing rather than in addressing an auditory. One of his greatest efforts was his speech against the queen's title bill, a year or two ago, at which time all his tremendous reserves of sarcasm, of irony, of epigrammatic cynicism, as well as his magnificent oratorical abilities, were brought into full play. He does not speak on all occasions, but reserves himself for special topics of more than average interest, when he has full demand for all his grand oratorical powers.

The Marquis of Lorne* is a noted member of the House, the eldest son of the Duke of Argyle, the husband of Louise the daughter of Queen Victoria, and, hence, the son-in-law of royalty. He has the further distinction of having translated, or prepared a new version of, David's psalms; and also of having a popular brand of whisky named after him. He has a boyish face and figure, light hair, blue eyes, and a light, clear complexion. As a whole, he is prepossessing, without being handsome or conspicuously commanding in intellect. He seems good-natured, and looks like a thorough good fellow. He needs to be good-natured, because he is mercilessly snubbed by all his royal relatives, and is rather hated by his equals who cannot forgive him for having carried off so rich a prize as the royal and charming Louise. As yet, he has made no mark, but he is said to be studious, diligent, and ambitious, and he may, in time, place himself politically and intellectually in the position to which he is entitled from his great wealth and ancestry, and his royal connections.

Sir Robert Peel is the member from Tamworth, who has, at least, the merit of being the son of a most illustrious sire. He has none of the genius or breadth of view of his noted father, and is equally lacking in the diligence and mastery of business that characterized the elder Peel. He differs from his sire in almost every possible respect. The latter was stately, formal, cold,

* Now Governor-General of Canada.

precise. The former is, to put it mildly, eccentric. He speaks not often, but then it is always to full and appreciative benches, whose occupants, if not convinced and edified by his efforts, are, at least, amused. He is racy, rollicking, a "chartered libertine" in speech, who says what he pleases, and in what way, and at what time, he pleases. He has a certain jerky sort of eloquence, which is replete with oddities and humor. Were he to transfer himself and his abilities to the United States, and devote his time to "stump" efforts in some far-west State, he would achieve a most brilliant success. In his present sphere, however, he rather reminds one of a clown — a superior clown — in a circus.

Sir Coutts Lindsay is a member of the House of Commons from Wigan. He has thus far played no important part in the debate; and I notice him because, from his seat on the opposition benches, he is a conspicuous figure. Tall, with a slender, erect figure, he has a most aristocratic bearing, which is in keeping with the pose of his head and his clear-cut features. He is a man of fifty-five, with thick, gray hair, and a heavy, gray mustache. He is unlike the majority of his fellow-members, in his having a clear complexion, and in lacking that beefy, stall-fed appearance which seems the dominant characteristic of the average English legislator. Upon the whole, he is nearly the most refined and handsome man in the House. He is a fair speaker, impressive, dignified, smiling yet earnest, who does not lose his poise or temper from interruptions, and who takes more than a superficial view of the subject under discussion. In any case, in looks if not in intellectual consequence, he is certainly an invaluable addition to the ranks of the opposition benches.

In order to touch a majority of the noticeable characters among the English legislators, I find I must get along faster, if I am to get them all in this letter. The remainder I will, from necessity, deal with more briefly.

Sir Henry James, member from Taunton, is one of the first lawyers and best speakers in the House. He is very clear, compact, eloquent, and gentlemanly.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, from Carlisle, is a very effective, witty, humorous speaker both in the House and on the platform. He has identified himself with the temperance movement, and is an ardent advocate of a certain class of proscriptive legislation. His *bons mots* are innumerable. When Major O'Gorman, a blatant Irish member, was speaking on the bill for closing Irish

dram-shops during certain hours, he said: "If you pass this bill, Ireland will secede from the kingdom, and appeal her case to the god of battles!" "He means to say the god of bottles," was injected by the witty Lawson.

Among the young men on the government side who give great promise are Lord George Hamilton, from Middlesex, and James Lowther, from York. Both are rising young men. Lowther has been in the House since he was twenty-one years of age. He is a thorough gentleman, a careful, laborious man of business, and in speaking, has a plain, straightforward, manly style.

Lord Elcho, from Haddingtonshire, is a handsome young Irish nobleman, who supports the government party. He is a clear, rapid, effective speaker, who often rises in the regions of true eloquence.

Major O'Gorman I have already spoken of. It can only be added that he is the member from Waterford, and the butt of the House.

A member of the House who would achieve a grand success in America is an Irish Presbyterian clergyman and professor—Richard Smyth, from Londonderry. He is the author of the Sunday-closing bill for Ireland. He has made but few speeches, but these, by their breadth, copiousness, and beauty of language, force, and graceful delivery, place him in the very front rank of the best speakers of the House.

Joseph Chamberlain, late mayor of Birmingham, has just entered the House, and gives great promise. The same is true of Sir Charles Dilke, of Chelsea. Both are radicals.

William Henry Foster, from Bridgenorth, is the member who moved the amendment to the motion for the vote of credit. He is a manufacturer in Lancashire, and is deserving of more space than I can give him in this letter. He has visited the United States, and is a very capable man, who is especially well posted on all educational matters.

LETTER XXXIII.

GLADSTONE'S MEETING, ETC.

LONDON, Feb. 21, 1878.

 GATHERING of Britons for political purposes does not differ essentially from one held by American sovereigns, except that, if possible, the former is a good deal more turbulent and less intelligent than the latter. The simple difference is that the world knows all about the one, and nothing, save the creditable features, of the other.

Admitting that, in the matter of rowdyism both are alike, there remains a point in which there is a difference — a difference which, so far as my experience goes, is rather in our favor. This point has reference to freedom of assemblage and discussion. Any people can meet in America, providing their purpose is a lawful one. Communists, Orangemen, Fenians, Democrats, Republicans, all have the right to public assemblages, and are not interfered with by law or antagonistic organizations. The record of the last two weeks proves that the same is not true here; and that the law is powerless or unwilling to protect in cases where the purpose of the meeting is entirely legitimate. There has not been a public meeting held for a month in the interest of the peace party which has not been taken possession of, and broken up, by the advocates of war.

The present week it was intended to hold a grand popular meeting in the interests of peace. Gladstone was at the bottom of it, and he and John Bright were to be the principal speakers. Agricultural Hall, one of the largest buildings for public assemblages in London, was engaged, and the night appointed. In order to prevent too great a rush, and keep out undesirable people, it was determined to admit the public by use of tickets.

The morning of the day before the one appointed for the demonstration, I went over to Agricultural Hall to make some inquiries about tickets. It was early in the day, and I found the ticket-office not yet open. Just then a "sandwich" — that is to say, a man with a couple of large posters, one on his back, and another on his breast, and both kept smooth by being pasted on boards — came up and asked what I was looking for. I suavely informed him that I was in search of information and tickets, with reference to the Gladstone meeting.

"There ain't goin' to be any meeting!"

"No meeting! Why so?"

"Cos there ain't. If Gladstone shows his face up here, he'll be murdered."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, sir! An' there ain't any peace men in this neighborhood," he continued, and meanwhile glared on me with no friendly eye, being under the evident impression that, as I was hunting for tickets to a peace meeting, I must be a peace man. "There ain't any here," he went on to say, "becos it isn't healthy for 'em."

He began to take his boards off. He was very dirty and ugly, splay-footed and bandy-legged. I concluded that if he couldn't lick me he could rub off a good deal of dirt on me, and make it otherwise unpleasant for me, and so I resorted to diplomacy.

"Glad of it," I said, although I didn't say what I was glad about. "They're a bad lot." I didn't say who was a bad lot, although I had in my mind's eye the splay-footed advocate of war before me, and who was encrusted with the dirt of a generation.

He was a trifle mollified by my remarks, and began to get himself between his boards. With very cordial thanks on my lips, and a very cordial damn in my thoughts, I retreated in rapid and fair order.

Hailing a 'bus for Charing Cross, I climbed up alongside the driver. He was an independent-looking chap, with a napless hat, much creased and wrinkled, a saucy, turn-up nose, and red hair and whiskers.

A moment after we started we overtook a couple of policemen leading between them a jolly chap, who had evidently been making a night of it, and had not yet been to bed.

"Now, 'e's a good un, isn't 'e?" said the gentleman with the turn-up nose as he gave a jerk of his whip toward the party. "'Asn't 'ad 'is brekfus, 'e 'asn't. Now 'e thinks wen 'e gets to the station 'e'll get a steak, but that'll be a *mistake* on 'is part, you know."

Here was a pun from a London 'bus-driver. I had never read of such a thing. I had never heard of one, and my experience with this class is pretty extensive. I ventured to respond in kind.

"He'll be grate-ful, anyhow, won't he?"

My man paid not the slightest attention. I was discouraged and humiliated.

"Hover in France," he said, "they does these things better."

"How so?"

"There, you know, they use the gillotin, an' they allus gives a man a cold chop."

"Haw! haw! haw!" I put in my work as heartily as if the joke were brand new.

After I had roared over his joke till I thought he was satisfied I understood him, I asked:

"How about that Gladstone meeting that was to be held up here in Islington? I'm told that they've postponed, or given it up."

"You're right, they 'ave. An' bloody right they was in doin' it, too!"

"You surprise me!"

"Come now, coal-ee, pull up there, will you!" (This to the driver of a coal wagon which had gotten in the way.) He went on: "W. E. is a traitor. I allus was a peace man, but W. E. doesn't suit me, 'e doesn't, you know! 'E'd 'ad a fresh, rosy time, 'e would, if 'ed a-come up 'ere! I ain't flush o' money, but I wouldn't a-mind five shillin's, I wouldn't, hif they'd been laid hout in rotten heggs for W. E.'s benefit in case 'ed showed hisself hup 'ere! Hi say, ware you two a-goin'?" (This to a chap in front who was leading a very diminutive donkey by the bridle, and who had gotten in the way.) "An' Hi wouldn't a-minded five shillin's more for flour wich about twenty gentlemen an' friends o' mine would 'ave used to w'iten W. E. hup afore we'd a-laid on the heggs."

Just then there came in sight a tall, emaciated, clerical-looking individual, in a black suit, and a low-crowned, round-topped hat, with a very broad, stiff brim. We were going toward Charing Cross, and, of course, as the man was coming toward us, he was going directly from Charing Cross. The driver drew up his horses to a slow walk, and when the clerical chap was within twenty feet of us, my friend touched his hat most respectfully, and said:

"'Ere you are, sir! Ride down, sir? 'Bus Charin' Cross! Going right down, sir! Only strikly relijus 'bus on this 'ere route, sir! We allus gives 'alf our hearnings for the dear little 'Ottentots!"

By this time everybody had begun to stare at the clerical per-

son, who dropped his head and quickened his pace, and so got by.

“Who is it?” I asked.

“Oh, ‘e’s some ‘igh church bloke! Now, Jarvee, come, now!” (This to the liveried driver of a private equipage, whose wheels came near our horse’s fore-legs.) “W. E. musn’t show himself up here, becos we ‘ates traitors, and becos when heggs in this part o’ Lunnon is rotten, they’re very rotten, you may be sure. ‘E’s a great haxman — ”

“A what?”

“A great haxman, a goin’ about an’ choppin’ trees.”

“Ah, yes, I remember.”

“Well, wot ‘e wants to do, bein’ ‘e’s such a great haxman, is to hax ‘is hi.”

So much for the right of citizens to assemble to discuss public affairs. Mr. Gladstone and his sympathizers won’t meet to-night at Agricultural Hall. The meeting has been “postponed,” which means that, owing to threats of terrorism, and rowdyism, its promoters dare not attempt to hold it.

LETTER XXXIV.

ALL ABOUT LEGS.

LONDON, March 19, 1878.

 NE day last week I was seated on the “knife board” of a ‘bus, on Marylebone road, when my eye was caught by an immense picture on a fence — “hoarding” they call it here. This picture was of two men, bare-headed, stripped nearly naked, one on a run, and the other on a walk. I thought, for a moment, that the man on the walk, who was represented as chasing the man on the run, might be intended to represent a Briton trying to head off a Russian from getting into Constantinople. However, some staring letters and figures on the margin of the poster dispelled the idea of a race for Stamboul, by informing the public that the munificent sum of £750 was to be divided among the men who could go furthest in six days.

As I read this, the question flashed through my mind, "Where is O'Leary, when all this money is lying around loose, and only to be walked for?" Twenty minutes later I had reached the Strand and forgotten the matter, when just in front of the American Exchange I noticed a pair of legs coming along, and which possessed very unusual action. They passed each other alternately, with great rapidity, and each in turn lifted and put down a square-toed shoe with a lightness that was utterly unlike the English method of getting a pair of feet along a sidewalk. I followed the legs up a slender waist, along a chest well advanced, over a pair of shoulders well thrown back, and then, after a short climb up a substantial neck, I reached a chin, passed a blonde mustache, went around a slightly *retrossé* nose, and halted under a jutting forehead, where I found a small, keen, good natured pair of brown eyes that were unmistakably the property of Daniel O'Leary, ex-book-peddler, ex-postman, and present champion walkist, of Chicago. I had a presentiment where my journey would end before I had entirely traversed the region between his instep and his knees.

The O'Leary is of course the two legs and the pair of feet. He carries a head along to save the legs the fatigue of thinking, a stomach, so that they won't have to be bothered about food and digestion, and a pair of hands to save the legs the trouble of shaking with every friend whom they may meet. I greeted the legs by shaking one of the hands in their employ, and received from them, through the medium of the head and mouth, a very cordial return. I was glad to see the legs. The legs were glad to see me. They had just come from Chicago. The boys over there were all well. No, they (the legs) were not very sick coming across the ocean. They had had a fair passage, had slept well, and taken their exercise with regularity. They were in splendid condition, thank me. They had come over after the prize of £500 and the champion's belt, worth £100 more, which were to be the reward of the pair of legs which should, within six days, put the most ground behind them. The pair of legs with which I was holding converse did n't seem to have any doubt that, barring accidents, they would secure that £500 and that belt, although they modestly admitted that they would have to get up early and retire very late, and keep passing each other at a pretty rapid rate, in order to be able to snatch all the plunder at the far end of the journey. Then the legs and I, having ex-

changed all the news, went to Charing Cross hotel, and had a couple of bitter beers, and then, for a time, we parted.

Having thus gotten this pair of legs, known as Dan. O'Leary, before the public, I will proceed to state more in detail what had brought these renowned legs four thousand miles from home—from the delightful Garden city to the dingy English metropolis.

There is a member of Parliament here, whose full title and name are Sir John D. Astley, Bart., M. P., and who represents the county of Lincoln. Either because he believes legs are superior to heads, or that reform will be more effective if directed at the former rather than the latter, he conceived the idea of offering a substantial reward to the owner of any pair of legs which, in the course of a week, could measure off the longest distance. It was to be a sort of contest to which any legs, regardless of nationality, were to be admitted. To encourage all sorts of legs to come forward, and for the purpose of keeping them within limits when they did come, the following propositions and conditions were promulgated: The competition to be open to the world, to begin March 18, and extend through the five following days. Sweepstakes to the amount of ten sovereigns (\$50) each for all comers, and each man, by running or walking, to make the greatest distance possible within the six days and nights. The man who makes the greatest distance to receive a belt, value £100, and £500 in money; the next best man £100; the next £50; while any man who walks 460 miles will receive back his money and £10 in addition. Any competitor, except the first three men, who goes more than 500 miles, to have £5 for every three miles over 500. The surplus receipts, if any, over expenses, to be divided among the competitors, or to be employed for other prizes to encourage pedestrianism.

These are the main conditions. There are some other ones, such as that all must appear in university costumes; each competitor is allowed one attendant; two tracks to be laid down, one for Englishmen and one for foreigners; lavatories, retiring rooms, hot and cold water, and a military cooking stove to be provided for each of the competitors. When I add that the English track is one-seventh of a mile in circumference, and that for the foreigners one-eighth of a mile, I have said all that is necessary at present with reference to this portion of the subject.

The following aspirants for fame, money and the like, contributed their ten sovereigns, and were regularly entered: James

Bailey, of Littingbourne; H. Brown, ("Blower,") Fulham; W. Corkey, London; Peter Crossland, Sheffield; Joseph Groves, Oswestry, Salop; George Ide, Woolwich; George Hazael, London; George Johnson, Lancashire; L. R. Johnson, Wrexham; W. Lewis, Islington; C. C. Martyn, (amateur,) Bristol; P. M. Carty, York; James McLeany, Alexandria; G. Parry, Manchester; J. Smith, York; W. Smith, Paisley; Harry Vaughan, Chester; W. H. Smythe, Dublin and America; Daniel O'Leary, Chicago; and E. P. Weston, New York. Of these twenty entries, all are Englishmen except W. Smith, W. H. Smythe, O'Leary and Weston. W. H. Smythe claimed to be an American, but failing to show any documents to that effect, and not knowing who was the last President of the United States, or who is the present one, or even who will be the next one, it was believed that he made the claim simply to get on the track constructed for foreigners, and which, being less crowded than the other, is more desirable.

Before the walk began, Crossland and Weston both flew the track on account of illness. In the case of the latter, the "illness" is supposed to proceed from a conviction that he could n't win; and in the case of the other, who is a very noted pedestrian, from an intention to save his strength and challenge the winner of the belt. There then remained eighteen competitors.

Among the men thus left there are none who have ever distinguished themselves, except O'Leary, in anything but comparatively short efforts. Several of them have done extraordinary things in the speed with which they have run or walked one hundred miles, or the distance they have made in twenty-four hours.

In some of the walks heretofore had there has been always more or less trouble in regard to the methods adopted by some of the competitors. It was in part to do away with this difficulty that it was determined in this match to allow every man to get over the ground in any style he pleases. But there was another reason, and that was, for the purpose of testing the merits of walkers and runners for long distances—a something which, so far as I know, has never before been attempted.

The novelty of such a contest, and the noted characters of many of those entered, have excited a great amount of attention. Perhaps no sporting event in England, except, always, the great horse-racing events, has for many years awakened so general an interest. Already, although the match is but in its second day, the attendance of spectators is numbered by tens of thousands,

while dense crowds surround the bulletin boards of the various offices about the city, where there are given hourly records of the progress being made by the contestants.

On Sunday, the pair of legs known as Daniel O'Leary, as was proper in a pair of well-regulated legs, went to church. Whether or not the discourse had reference to the assertion that the "race is not always to the swift," thereby comforting the pair with a hint that runners were not to be feared, I do not know. Suffice it, that the legs went to church and bent themselves; and, like the knights of old, sought the consolations of religion before commencing an arduous enterprise.

At half an hour past midnight, in company with the precious pair of legs, I entered a cab, and was driven to Agricultural hall. Late, or early, as it was, a great crowd had collected around the private entrance to the hall to see the arrival of the various contestants. The gathering at this hour was remarkable, from the fact that the general public was excluded until the next morning. From six to eight thousand people thronged the various approaches to the hall, and, provided it would have been allowed, a majority of them would have gladly secured admittance by paying for it. Wisely, however, it was determined to admit only members of the press, and such others whose presence was absolutely needed. The result was, that the men were gotten off without much crowding or difficulty.

A small tent had been erected for O'Leary just within the track devoted to the use of foreigners. Into this the O'Leary legs disappeared as soon as we reached the place, in order to complete their toilet.

At 1:15 Monday morning a dense little crowd had gathered in front of the judges' stand. A man of some sixty winters, substantial as to figure, and gray as to beard and hair, uprose on the judges' stand, and made a little speech. It was Sir John D. Astley, Bart., M. P., and he told them, in substance, that he had gotten this match up from a genuine love of sport. He would not conceal from them, he said, that his earnest hope was that an Englishman might be the successful man; but his love of fair play was such, and that of his hearers was also such, that he hoped the best man would win. This generous sentiment was received with much clapping of hands, and many bravos and "Ear! 'Ears!"

Then there was a loud command, "Get ready!" In a second

there was a peeling of surtouts, hats and trousers, and the next instant the black mass below came out white, speckled with colored breech-cloths, and relieved here and there by other bits of color in the shape of sashes, shoulder knots, and tufts of fringe. It was quite like a transformation scene in a pantomime, in which the tattered beggar suddenly becomes a spangled and beautiful fairy.

The crowd of white figures gathered behind a broad white line drawn across the tracks. On the inside track, in virgin white from chin to ankle, stood the O'Leary. His left toe touched the chalk-mark. His chest was advanced, his body rested on his left leg, his elbows were thrown back, and his forearms brought forward on a horizontal line till they ended in hands clinched around a couple of corn-cobs, whose rough surfaces gave him "something to feel." He was the handsomest man, the most statuesque figure, the most gracefully poised athlete in the group.

Then somebody thundered "Go!" and instantly the motionless mass of white became alive. It split into large fragments, and then these large fragments into smaller ones. Compactness merged into diffusion. Thirty-six legs, carrying one-half that number of owners, began to reach forward for the purpose of seeing which pair could put the most real estate behind it within six days.

As the word "Go!" was given, the runners instantly separated themselves from the mass, and stretched away in advance of the athletes. As I looked at these runners, they moved so rapidly that for a moment my heart failed me as I thought of the probable fate of O'Leary, and the consequent humbling of the city of Chicago. One of these runners especially attracted my attention. He was a man of some twenty-seven years of age, with a slender, compact figure, a small, round head, and a strong, Scotch face. Bending forward, he struck a long, easy trot, and seemed to skim the ground, rather than walk. There was in his rounded limbs and trunk something which reminded me of the suppleness, compactness and strength of the panther. His eyes were fixed on the ground a few feet in front of him, as if he was searching for a trail. His movements, his attitude as he ran, suggested an animal of prey following the tracks of a deer. Round and round he went, never lifting his eyes from the ground until he began to appear a remorseless, unflagging, untiring animal engaged in hunting down some flying game, whose pursuit

he never would relinquish till he had overtaken and fastened his fangs in the throat of his prey.

"He looks like a man," said I to a companion, "who is tracking a deer in the mountains, and who proposes to catch his game by running it down."

"That's been his business all his life," said a voice with a marked Scotch accent. "He's a deer hunter from the Heelans."

"How long can he run at that gait?"

"All the week. He never tires."

"And so, of course, he'll win the belt and first money."

"De'il a doot o' that," said the Scotch gentleman, quite contemptuously, as if a man were a fool to entertain even a suspicion to the contrary.

When I left the hall five hours later, Smith, of Paisley, the Heelan hunter, was still moving along in his easy, unflagging trot. His face seemed motionless, his body tireless.

Last evening, some fifteen hours later, I again visited the hall. I looked first of all for my Heelander. He was not running. It was only after much scrutiny that I discovered, in a gentleman who was hobbling along at a painful walk, mopping his inflamed face with a handkerchief, and cooling his head and neck with a sponge saturated with vinegar and water, my lithe friend of the morning start. Evidently, in his case, chasing deer in the Heelans is quite different from being dressed in tights and trotting around a ring for the purpose of winning a wager.

LETTER XXXV.

LEG ATHLETICS.

LONDON, March 24, 1878.

AST Monday morning, at the early hour of 1 A. M., a gallant transformation scene occurred within the dimly-lighted vastness of Agricultural Hall. At the word uttered by the starter, Sir John Astley, Bart, M. P., some nineteen common-place figures, clad in sombre ulsters and dark caps of multifarious patterns, were suddenly transformed into white-clad

athletes, who, the next moment, springy as steel, and with energy exuding from every face, bounded away like a herd of rested and startled deer.

Six days and nights lacking five hours and some odd minutes, a miserable remnant of the same gallant crowd went limping and hobbling painfully over the same course. Gone were the springiness, the energy, the force. The swift progress had become a labored crawl; the keen eyes had become fixed and staring; the eager faces cadaverous, emaciated, rigid.

But it was in the case of the O'Leary legs that, at that hour, on last evening, the change was most marked. I watched them as they jubilantly commenced their career a week ago. They were then elastic. As each of them alternately struck the ground it bounded off, as if it had the qualities of India rubber. Each then passed the other with a rapidity that seemed born of exhaustless power. Last night the same two gallant legs would not have been known by their most intimate friend. One of them had become almost twice as large as its fellow. They were covered with bruises and permeated with racking pains. They moved as if they were the legs of a failing centenarian. They shuffled, they limped, they passed each other hesitatingly, as if they were afraid that, once parted ever so little, they could never again come together. They had become a pair of poor old legs than which there seemed none weaker or poorer outside a graveyard.

What reduced such a pretty pair of legs to such a woful condition will be the burden of this simple tale.

At the close of the letter describing the opening of the match, I had gotten the eighteen or nineteen competitors well on their way. There may have been but seventeen in all; in reality, there were but two, or, at most, three of them, at least as time passed and the week grew old. "Many were called, but few chosen."

Monday was a sort of holiday, a jolly excursion to nearly all the aspiring spirits who were engaged in the match. The O'Leary probably knew from bitter experience what was before him; and there may have been one or two older heads who took a correct view of the future. Not so the majority. They were young and untried. They leaped, they bounded, they cavorted, they ran, they waltzed in the exuberance of their joy. Like children in play they had little races among themselves. They gave out now and then beautiful little bursts of speed, as if they could not restrain themselves.

Walking! It was to them a joy, a recreation, an amusement. They were out for a week's holiday and occupied in their favorite amusement. A week seemed too short for such a lark. They wished it had been for a fortnight, a month, all the year round! A week was not enough of such fun—not enough in which to test their endurance.

The strains from the brasses of the band rang out from the lofty balcony and filled the great enclosure with inspiration. The few spectators cheered over the antics of these children at play; and thus Monday passed, the shadows crept into the hall, and at midnight the crowd went away, leaving the competitors to solitude and their reflections.

When daylight visited Islington on Tuesday, it encountered a more sober crowd of competitors. One festive youth, Hazael, blackguard and drunkard from London town, had concluded to withdraw. Walking gave him no opportunity for getting drunk. All the day before he had kept alongside of O'Leary, a leer on his brutal face, and the assertion, interlarded with many a foul oath, constantly on his lips, that he was going "to kill this wonderful Yankee before he got through with him." Fifty miles of sobriety and O'Leary were enough for him, and he disappeared and came no more into view.

There had come down from Bristol a "gentleman"—as he gave out that he was—and entered himself as one of the contestants. He had come in his own carriage. He brought with him a flunky, who wore a swallow-tailed coat and a white choker, to wait on him. He came to show the world that because a man is a gentleman he can do anything better than a man whose ancestors are not enriched by the spoliation of church property, or some means not connected with honest industry.

Par exemple, on Friday evening, beyond the barricades surrounding the tracks, was a howling mob ten thousand strong. Within the tracks was an open space occupied only by the favored few. There were about three hundred of us in this open space. We included dukes, earls, barons, baronets, and the like; we were the very flower of Great Britain. When the mob was howling most tempestuously a naval officer said:

"There'll be a blooming row here presently."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it!"

"That will break up the match, won't it?"

"Oh, no! All the people in here (the open space) are gentlemen. Everyone of them will fight. We'll drive 'em back without any trouble."

What he meant was that three hundred men, because they were gentlemen, could withstand ten thousand others because they were not gentlemen.

It was in the same spirit that "Martyn," amateur and "gentleman" from Bristol, expected to carry off the honors. He is a thin, haughty-looking youth. He went around gingerly so as not to be rubbed against by any of the *canaille*. On Tuesday he had reached the extraordinary total of sixty-four miles. As O'Leary was now two hundred, and none of the rest had gone less than twice as far as he, he gave up in disgust. Calling his flunkies, he was carefully done up in lavender, placed tenderly in his coach, and was driven away. Thenceforward, his thin legs and aristocratic lineaments graced the hall no more.

The choice and buoyant spirits of Monday had tamed down somewhat on Tuesday. W. Smith, the Scotch runner, who, at the start, had made such a glorious beginning, was as sober as a cart-horse. He ran only at long intervals. Walking seemed suddenly to become full of charms. He mostly walked. All the others were less antic. There were fewer "spurts." The jolly and friendly little races began to diminish in number. A more serious expression began to come over their faces. A spectator would conclude that the picnic and holiday idea was beginning to evanish.

Tuesday rolled away. Tuesday night followed suit, and Wednesday took possession of the building.

Wednesday was not notable except as rather intensifying the occurrences of its predecessor. S. R. Johnson concluded that it wasn't a good day for walking, and he quit after a little promenade of eleven miles. Exactly the same number satisfied M'Leavy, an ambitious young Scotchman, and a runner who has an extraordinary record. James Bailey thought the matter over and concluded that seven miles was a fair day's work. W. Smith, the Heeland laddie, was more modest. He looked the thing over and thought one mile would do for Wednesday. Several others made substantial reductions in their speed, concluding probably that as it was near the middle of the week, it was a good day for a rest—a sort of a half-way house, where they would stop for a bait and a little needed recuperation.

Wednesday not only began to tell who couldn't walk, but, what was of equal importance, who could. In the van of the latter was, of course, the "Chicago representative," as the London papers have generally termed him. It required no sagacity to conclude that he could walk. His firm, equal stride, the angular movements of his arms, the steady, motionless poise of his trunk gave him the appearance of a machine which moved without effort, or without fatigue. It was no experiment as to whether or not he could walk; but it was one in the case of the others.

It was on Wednesday that it became manifest that Chicago had rivals. One of these was a tall, slender-waisted, broad-shouldered man, with a small head, high cheek bones, small, keen blue eyes, an aquiline nose and a pair of tremendously-long legs. He first began to attract attention by his erect bearing and his slashing gait. He measured off the miles as if it were a pastime. He easily went eight laps to O'Leary's seven; but he was so tall that nobody thought much of him, except that he was a swift, easy walker, and that owing to his length of back he couldn't last. This was Vaughan who thus began to attract some attention.

It was about the same time that strangers began to notice and assign individuality to a queer little figure, not much more than five feet four inches high, with a bullet-head, and an unmistakable Irish "mug," well browned by exposure. He came into prominence by his queer style of locomotion. Sometimes he walked, occasionally he ran, but his usual method of progression was to get to the rear of the most rapid walker and follow him at a nice little trot. Somebody said the little chap was Brown—"Blower" Brown. Reference to "Blower's" score showed that he had run trotted and walked one hundred miles the first day, eighty-eight the second, and that his dog-trot was bringing him close to the eighties toward the close of the third day. He looked so compact, and tough, and smiling, that he gradually ceased to be an indistinguishable unit of the mass, and secured a personality as "Blower" Brown, and one whose trot and record thus far in the match began to suggest him as a winner.

Wednesday was a fruitful day in individualities, for it also brought out Corkey. Everybody had seen a little old chap about five feet high, and with legs a trifle larger than ramrods, galloping around the track; but he was so old, and thin, and withered, that nobody paid any attention to him, except to wonder, What the d— is he here for? But he galloped on so untiringly that we

began, out of mere idle curiosity, to hunt up his score. Amazing! Corkey, Monday, one hundred and thirteen miles, and next to O'Leary! Corkey, Tuesday, seventy-six miles! Corkey, Wednesday, still going like a runaway pony! Corkey at once went to the front in our esteem, and was classed as a possible winner.

Some others came out of the mass on Wednesday, but it was for some other quality than speed. We learned to know "Smythe, of Dublin and America," but Smythe, of Dublin and America, seemed a most pretentious ass, who was ambling around principally to show his points. Lewis took shape because he is young, long in legs, swift in action, and because of his immense and evident appreciation of the gait of one Lewis. Others also became identified, but for trivial reasons, and so I let them pass.

Just after daylight Thursday, our worthy Chicago representative, a little tired of walking all by himself, flew the track, and went over into the tent of a competitor to have a chat. Talking is dry work you know; Britons are hospitable, and a nice bottle of port wine was brought out for the benefit of our representative. He talked the situation over, drank a quart or so of heavy port, and then went to his work. Ah, me! but there was wailing and gnashing of teeth among Daniel's backers and well-wishers when, an hour later, they came on the ground and found their favorite doing about two miles an hour, and not exactly certain in his own mind whether he was going ahead, or circle fashion, or moving on his head or his feet. A quart of heavy port in an empty stomach is not a good thing to travel on. It was some hours before the port evaporated, and the gentleman from West Chicago began to put the miles behind him with his usual ease and rapidity.

Thursday was not an eventful day. Bailey did two miles and retired to recover from the tremendous exertion. S. R. Johnson and Gregory concluded that it was a good day to lie off, and get ready for Friday and Saturday. Poor little Corkey went twenty-one miles, and having some scruples about further exercise, he retired. Only Brown, Vaughan and O'Leary remained to keep up the reputation of the contestants. Brown thought he had done a good day's work when he had trotted sixty-eight miles, and then he was put in his little bed. Vaughan, with the tremendous stride, encouraged by O'Leary's dalliance with the port, let himself out for a walk. He was eighteen miles behind

O'Leary when he commenced. He made ninety miles and reduced the distance by fourteen miles.

Friday morning at 3 o'clock the two principal men came on the track. It was the most painful spectacle of the kind I ever witnessed. Vaughan hobbled on as if every portion of his body were raw, bruised, or blistered. He was half an hour getting once around the track. It was almost as bad with O'Leary. It was pitiable, brutal beyond expression. Each of them had walked twenty-one of each twenty-four hours since the start. During these three-hour rests not more than two hours could be given to sleep, as some time had to be given to treatment of their bruises and stiffened limbs.

But by and by the painful hobble was moderated into a slow limp. Little by little the limp disappeared, and the two moved on—the one with his long, swinging gait, the other with the precision and force of a small, compact steam engine.

The contest was now seen to be over except as between Brown, O'Leary and Vaughan. Corkey's tongue had so swollen that he could not swallow. All the others were miles in the rear. They came on, went off, moved along, "spurted," ran, walked, but nobody gave them any attention. All eyes were centered on the three athletes who led the score. For them the crowd howled, cheered and surged about the vast spaces beyond the barricades.

It was a tremendous contest. Hour after hour Vaughan, with Brown trotting close to his heels, made eight miles to O'Leary seven; but then he would be forced to leave the track for short rests. O'Leary never left the orbit in which he revolved. Around and around he went, lap after lap, mile after mile, hour after hour, never increasing, never slackening his gait. Vaughan's desperate efforts were useless. O'Leary steadily gained on him till the gap had increased to the twenties. The steady, untiring gait that never wavered was the one that told. Vaughan "spurted" desperately and gallantly toward midnight, but when at 12 o'clock O'Leary left the track, the score was eighteen miles in favor of the Chicagoan.

From midnight till a couple or three hours later, the contestants slept and rested as they could, and then went on the track for the closing day.

It seems to me that all England, Scotland and Ireland had determined to witness the close of the contest. Great delegations from across the Irish sea and from the frozen north were on

hand, and began to throng the building as early as 6 o'clock on Saturday morning.

London was excited from Bow Common to Kensal Green. All Friday night crowds remained around the building to gain the earliest news. It had gotten out that one of O'Leary's legs was swelling. The evening papers had called attention to it, and the morning papers made it a matter of elaborate comment and speculation.

If that leg should keep on swelling, O'Leary must break down and Vaughan must win!

Two more pitiable objects than O'Leary and Vaughan in the dull light of Saturday morning were never visible in life. The right leg of the former was swollen till it was one-third larger than the other. His feet were bad, and every step he took was torture. The skin across his forehead was a ghastly yellow. His right shoulder had sunk until it was two inches lower than the other.

Vaughan was even worse in appearance. His eyes had sunk in his head until the sockets had become great caverns. The skin on his face had shrunk until it seemed as if the cheek bones were cutting through. His complexion was also a ghastly yellow. His lips were drawn back, were white, thin, and full of suffering. Two of the nails of his feet had been worn completely off. The surfaces of his feet were raw and bleeding. A furious diarrhetic disability seized upon him, and endeavored to drag him down.

It was in such condition that these two men started at 3 o'clock Saturday morning—the one to keep open, the other to close the gap of eighteen miles which separated them. It was the work of hours for them to get their stiffened limbs into play, and the raw of their feet hardened to a modified insensibility.

Very early the spectators began to assemble. Long before nightfall they were crowded a score deep behind the barricade around the tracks. The surrounding galleries were jammed as they never had been before. Below the galleries, tiers of ascending seats had been placed; and soon the white background was hidden by a dense mass of humanity in black. The central space was well filled, and among those there gathered were scores of aristocrats of every grade, from prince to baro ets. Ladies came, too, in shoals. There were peeresses in the central space, wealthy commoners in the raised seats, and the wives and sweethearts of the shilling mob who howled and pressed against the barricades.

Near O'Leary's tent, the galleries and floor were thronged with O'Leary's supporters. The three-shilling seats favored Vaughan. The crowd in the central space, as was becoming people of gentle birth and breeding—we who were dukes, viscounts, barons, and the like—applauded both men equally, not esteeming it "good form" to show ourselves as partisans.

By dark, from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand people had swarmed into the hall, and were taking in the spectacle with as much interest as if the competitors had been their own brothers, engaged in walking for money advanced by themselves.

The bands played alternately, the crowd surged and roared, and meanwhile two men moved around the track. There were others, but people saw only these two. One was O'Leary, limping painfully, moving as if every step drove a hot needle into the marrow of his legs; but always moving. The other was Vaughan, swinging along with his slashing stride, running the corners, and going a third faster than his competitor. But somehow, it was all useless. He had to stop often; and run as hard, or gain as much as he would, the slow but haltless pace of the Chicago champion kept the gap open to its full extent. Vaughan would stride along, shortening the gap a couple of miles, but then he was compelled to stop, and when he would come out again his limping antagonist would have obliterated all he had gained.

About 3 o'clock a great roar went up from the crowd, as the figures were exhibited showing that O'Leary had made five hundred miles.

From this hour till 8 o'clock there was the sameness of a tremendous excitement. As each man went around he was accompanied by a great tide of sound, that went with him as a swell does with a moving ship. It was only this that kept them up. If O'Leary had stopped for two minutes he could never have started again. He was not allowed to stop even when he drank his soup or tea. Vaughan's eyes were set and bloodshot. He moved mechanically. He was borne on by the waves of sound, and excitement, and knew it not. Both men lost their consciousness. Except in the matter of motion, they were dead.

Vaughan, at half-past 7, reached his five hundred miles. O'Leary was eighteen miles ahead. The contest would end at 10:30. Even if O'Leary should break down, he could not close

up the gap in the three remaining hours. Knowing this, his friends yielded the fight, and led the gallant fellow from the track.

Thirty minutes later O'Leary reached five hundred and twenty miles. He had beaten his record with Weston by more than five hours. Bouquets rained upon him as he made a farewell lap after passing the last mile-post. With one in each hand, and bowing feebly right and left, he hobbled once more around. Then he was bundled in wraps, and between a couple of strong men he was led away, amidst a hurricane of hurrahs. It is now twenty-four hours since then, and I doubt very much if even now O'Leary is fully conscious that he has won the great match, or Vaughan that he has lost it.

LETTER XXXVI.

ENGLISH SOCIAL QUALITIES.

LONDON, April 3, 1878.

NE would scarcely believe it, and yet the English are a social people — after their way. It is an intellectual affair when the English attempt anything of the kind. It is something which has very little of the emotional in it.

The usual method of intercourse in the metropolis is by means of receptions. Nearly every family has a stated evening on which it "receives." This night is known among a certain set as "Lady Millefleur's night;" that one is the "Arundels' night," and so on. These receptions are inexpensive as a general thing. Coffee, tea, biscuits, sandwiches, and sherry, constitute the refreshments offered, except here and there, in the case of a family by whom the furnishing of an elaborate supper is the rule.

As to the matter of costume, all gentlemen must go in evening dress, while in the case of the ladies more latitude is allowed. They are in full dress, or they compromise the affair in some way, as they happen to feel about it. One lady in a walking-dress, and another in an expensive silk, very low as to neck and very long as to trail, may often be seen side by side on the same sofa.

En passant, I may say that the rules in regard to dress here are apt to puzzle an American at the beginning of his experience. What to wear and where to wear it requires no inconsiderable amount of study. Generally, however, so far as a gentleman is concerned, a "breakfast" or frock-coat will go anywhere up to dinner-time. Then the reign of the swallow-tail begins, and is never out of place, but is generally required, at everything from dinner to bedtime.

There is only a very limited part of the opera-houses to which ladies wearing a hat or bonnet, and a gentleman not with a dress-coat and a white neck-tie will be admitted. In all the prominent theaters, there is always at least one portion of the house whose tickets inform the purchaser, "Evening dress indispensable." In fine, a claw-hammer coat is as much of a necessity in London as an umbrella, and more so. One can get along without an umbrella, but one cannot go into society to any extent without a white choker and a swallow-tail.

Supposing a stranger to have the dress-coat, the white choker, and a few letters of introduction from the right people to the right people, he can get all the English society he wishes — that is to say, that if, in addition, he be a gentleman in manners. The English are particular in this respect. A man may be a donkey in intellect, and have ears rising high above his silk hat; he may not know the author of this book from the man who discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and all will be forgiven if he have the manners of a gentleman.

There is a peculiar phrase in great use here, which has a very significant meaning. It is borrowed from "hoss-talk," and is known as "good form." In its horsey acceptation it means a horse perfect in every respect, and liable to win the race. It has become transferred to society, and is used to stamp the quality of a man or woman. To say of a man that he is, or has "good form," is to furnish him with a passport into the politest and best society. To say of him that he isn't, or hasn't, "good form," is to damn him as certainly as if there were a brand of the word thief or forger across his forehead. If he have it, his other qualities and capabilities are little inquired for. He may be rich or poor, ignorant or wise, and all do not matter. Good form is of more value to him than the most desirable of these possessions, and will carry him through in spite of them. On the other hand, the lack of it cannot be compensated for. Without it one may

secure an entrance to a family, but he will be certain not to be invited to repeat his visit.

It is no easy matter to define with exactness what is meant by "good form" as used in English society. Primarily it means, of course, the possession of the manners of a gentleman. It has, however, an additional significance. It is, I fancy, a reaction from the exaggerated politeness of French manners. It is something the opposite of the vivacity, the restlessness of the French people. A man has "good form" who is full of repose, who knows what to do with his hands, who does not fidget, who appears serene, who is easy in his attitudes, who does not gush, and who has an easy air of don't-care-a-damnateness for everything that is said, and everybody with whom he comes in contact.

Such, in a very general sense, is the meaning of "good form." One learns it rather from contact with it, from breathing the atmosphere which surrounds it, rather than from definitions and descriptions.

In a conversation with a gentleman, not long since, George Eliot was discussed. In the course of the confab, I said:

"I am astonished at George Eliot in a phase developed in 'Daniel Deronda.' You remember that Gwendolyn, the heroine, is loved by her cousin Rex, a fine, handsome, intelligent, manly young fellow who is a year or two older than she, and has only the fault that as yet he is poor, and has to establish himself in life?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"Well, when he makes an avowal of his passion, she at once becomes permeated with a physical antipathy toward him. She declares she won't be made love to. Soon after she meets Grandcourt, who is twice her age. He is bold, *blasé*, and a *roué*. He has seduced a married woman, with whom he still preserves his relations, and Gwendolyn is aware of the fact. He drawls; he is not a man of culture, or even of fair information. She fully comprehends his character, but he is rich and has a position, and she marries him. She has an unconquerable physical antipathy to the young and handsome Rex, but she does not object to being pawed over by the bald-headed, drawling old reprobate whom she marries."

"True. Well?"

"Well, what I wish to know is, whether this is a development

from some peculiar inward consciousness of George Eliot, or a characteristic of English social life, or some profound philosophical fact which I don't happen to understand? In any case, so far as I can comprehend this presentation by this masterly writer, it is unnatural and disgusting."

"The fact is that Rex was young and gushing, while Grandcourt was 'good form.' This gave him the advantage over his young and handsome rival. It is not 'good form' to gush. There is nothing more distasteful to a well-bred English young lady than sentimental excesses. She admires 'good form' beyond everything else, unless it may be the matter of wealth."

"Ah, I see."

"And here is a further fact indirectly connected with the same social phase. It is that a marriageable English girl is rather more likely than not to become enamored at the outset of her career with a man much older than herself. I know personally of hundreds of cases which justify this conclusion."

"What is the explanation?"

"Simply that an elderly man is usually 'good form,' doesn't gush, and is so much developed that he may be relied on."

The suspicion crept into my mind, although I omitted to state it, that the fact that an elderly man is more likely to be "well fixed" than a younger one, may have some influence in leading the British maiden's fancy toward the ripeness of bald heads and whitened locks.

But to return to English society, or English social characteristics, with which this epistle is intended more especially to deal. I do not speak from an exhaustive acquaintance with English society, but from a comparatively limited one. However, having, so far as I have gone, found the salient characteristics nearly always the same, I am, perhaps, warranted in drawing a general conclusion.

As said at the beginning of this letter, the English are intellectually social, and either very little, or not at all so, from an emotional standpoint, or from one of the sentiments. Unless the gathering is especially for musical purposes, an ordinary evening at an English house will rarely be lightened by so much as a song or a bit of instrumental music. The piano is always present, always open, and suggestively lighted by towering wax candles, while piles of music by the best composers are close at hand. But nobody is asked to play, nobody seems even to think of music.

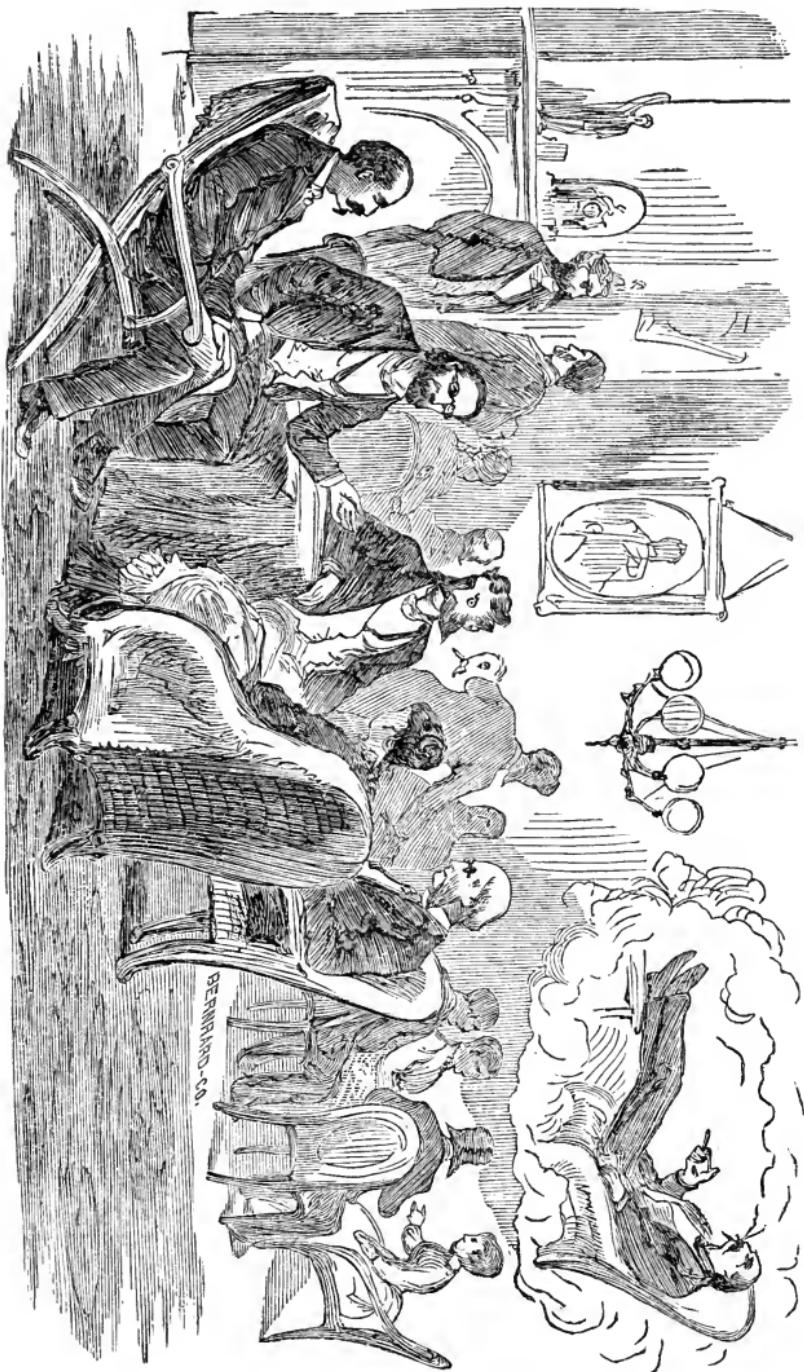
Equally tabooed are flirtations between the younger people; and except among certain people with large dramatic acquaintance and tendencies, a recitation is not on the programme. Jovial, jolly evenings, bubbling over with merriment, and sparkling with the lighter coruscations of wit, or the broader flashes of humor, are exceptional in their occurrence.

The entire lack of the emotional, or sentimental, makes an English evening seem much heavier and duller than it really is. Philosophical discussion, frequently of the most frightfully abstruse kind, is, at present, very greatly in fashion. Kant, Comte, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Swinburne—who, by the way, strikes me as an intellectual epileptic—Emerson, and other profound thinkers, including many of the French school, are all subjects brought into prominence during the course of an evening's conversation. One has to be everlastingly on the *qui vive*, or he will become hopelessly entangled in these discussions of authors, or of subjects in which the unknowable is handled in terms almost unknown.

Last Sunday evening I was at a reception. The hostess had lured four or five of the guests in a group. There were in it a bald Oxford professor, a spectacled German doctor, who is at work on a history of philosophy, or a philosophy of history, or something; the editor of a well-known literary weekly periodical in London, the hostess, and your correspondent. After a little preliminary talk, the conversation drifted on the cosmopolitan character of the higher forms of education. It was finally taken up by the Oxford professor, who talked while the rest listened. I followed "for dear life," till finally, wearied by the speed of the march and its length, I concluded that I might sneak out, and nobody would notice my departure. I do not mean to sneak out in a bodily sense. Oh, no! But to sit there, and look intensely appreciative and interested, but, at the same time, pay only a seeming attention to the words of the speaker.

And so, in my mind, I quietly sneaked out of view. My soul went to an upper room where, in imagination, seated on a sofa, and with my heels on the back of a couple of chairs, I puffed a fragrant cigar, while my thoughts went soaring away, anywhere, everywhere, nowhere, on the lazy cloudlets of smoke. I was millions of leagues away from the Oxford professor, and the cosmopolitanism of high culture, when there suddenly shot across my wandering thoughts, like a great flash of lightning

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



across a pacific summer landscape, the words uttered in a musical, feminine voice:

"And don't you think these views will serve to explain the tendency to mysticism among American writers?"

I came back to consciousness with a rush. The hostess had just fired off the damnable question at me, and was looking at me with smiling expectancy. I glanced around. The Oxford professor was looking at me to hear my reply. The editor of the weekly gazed at me through his glasses, which seemed obscured by a diabolical glare. I hadn't the remotest idea of what "these views" were. I never in all my life felt so guilty, so mean, so contemptible. I would have given a year's earnings for an alarm of fire. I could not answer, and so I prevaricated:

"May I ask just what you mean by mysticism among American writers?" I said, with a tremendous effort to get on my intellectual feet.

"Well, more especially the productions of Emerson, Thoreau, the younger Hawthorne, and others."

This gave me no clue to those accursed "views." I felt that I was gone. Deceit would avail no longer. I was about to be exposed as an egregious humbug. I thought of claiming to be suddenly seized with the colic, or toothache, or something, when just then the German philosopher, whose whole frame, including his spectacles, was convulsed with a desire to say something, burst out with:

"Will you"—meaning me—"permit me to say a word?"

Would I permit him to say a word? Would a half-strangled, drowning wretch, in love with life, permit somebody to hand him into a life-boat? Would a duck swim? I *did* permit him.

He commenced. He was a bottomless well, an inexhaustible spring. He talked for an hour. He demonstrated that American mysticism is the outgrowth of German thought and contact. He talked and allowed no interruption. In a metaphorical sense I took that Deutscher to my bosom, spectacles and all, and gave him my eternal friendship, and conferred on him millions of pounds sterling. The very moment he came to a pause, I pleaded necessity, shook hands with the hostess, folded my tent, and quietly stole away. I do not know yet what those "views" are which will serve to explain the tendency to mysticism among American writers. But it was the narrowest escape I ever had in my life.

I have related this simply as a specimen of much of the thought

that is developed in an English gathering; and also the necessity of the closest attention if one wishes to escape a catastrophe.

The difference between American and English culture is not so much in dimensions as in proportions. There is less breadth and greater height in the latter. The English are more specialists in education than the Americans. One of the latter, who is a journalist, for instance, will be very likely to have a more or less thorough knowledge of every branch of his profession, from "sticking type" and "imposing a form" to writing a "leader." The English journalist knows but one thing; but he is likely to know that well. If a leader-writer, he reads, studies, educates himself exclusively for leader-writing, and nothing else. The same applies in other directions. The result is chemists who know chemistry to the uttermost, but who cannot tell whether the Missouri river runs through New York or the state of Havana; or whether or not the President of the United States is elected by a popular vote, an Electoral College, or by throwing dice. In short, the culture of England, like the possession of its land, is limited to the few; and these few are, in the main, specialists. I need scarcely say that this differs materially from our condition, in which education is cosmopolitan in its extent, and in which there will be found few natives who are not tolerably familiar with other countries as well as their own, and who are well "up" on all the salient questions of the age.

These facts do not, however, bear materially on the social characteristics of the English. I have, in this letter, scarcely more than touched upon this phase of English life. Some other time, I hope to be able to treat it in a more exhaustive manner.

LETTER XXXVII.

THE BOAT-RACE.

LONDON, April 18, 1878.

FOR the last two or three weeks the London papers have been mysterious reading to a stranger. That is to say, mysterious in some respects. Each issue of every paper has devoted from half a column to a column to the approaching

boat-race. This was easy enough to understand. It was the details that were puzzling and incomprehensible. For instance, this morning it would be that the "dark-blues went tubbing." Inquiry on this point, at one place, elicited the information that "tubbing" meant taking a bath, while another equally responsible authority asserted that to tub means to practice rowing in a boat known as a tub.

Then again the startling fact was announced that the cantabs did not "feather under the water." It was followed soon by the demoralizing assertion that the "light blues were not rowing with their legs," after which a distressed public was informed that they didn't "row their stroke out."

Again the lugubrious fact appalled the metropolis that the "sliding was bad," which was speedily followed by the sinister opinion that the "time was not good." Before the world had gotten used to this frightful accumulation, people were horrified to learn that there was something wrong with the "swing," which was irregular and lacked the quality of being simultaneous. To cap the horrors of the situation, some journals had the temerity and the unwisdom to insinuate that the "catch was defective;" their "recovery" not all it should be; that they used up too much time in "straightening the arms;" and, worst of all, that too much work was left to the arms instead of economizing the weaker muscles by throwing the labor on the back and legs.

Then, again, there were extensive dilations upon how necessary it is "to have well-set arms, and an upright position to resist the force of the wind;" and which has the further advantage that it "prepares for the ensuing stroke." Besides all these enigmatical assertions and insinuations there was an abundance of other alarming matter. Sometimes the public was told that this crew or that had made a "burst." Again it had been "spurting." At this point it had "eased," and at that it had "paddled." It had encountered a "scratch at the Crab Tree," and "slowed at the Soap-house," while at "Biffen's" they were a "half a length to the good." Occasionally one was treated to a dose of hieroglyphics such as "R. H. Labat (L. B. C.); C. S. Holmes (C. U. B. C.), W. H. Cross (O. U. B. C.)," and so on to an extent calculated to drive one of the uninitiated into remediless insanity.

If the terms in use by the London newspapers have been

mysterious, their critical knowledge of rowing has been astonishing. No matter how influential or how obscure the journal, its criticisms on the practice have all been *ex cathedra* giving one the impression that every London newspaper employs a professor of aquatics to do up the boat-race. It is true that there has been little agreement among these various gentlemen, for while some have severely condemned a certain point in one or the other crew, the same thing has been flatteringly commented on by some other professors. I fancy that if the crews had taken all the sage advice given them by the London critics, there would have been not less than thirty-seven styles of rowing in each boat, which would have been at the rate of four and three-eighths different styles of execution per man. It might have been a trifle difficult to have made much of a race under such circumstances; and yet to conclude thus, would be to conclude that a London critic is fallible. This wouldn't do, you know, for a moment, for every Englishman is born possessed of a thorough knowledge of dogs, 'osses, boxing, riding, and rowing--at least he thinks he is. How men can be thus intuitively endowed, thus infallible from a congenital standpoint, and yet so widely differ, is something which I will not explain because I do not understand it.

It is pleasant, after having been lost in these labyrinths, to get out into an open country where progress is unobstructed, the view clear, and the landmarks recognizable. Of the hearty appreciation and enjoyment of the English people for athletic exercises and out-door sports, there is no mystery, no obscurity, no question. Nearly a hundred thousand people paid to witness the late six-days walk. The very next week almost as many more paid for the privilege of witnessing another and shorter walk at the same place. As everybody knows, there are one or two horse races each year that assume the magnitude of national events. The same is true of the annual, university boat-races. An approaching race forms a leading topic in the local columns of the press for weeks before the event occurs. Every day, except Sundays, during the last two weeks, the attendance of people to witness the practice of the crews has often reached the tens of thousands. The tow-path on the south bank, the bridges, the lawns, wharves, houses on the north side, from Putney to Mortlake, have been densely thronged with human beings, with, men, women, children, equestrians, dogs, gypsies, solely to witness the practice rowing of the crews. This fact becomes the more im-

portant when it is understood that, owing to the great sweep made by the river, in passing over the course a crew is at no time visible for more than three or four minutes, and often for not more than one minute. And yet to obtain this momentary glimpse all these thousands have traveled from the city, have stood about for hours, have braved cutting east winds, driving rains, and furious storms of hail and snow. Whatever may be the facts in the case of the thousand and one dogmatic critics of the English newspapers, there is certainly no pretence or sham among the masses. Their sincerity is abundantly proved by their attendance under such unfavorable circumstances, and their enthusiasm over every incident and development of the fortnight's daily half-hour practice of the crews.

I confess an entire inability to understand why a hundred or two thousand people endure every conceivable discomfort for hours, in order to see two boat-loads of students glance by and disappear in a moment around a bend. There are philosophic souls who profess to find the explanation of the pervading interest and enthusiasm in the fact that only a section of it is seen, and that then there are anticipation before the eights come along, and speculation as to the result after they pass. There may be something in this view of the matter; but I am inclined to think precedent and fashion have everything to do in creating public excitement. Oxford and Cambridge represent the wealth, the blue blood, the old families of the kingdom. Of course the families of all the contestants have an interest; and, indirectly, all who have anything to do with either of the universities.

Precedent has a good deal to do with the popularity of the occurrence. It has been the custom to go; and that alone is reason enough why people should go now, just as because it has been the custom, on Guy Fawkes' day, to search beneath the houses of parliament for barrels of gunpowder and combustibles; the ridiculous search it still kept up.

The strongest reason why an Englishman should or should not do a thing is, that his predecessors have or have not done it. In the case of an American, the fact that people had been doing a given thing in a given manner, would give rise to a question as to whether it should not be done in some other way.

The university contest is an old affair, in a comparative sense. It commenced back as far as 1829. From and inclusive of that contest and that just rowed, there have been forty-one races

between the universities. Before to-day the score stood: Oxford, 20 victories; Cambridge, 18. Once, in 1849, there was a foul and no result; and last year there was a dead-heat. The first contest was rowed at Henley; then there were five from Westminster to Putney. All the others have been rowed between Putney and Mortlake, except on five occasions, between 1845 and 1855, when the crews contended for the grand challenge cup at Henley. On three occasions the course has been from Mortlake to Putney, but since 1864, the course has been regularly from Putney to Mortlake.

At Mortlake the Thames bends to the north till it reaches Hammersmith, when it sweeps around to the south to Putney, forming a very creditable horseshoe, the distance being four miles and two furlongs between the points rowed by the rival crews. The shores, especially the north one, are full of historic and personal interest. Putney, on the south bank,—the starting point,—has a church in which Cromwell often held council of war with his leaders. Pitt died in Putney, and Douglas Jerrold and Leigh Hunt are among other notabilities who have lived in the quaint old town.

Nearly opposite, on the north bank, is Fulham, celebrated for its tapestry and "Fulham pottery." Here Theodore Hook is buried, and here also is Fulham Palace, for several hundreds of years the residence of the bishops of London. On the same bank and further along, is Craven Cottage, once the residence of Bulwer, while a little further on is Crab Tree inn, a spot which Queen Elizabeth once used to frequent, and about which there are now some stately residences.

Next comes Hammersmith bridge. At Hammersmith Capt. Marryatt once lived, and many another person who gained a world-wide reputation as singer, dramatist, author, artist. A short distance beyond Hammersmith, and on the same side—the north—is the pleasant and antiquated suburb of Chiswick. Hogarth lived, died, and was buried here. Further along on the other side is Barnes, where a bridge crosses the river. The town is mainly noted as being the place where, in 1812, the Count and Countess d'Autraignes were murdered by their Italian valet, who completed the affair by killing himself. A short distance beyond, and also on the south bank, is Mortlake, where are located the Ship inn and the winning post. The town has some historic interest as having been a residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for its once-famous tapestry looms.

It is thus seen that the banks on both sides are classical in their historic associations. The north bank is especially rich in this respect; and it is also attractive from the many charming villas whose stylish grounds extend down to the water. During a race, nearly every inch of the space along both banks is crowded with spectators. Platforms are erected close to the water for the use of the owners of the private grounds. Every house which commands a view of the river has its windows, porticoes, balconies, roof, fences, black with sight-seers. On the south there are the tow-path along the river's brink, rows of trees, and many open fields lying beyond. The tow-path is lined for miles with people packed like herrings. The trees swarm with occupants, while in the fields beyond, carriages, carts, 'buses, and every other conceivable form of vehicle are crowded as thick as they can stand. All these are covered with people whose enthusiasm over the race seems in an inverse ratio to the smallness of the glimpse they can get of it. Were it not that the bridges are closed against the crowd, they, too, would be packed with humanity; but, as there are well-founded fears that the structures would not sustain the enormous weight, they are rigidly closed during the hours of the contest. Could one stand on Hammersmith bridge, one could look down both limbs of the horse-shoe, and would see on either side masses of people, enlivened by the gay colors of women's dresses, and flanking the stream with dense, living walls.

The characteristics of this enormous mass, as well as the scene on the water, will be given further along.

As is known, the crews consist of eight oarsmen, and a coxswain to each boat. The boats used are some forty to fifty feet in length, have sliding seats, and no keels, and are rowed with round oars. Up to 1845 the race was rowed in clumsy boats; and then a change was made for outriggers. In 1857 the present style of boats without keels, and having round oars, was introduced; and in 1873 a further improvement was made by the addition of sliding seats. I may add here that the slowest time ever made on the present course was 26 minutes and 5 seconds, in 1863, and the fastest 19.35, in 1873, on the occasion of the introduction of the sliding seats. Time, however, is not wholly a matter of rowing. The weather and state of the water are of cardinal value in the matter of speed. The race is usually rowed at whatever time of day the tide is most favorable, and this is

believed to be when the tide is coming in, and just before it is full. As the tide flows with considerable speed, and as the boats are rowed with it, and not against it, much better time is made than could be in still water.

During the progress of a race the course is kept free from steamers and other water craft. A boat carrying the umpire goes just behind the crews, and next comes the press boat. All others have to remain a certain distance in the rear.

Yesterday, the day before the contest, is known as "Boat-Race day." It is the day upon which the students of Cambridge and Oxford come in force to London, and, in their way, they count upon "running the town," as far as they can. London is so very large that despite the importance and aristocratic connections of the students, they cannot occupy the entire city, clear all the streets, and fill all the theatres, music-halls, and supper-rooms. Failing to cover all the ground, they do the next most feasible thing, which is to concentrate at one or two points, and make the most of the situation. Hitherto the Cremorne Gardens, the Argyll Rooms, and Evans's supper and concert hall have been honored by the presence of these gentlemen on the evening of "Boat-Race day." A few months since the Cremorne Gardens were closed up and dismantled. Latterly the Argyll Rooms have found it expedient to shut the establishment on this evening, on account of the behavior of the young gentlemen from the universities. There thus remained to them only "Evans'." I went down early and got a good seat, to witness the row which everybody prophesied was certain to occur. On several occasions they have gutted this classical place; and I had strong hopes of witnessing something vigorous in the way of a universal scrimmage. I think I am out of luck, for, as the race to-day is universally regarded as the poorest ever rowed, and I therefore missed seeing a most exciting affair, so last night no row rewarded my three hours' waiting. The students were there and jammed the place to suffocation, but for the first time no fight occurred. People console me by the assertion that there is sure to be one in the same place to-night; and that the unusual abstinence of last night will make to-night's doings all the more "blooming" and emphatic.

At 8:30 the press boat swung loose from Temple pier, and started up the river. There were some twenty-five of us on board. We started with fair hopes. We returned—but I won't anticipate.

Early as the hour was everything that could float was pressed into service and was headed up the stream. There were the long, narrow river steamers covered from bow to stern with men and women. Small tugs were towing large barges, and these were loaded down with human freight. The throng of small boats propelled by oars was immense; and the pluck of those tugging at the oars something commendable, in view of the fact that they had before them a pull of several miles to reach the place of contest. Nearly everything that floated carried a flag. Often it was the Union Jack. One or two more pretentious crafts flew that colossal and highly-pictorial piece of bunting, the British flag. There were banners of all patterns and all colors. Some of the more pronounced partisans of the occasion floated on the breeze the colors of the contestants—the light blue of Cambridge or the deep azure of the Hoxfords.

Nor were the charms of music lacking. Now a dingey would appear, two young women squeezed side by side in the stern sheets, one man tugging valiantly at the stubby oars, while another jerked a most excruciating version of “We don’t want to fight.” (I don’t believe they do) from a puffing concertina. A harp and a violin came from the deck of a more pretentious craft, while still higher in the scale darted along a vessel from whose decks poured the strains of a full brass band. Along the noble Thames embankment on the north shore, could be seen an unbroken tide of vehicles and pedestrians setting up the river; and from the roof of an omnibus here and there there rang out over the water the clear ta-ra-la-la of some well-blown bugle. Hansoms, “crawlers,” omnibuses, four-in-hand drags, dog-carts; in short, every possible kind of vehicle known to London could be seen on the shore, all being propelled at a sharp trot up the sinuous banks.

It was a grand, a stunning prelude to a most “lame and impotent” conclusion—something like what would be an orchestral prelude of a hundred instruments played to a solo on a jews-harp, by a fifteenth-rate performer.

Dodging, twisting, and winding about to avoid running over the infinite press of small boats, or into the larger ones, we at last passed under quaint old Putney bridge, thence on beneath the Aqueduct, and then, a few yards further, we tied up to a dummy anchored near the north shore, and found ourselves at the starting-point.

There was an enormous crowd gathered here. The bridge was black with people. Upon the high Aqueduct groups had gathered, dotting its lofty sweep like flies. On the adjacent banks the spectators were gathered in great masses, black as to tone, but lightened here and there with the dresses of women. Up the shores as far as the eye could take in the banks, there stood solid lines of spectators, gay with banners, from the mountebanks, gipsy shooting-galleries, cocoanut bowling-alleys, circular swings, and other arrangements for amusing the crowd and winning their money.

At 10:15 the press-boat was ordered to fall back to the bridge. We did so. Then the umpire's boat took the place we had left. It was black with people. To the right of the umpire's boat there came a steamer loaded to the guards with Oxford students. To the left came another steamer laden to the same extent with Cambridge students. These three formed a solid wall.

Somebody said "They're off!" I saw nobody which answered to "they." The three boats in front of us moved ahead. We did the same. There was evidently something in front of these boats. I could see the men in them waving their hands and their hats. An excitement of some kind made its way along the dense masses on the banks. Faintly came to us from the living walls, "Ooray, Hoxford!"

Some twenty-three minutes after the start it was announced that Oxford had won. I saw nothing of the race. The three boats in advance of us, with their great human cargoes, completely shut us out, and we saw nothing.

An evening paper just out says: "We are indebted to a gentleman who stood on the paddle-box of the umpire's boat for the following account of the race."

A greater fraud on journalism was never perpetrated.

At Mortlake, there were gathered illimitable masses of spectators. They howled, swayed, swung their hats, canes, and umbrellas. I judge from their actions that there was a race.

As for me, although in the press-boat, I never saw either crew, or the drop of an oar in the water

LETTER XXXVIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

LONDON, April 20, 1878.

EN who, in America, know little, and often care less, about the other salient features of London, or of England, such as Parliament House, the grand monuments, the cathedrals, the historic castles, the ivy-clad ruins of once-famous monasteries, are often men who have a thousand times in fancy wandered through Westminster Abbey; have stood over its graves, beside its monuments, and beneath its lofty arches, inhaling, although thousands of miles away, an atmosphere heavy with a grandeur born of modern and mediæval ages.

How often before I stood within the "awful shadows" of its presence, have I constructed a mental picture, whose filling lacked no breadth, no coloring, no details to make it the grandest work that ever grew into shape under the creative power of my imagination. It was a picture with massive shadows in which slumbered the mighty past; with bursts of sunlight here, the gleam of marble there; now a towering cenotaph, and again the contrasts of dingy tombs whose legends were long since effaced by remorseless time. And yet when, years after the construction of this ideal picture, I saw the reality, they were the same and yet not the same.

They were unlike because the ideal fell short of the real. In the actual presence of the grand old structure; within its hallowed walls the former shrank to puny dimensions. Its coloring was faulty, its drawing inartistic, its ensemble to the actual thing what a cracked, faded daub by a house-painter would be by the side of a Frith, a Reynolds, or a Wilkie. Possibly there are others who have undergone the same experience — who, in the presence of the reality, have found their ideal shattered like a penny mirror by a blazing thunderbolt.

It is because the creation of the imagination differs so widely from that accretion of the centuries — Westminster Abbey — that I am induced to essay a new description as I saw it. It is not expected that anything novel will be presented. It is not expected that what may be said will be even up to the average of what others have already written. The most that is hoped is that, as each observer sees a thing from a different stand-point,

the view about to be presented may correct a conclusion here, add a suggestion there, to ideals already in existence — the creation of those who have yet to see, or, worse, may never see, the reality of their dreams. Again, there may be others who hurriedly rushed along through nave and transept and cloisters, who have glanced at here and there a tomb, a statue, a monumental slab, who would be glad to have the rough outlines of their remembrance filled in with the finer details of the scene.

One who has formed a conception of Westminster Abbey will scarcely know whether he is the more pleased or disappointed when he first finds himself face to face with the reality. It is like and unlike what he had conceived. He had never in his construction made allowance for adjoining open spaces, for the propinquity of huge, and insignificant buildings, or for the effect which comes from slopes, heights, and depressions. A building with one class of surroundings is quite another thing when environed with a different class. And thus it happens, if one catches sight of the Abbey across the broad, open space that stretches from Parliament street it seems dwarfed by comparison with his ideal. If he first come from out the lofty buildings from the direction of Westminster Palace hotel, its nearness gives it increased height, and it towers as much above his conception as, in the view across the open space, it fell below it. Even against the background afforded by the long houses of parliament, with their innumerable and petty architectural details, it becomes massive, solid, grand in its integrity.

And yet when one scans the outlines of the vast, dark gray mass which looms before him, when one takes in one by one the greater details of the structure, its integrity disappears. Vast buttresses here, lighter ones there, windows of diverse shapes and occupying different lines; ornamentation close upon ornamentation without harmony and intelligible connection; anachronism in chronological sequences; pinnacles, clustered columns, arches; nowhere apparent anything like homogeneity; the light and fanciful superimposing the dark and massive — these are what one discovers when the front is interrogated little by little, and each item is taken in detail. To study the exterior thus in sections is a work which excites curiosity, pain, disappointment, although there is here and there a bit of beauty that comes with the force of a revelation. It is far better for the architectural critic to give little attention to the Abbey except from a

distant point of view. Then its inharmonious details blend harmoniously; the massive grandeur alone becomes revealed. He sees a great, dark, irregular mass, from out which spring sturdy towers, spires, pointed gables, pinnacles. He sees the long vertical lines, the high-arched windows, and the whole flanked by vast buttresses which seem powerful enough to hold the mass intact against the shock of an earthquake.

It varies in its character and suggestions as one thus studies it as a whole. It grows into a mausoleum gray with the attrition of centuries; and "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," sits enthroned in a panoply of its own shadows. It is a colossal, sombre conglomerate, in which are united all the grand suggestions and ideas of more than a thousand years. Here are architectural ideas from the days of the crude and barbarous Anglo-Norman, thence through the pure Gothic with its slender lines, to the Tudor, and thence along to the recognizable features of comparatively modern days. In this agglomeration are suggestions of remote Paganism, of the splendor of Romanism, of the days of the Reformation, of stern Puritanism, and later religious eras. It is a great rock over which have rolled and broken the waves and currents of centuries of social, religious and intellectual changes. Within its capacious crypts reposes dust gathered from a broad highway of life which runs straight back to a time when modern civilization was in its infancy,— when the slender new moon of intelligence had but barely risen above the horizon. It embodies within and without every phase of English growth, from the sturdy Saxon to the era of a Gladstone and a Beaconsfield.

Such, in brief, is Westminster Abbey to one who studies its exterior, who reads the lettering written by time upon its moss-grown walls, who comprehends a few of the suggestions emanating from its shadowy bulk, its eloquent, voiceless silence.

The visitor who, for the first time, passes through the thick walls to the interior of Westminster Abbey, will be at once confused with the multiplicity of details. If he has formed an idea at all of the interior, it will have perhaps been that of an ordinary cruciform church, along whose nave and transepts he can obtain uninterrupted views. Nothing is more erroneous. The moment the observer steps within, he is stunned by a pervading particularity. He sees nothing which resembles the ordinary church. Instead, there are narrow passages leading everywhere;

there are colonnades whose perspective is broken by the interposition of galleries, lofty statues, and massive emblematic groups, and other objects which, in the distance, melt away into apparent chaos.

Stunned by this endless accumulation of the unexpected, the visitor finds himself at first disappointed. He anticipated great spaces, unbroken lines, long perspectives, and finds them not. Railed spaces, high partitions, niches in the massive walls, tombs, effigies, gilded gates are all about him. If he attempt to study the architecture within his view, his confusion, is redoubled, for he sees everywhere evidence of the hands of widely-separated ages, each of which, in shaft, architrave, and column, has worked out its own idea, developed its own taste, without reference of what had gone, or what yet might come. Details by the million flout him from the mosaic pavement, up along the towering columns to the groined arches high up toward the fretted roof. Everywhere armorial insignia, stained windows, sunk panels, bosses, obelisks, dusty flags, marbles, and things without name or number. This changes only when one has traversed the chaotic wilderness of the transept, and has reached, after devious wanderings, the north aisle of the nave. Here, and here only, in the whole structure, does one secure a view of any extent—one which affords a commensurate idea of the length of the Abbey.

As one steps into this aisle the chaos of the transepts disappear. High over the observer rise, from either side, rows of columns, whose tops are interwoven in pointed arches. Along this vista the Abbey is seen from end to end. That is, one may see it, if one can; but the distance is so great, the interwoven arches of the columns dip so rapidly, the columns unite so speedily, the perspective so narrows, that long before the eye can reach the remote end, it is lost in the dim and closing distance.

This view, such as it is, is the only one of any considerable extent. It is true that, as the visitor branches into other aisles, as he suddenly rounds the corner of a tomb, or a chapel, a long and misty opening will now and then flash upon him, and which, when followed, loses itself in an obscurity in which are dimly seen dusty banners, and scarcely-outlined fret-work, and endless ornamentation. Such views, however, are exceptional. The interior of the Abbey has no general sense of vastness. There are colossal and infinitesimal details. It is a great city of the dead,

and their monumental piles have gradually changed the church into a sepulchre. It is something which cannot be studied as a whole. It is hardly to be resolved into groups, for even where there are creations similar in name they are utterly unlike in reality. There are cloisters and chapels and tombs, and yet no cloister, or chapel, or tomb resembles in the least, any other of the same designation.

Despite the fact that the Abbey is a mausoleum, and not a church, yet so vast is it that room is found in the nave for a congregation. Here an audience of thousands may assemble and not impinge upon the monumental creations which so crowd the space of the building. Each afternoon, and on the Sabbath, at given hours, great volumes of music go, rolling like the waves through the breakers, among the sculptured marbles, by chapel, column, oratory and porch, till they die away and are lost among the tombs, or in the hazy recesses of the lofty roof.

An attempt to intelligibly describe the interior in detail must, almost of necessity, be a failure, unless in a great volume, which should have a pictured illustration with every line of description. The most that can be done in an article like this, is to group a few of the more salient features, and perhaps to elaborate here and there a notable particular.

The interior of Westminster Abbey divides itself into two general parts. One of these is composed of the transepts and their aisles, and the nave and its aisles. The other is made up of the chapels and the choir. Of the former in detail, it is not necessary to speak, as a description would unavoidably be architectural and technical in its character, and, therefore, not of general interest. The same may be said of the choir, which, however interesting as a work of art, is, in the main, of modern construction. It forms no essential part of the idea which treats the Abbey as a great mausoleum; and, hence, it may be dismissed from the present article. There remain the chapels, with their tombs, and the nave and transepts, so far as they are occupied by the graves or the monuments of the dead.

If one should picture a gigantic cross—emblem of suffering!—one would have the main outlines of the Abbey. In that portion lying above the arms, or transepts, in what may be termed the head, are the chapels, some twelve in number. In the left arm of the cross, or south transept, is what is known as “Poet’s Corner.” Along the sides of the body of the cross, or nave, be-

hind the long rows of columns, on the walls, one sees each square foot of space occupied with the mementoes of the dead. Here are no graves, as in the chapels and the Poet's Corner. Here are statues, busts, intaglios, columns, hatchments, anaglyphs in bronze, brass, marble, iron, wood.

These, then, constitute the great charm, or attraction, of Westminster Abbey. It is not the great resounding organ; the groined canopies of the stalls; the variegated alabaster of the reredos with its superb sculpture, and a façade scarcely with an equal for its elaborate beauty and its exquisite finish; nor the grand windows with their venerated themes and rich colorings. These, and the colonnades, the tracery, the mouldings, the gilding; the groined arches, and lofty roof losing itself in apparently immeasurable distance, are all, despite their beauty and merit, mere tinsel when compared to the interest which attaches itself to the sublimity of the sepulchre. One can find elsewhere equal architectural beauty, equal antiquity of construction, equal claims in decoration and finish, but nowhere else a place in which sleep so many men and women who once shone as suns in the world's firmament. Here one sees the tomb of royal Sebert, the Saxon, who lived more than twelve hundred years ago—centuries before the Norman invasion, and at a time when the human race had scarcely passed beyond the sound of the living voice of the Nazarene. About him are Edward the Confessor—whose dust is weighed down with the burden of more than a thousand years; the Henrys III., V., and VII.; the Edwards I., III., and V.; Richard II.; James I.; Charles II.; William III.; George II., and fourteen Queens who once were reigning sovereigns, or the consorts of Kings. Nowhere is there such an assemblage of royal dust. Scarcely a family of any note in England, during all the tempestuous periods of her existence, from the days of the Roman invasion to that of the Danes and Normans, and thence along through domestic strife or foreign wars in which the English battle-flag swept victoriously the seas and lands of the known world, but has here its representative.



PART II.--THE CONTINENT.



“ YOUNG FRANCE.”

THE CONTINENT.

LETTER XXXIX.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

PARIS, May 2, 1878.

HE change from London, with its chilling east winds, its eternal fogs, its smoke-stained buildings, to Paris, with its bursts of sunshine, its April showers, its bright architecture, its trees all in green and the white of blossoms, is a most marked one. Nothing can be more unlike than these two cities. They are antipodean in every essential particular. After an acquaintance with both, one would be almost tempted to conclude that there is something more than the mere accident of nationality and location to account for this dissimilarity.

In fact, I know that intention, in many cases, underlies the difference. The coldness, the indifference of polite English society are a reaction from the extreme agreeability and politeness of French manners. To do just what a Frenchman or woman would not do under the same circumstances seems to be the rule of action with a majority of the English people.

“Oh, the French!” said an intelligent Londoner to me, “they are not men, they’re monkeys! They’re undersized, contemptible, everlasting grinning, bowing and scraping. D—n ‘em, they’re not men in any true sense of the word!”

It might be worth while to endeavor to ascertain the origin of this mutual dislike—for it is mutual, as I have discovered without difficulty, even during my short residence in Paris. However, this is a something too dry for an ordinary correspondence, and I will skip it for other topics more animated and requiring less thought.

Without at present taking any notice of the question of motives,

or stopping to inquire whether English or French are more polite at heart, I may say that the external manifestations are surprisingly unlike. On the streets, in the cars, everywhere in public, the English people are brutal, while the French are precisely the reverse. An Englishman under these circumstances seems never to have any regard except for himself, while a Frenchman seems in the main possessed by the idea that it is his duty to deny himself in the interest of others. An Englishman never makes room for you in a 'bus except with a most ungracious manner. If he be in a compartment of a car, he resents the entrance of everybody else as an intrusion. On the other hand, the Frenchman goes out of his way to accommodate another. He indicates a seat not occupied in a public conveyance. He appears glad to see another enter a compartment where he may be by himself. He always has a polite "*Bonjour*" for the new comer, and is ready for a chat, to answer all questions, to volunteer information.

The Englishman who enters an eating-room does it with a scowl, if anybody else be present. He seeks the most secluded corner, and always, if possible, a table by himself. The Frenchman always enters with a smile, lifting his hat politely as he passes the door, and then, if he can, secures a table where there are others with whom he can gossip while he feeds. And so it is everywhere and in everything. The Englishman, as a general thing, dislikes Americans; the Frenchman, while cheating them always, yet likes them. The latter is all upon the surface; he lives on the streets, in the parks, at the cafés, and only goes home when he has no other place to go to. The former despises the companionship of the streets; he puts his worst qualities on the surface, and prefers home to any other locality.

One distinguishes a great difference in the street cries of the two countries. In the streets of London, one who has anything to sell announces it with a straight, short, barbarous howl, that is without decoration and without meaning, to a stranger. The street-hawkers of Paris have their cries set to music. The fellow who wishes to inform the public that he is in search of old hats to buy or repair, does so in a cry of four or five notes that vary from a monotone and fall always pleasantly on the ear. The architecture of London is dingy, plain, and full of severity, while that of Paris is bright in material, ornamental and inviting.

Despite all these superficial differences, it does not follow that

the balance is against the English. After a stay among them of nearly a year, I must say that all their worst qualities are on the outside. At their homes, in their domestic and social life, they are a people who have no superiors in intelligence, cultivation, hospitality and generosity. I most gladly pay them this tribute, because truth demands it, and because their treatment of your correspondent has been invariably of a kind which must command his life-long gratitude. If hospitality without ostentation; if fine appreciation and unceasing consideration; if hearty honesty of character demand respect, then the English people, in their social capacity, have most thoroughly won mine. I began by disliking them, and have ended by concluding that they have few, if any, superiors in their inner life. Give the average Englishman the manners of a Frenchman, in public, and he would be a character to which little would need be added.

Of the Englishman other than in his social life, I have nothing at present to say.

Perhaps nothing shows more forcibly the difference between the two nations than the character of their funerals. There can be no more lugubrious, clumsy, unpoetical affair than an English funeral. The hearse is a house on wheels—massive, unwieldy, a mountain of woe. The hired mourners, a lot of bottle-nosed stablemen, with their long weepers, are the embodiment of everything ridiculous and absurd. A dead body among the English seems to be a thing which everybody fears and avoids with horror. I have often seen an Englishman turn down a street so as not to meet an approaching funeral.

In Paris there is no elephantine hearse, no paid mourners with noses in red and faces covered with simulated woe. Often there is no hearse at all. Several times have I met processions in which children in spotless white, and moving two and two, were in advance of a coffin buried in flowers, and carried on a light framework of wood, covered with black and white cloth. Behind would come other children and the relatives of the deceased, all on foot, and with white dresses trimmed with crape and ribbons, giving a hopeful character to the occurrence and relieving it of a sombre, oppressive solemnity. Often, when a hearse is employed, it is open, showing the outlines of the coffin through a pall bordered with white. Masses of flowers remove the last vestige of anything offensive or sad or repellent. The drivers of the coaches

do not have yards of crape hung from their hats like great streamers. They wear black cocked hats, bordered with white; and while solemn in appearance and demeanor, are not so in an offensive sense. As the procession moves along nobody regards it with horror or loathing, or rushes up a by-street to escape meeting it. On the contrary, everybody sees it without fear. As it goes by the women cross themselves and the men lift their hats with reverence.

Of course, there is nothing new in these customs, and I mention them not as novelties, but simply in order to secure a contrast between English and French qualities.

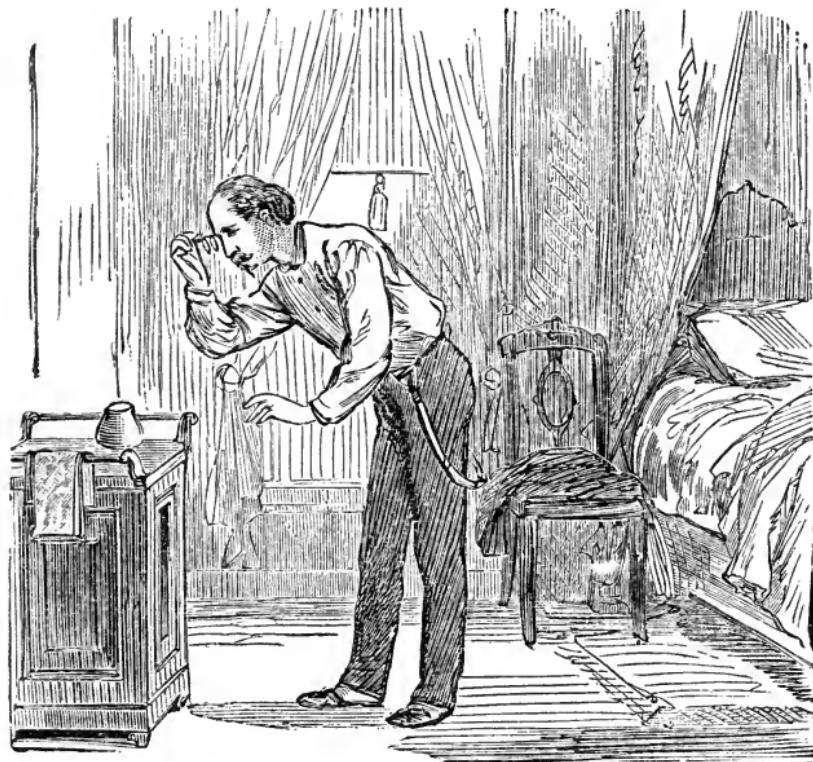
Quite as marked as anything else is the difference in sobriety. One never sees a drunken Frenchman, while in London the spectacle of a man or woman in a state of disgusting intoxication is of common occurrence. In the latter city, one sees not merely a man or woman in a condition of inebriety, but one sees them in droves. A woman standing up at a bar and pouring down gin or whisky, is something never seen here. Women do frequent the cafés; but they sit down at a table, either in the room or on the sidewalk, and leisurely sip coffee or cheap wines. They are always at least clean, never quarrelsome; and as little like the women of the English lower classes as can be imagined. Nor does one meet in Paris the vile smoking habits which one encounters everywhere in England. Nearly every Parisian of the male sex smokes—and so perhaps do many of the other sex—but it is rarely anything other than a cigar or cigarette. The atrocious “shag” with which our English cousins perfume themselves and their surroundings would turn the delicate stomach of a Parisian, and drive him into incurable insanity.

If the incessant use of cold water—except for drinking purposes—be a virtue, then the English are not only virtuous beyond Frenchmen, but beyond all others. An Englishman must have his cold bath every morning. Not only this, but he must inform some of his acquaintances during each day something about his bath—the *a* being sounded like *a* in *all*. “The bath was quite cold this morning,” is a bit of information which nearly every Englishman is almost certain to communicate to each of his acquaintances between the hours of bathing and bedtime.

The thing goes even further than this. I do not recall many English novels of a modern date in which it is not stated that the hero takes a cold bath winter and summer upon getting out of

bed. Even George Eliot did not omit to hint that *Gwendolyn* was in the habit of taken a cold dip each morning before going forth to play roulette, or hunt a husband having, not youth or sense, but wealth and "good form."

In a late English novel occurs the extraordinary assertion in regard to something or somebody that it was a "platter clean on the outside but inside full of dead men's bones." I am apprehensive that the something which was in the mind of the author applies in a limited degree to the French. Public and private



A FRENCH BATH-TUB.

bathing establishments—hot, cold, swimming, Turkish, Russian—meet one at every step in London. Here, such establishments are as scarce as powder magazines are said to be in Hades. I suppose a Frenchman would reply to this that if the English have so many more bathing places, it is because they imperatively need them. However, I am not prepared to accept this explanation. The houses of the better classes are badly venti-

lated, the drainage is imperfect, and there is a very general and careless mixing up of kitchens and water-closets. The construction of bath-rooms in private houses, so far as I have seen, does not generally prevail. Water is so scarce and dear, that the amount allowed one for lavatory purposes scarcely amounts to much more than a teacupful. Under such circumstances a French wash is little more than a dry scrub. At none of the caf  s or restaurants are there any of the convenient lavatories or water-closets which are to be found in connection with every eating-house of any pretensions in London.

And yet, on the surface, the people on the streets have no appearance of uncleanliness. Every French woman, in walking, manages to display some portion of her under-clothing, and it is never bedraggled or soiled. As washing is done in the Seine, as a general thing, and the water there is plentiful, there is no excuse for dirty linen; but the case seems quite different so far as cleanliness of person, apartments, and the like are concerned.

While Americans may be justly regarded as extravagant in their expenditures when compared with the English, the latter may be looked upon as lavish in their outlay when compared with the French. An ordinary French family will live luxuriously upon what an English, but more especially an American, family habitually wastes.

There is a market here known as the "Harlequin Market," at which are offered for sale all the scraps left at the restaurants and caf  s. Nothing is wasted. The stub of a cigar, on the sidewalk, is speedily fished up, and carried off by some prowling mendicant, or by a person who will sell it to a manufactory where it will be made over into smoking tobacco.

A Paris dandy buys a pair of new gloves. A majority of people who buy gloves do so for the purpose of wearing them. So does he, in time, but not at the moment. He buys his gloves, he thrusts them into the breast of his buttoned coat so that the ends hang out, and display their newness. He then goes about bare-handed, but always the new gloves showing themselves to the world. His make-up is an assertion, "You see, cher public, that the reason of my not wearing gloves is not that I haven't got any. I just bought these around the corner, and shall put them on in a few minutes." And yet I have seen the same chap wearing the same gloves out on his breast, promenading the Boulevard des Italiens for the last ten days. It is no certain thing that

he has not worn the same pair of gloves in the same place for the last two years.

Frenchmen are not ashamed to be economical in public. Yesterday afternoon I was sitting under the awning of the Café de la Paix. A smart shower suddenly opened its sluices on the throng of pedestrians. Happening to look across the Place de l'Opéra, my eye was caught by two Frenchmen who were trying their best to squeeze themselves under a small umbrella. It was no use, it would do indifferently well even for one, but not at all for two. Something must be done, and something was done. One of the men took off his silk hat—a brand new one—and handed it to the other. The latter put the hat well up under the umbrella, and then the other stepped out in the pouring rain. Thus the two walked along—the one with the umbrella and his friend's hat, the other bare-headed in the pelting shower. He knew the rain would not hurt his head or his coat, but would ruin his hat. He preferred the ducking to the loss of his beaver.

LETTER XL.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

PARIS, May 9, 1878.

ANYBODY who enjoys a crowd can have all the fun he wishes for in Paris at the present time. The hotels are so full that the heads and feet of the guests bulge out through every opening. The restaurants are so jammed that only thirty-four per cent. of the mob have places to eat, while the other sixty-six per cent. look on perspiring and wait their turn to snatch a place and a dirty napkin.

The person who enjoys a crowd cannot but be hilarious all the time. If he wishes to sit down at a café he finds all the seats taken. If he desires to go anywhere by a 'bus or street-car, and goes to any of the stopping places, there are always from one hundred and fifty to eight hundred and seventy-five there in advance of him. If he go to a railway station to buy a ticket anywhere, he finds a queue that reaches at least two squares. If

he conclude to take a voiture, he discovers that every one of these vehicles is engaged, and that the street is lined for blocks with other anxious ones, who are frantically shaking their umbrellas, and vainly, at every passing hack. At the Exposition all the seats are taken, all the boxes occupied, all the desirable sights surrounded by an impenetrable throng. He can't get into a church, a monument, or anywhere else, because, go as often and early as he will, the mob has gone earlier and oftener.

But if a person doesn't like a mob, then he won't enjoy Paris just now. He is thrust off the sidewalks. He is everlastinglly dodging millions of rushing vehicles at the crossings. He wanders about all day, seeking vainly a place of rest, and if he stop to lean against a tree, he hears, in common with other weary vagabonds, the eternal monotone of sergents de ville, "*Circulez, Messieurs!*" When he gets home—if he be fortunate enough to have secured a kennel in the seventh story which he may call "home"—at midnight, he has on his body the impressions of thousands of elbows and umbrellas, and on his feet indentations from half the shoes, hob-nailed or otherwise, of Paris.

The only true way to enjoy Paris just now by a New Yorker or Chicagoan is for him to stay at home and read the accounts, such as are furnished by your correspondent and other *âmes damnées* condemned to stay a while in this terrestrial *enfer*. If a man will come and can arrange it, he will do well to bring his own carriage, provisions, seats, benches, beds, house, lot, barn-yard, and front garden, with a few plats of grass, beds of flowers, and shade trees to make things pleasant and give them a decorative, home-like appearance.

Our Americans are immense "on French"—at least a majority of them insist that they are. Ask any of them if they speak French, and the invariable reply is, "Oh, yes. Don't have any trouble—get along first rate." I need scarcely say that many of them are mistaken in their estimate of their own abilities in this direction.

There is, among my American acquaintances, an American "colonel" and his family—wife, son and daughter. They all speak French—pure American French with the genuine western accent, and the true star-spangled idiom. They have apartments rented from a French lady and her daughter, both the latter being of the educated class, and neither of them speaking a word of English.

Last night I dropped in on the colonel. Both families were gathered in the grand salon, and were having a breezy chat in the purest French. It was on the comparative difficulty of acquiring the French and English languages. By-and-by, madame, the wife of the colonel, ventured an opinion:

“La plus grande difficulté en Français est le gendre, n'est pas?”

The landlady looked puzzled and astounded. The young French lady seemed puzzled and immensely amused.

“Comment? Le gendre?”

Then there were mutual inquiries and explanations, and finally it came to be understood that Mrs. Colonel meant to ask if gender is not the most difficult thing in French; but in place of using the word *genre* for gender, she used the word *gendre*, which means—son-in-law. The confusion of madame and the amusement of her daughter were now easily understood.

Scarcely had the American matron been raised out of the pit-fall when the colonel tumbled into one with most surprising alacrity. There was a little merriment over Mrs. Colonel's blunder, of which the colonel, in a true marital spirit, undertook to avail himself.

“Ah,” said he, pointing to his wife, “Elle est sage-femme, sans doute!”

Mam'selle blushed, and looked as if she would like to leave the room.

“Mais, Monsieur,” said the lady of the house, “Madame n'est pas accoucheuse?”

It took some little time to convince the colonel that, instead of speaking of his spouse as a modest, excellent woman, he had simply termed her a midwife.

And this was not enough. The budding youth who hailed the colonel as father had been in another room, writing a note. It was one which he wished to send to a young lady, an American acquaintance who was attending the same school with mademoiselle; and he approached the daughter to ask her if she would deliver it.

“Pardong, Mam'selle Esthere,” said he, “voulez vous apporter pour moi une billy doux?”

“Monsieur?” responded the demoiselle, interrogatively.

“Voulez vous apporter pour moi une billy doux?” repeated he.

She pondered the matter a moment, then seemed to comprehend.

"Oui! oui! certainment! un balai doux!" She rushed from the room, and in a moment returned with a feather-duster—the balai doux which she supposed the youth was in need of.

These actually occurred all within the space of ten minutes, and are simply representative cases of others. They serve to give an idea of how our natives get along in "wrastling" with the langue Française.

It should be stated that, whenever an American comes here he is always immediately taken in tow by some other American. The latter patronizes the new-comer. He takes the late arrival to a *café*, calls "garçong!" in a very imperative and easy tone, and orders: "Ung tasse café," or "petty verre cogniac poor doo," in a style as if French were his native language and he never had spoken any other. It is just the same if the veteran has been on French soil only twenty-four hours. He always patronizes the next American who comes. He assumes that the other fellow doesn't know the language, and takes charge of him as if he were a new infant.

That is what the colonel has been doing to me. He has invited me to drink more than a hundred times, so he could show me how he could "sling" French at a garçon. He has invited me to ride so that I could hear him tell the cocher: "Ally o roo Vang Katter September." It paid me, after a fashion, to be patronized, and asked to take rides, drinks, and things, and so I didn't object. I began to notice, however, that he never asked me to dinner.

Yesterday I happened to pass a little restaurant on a street just off the Boulevard des Capucines. It was about dinner time; the asparagus and meats in the window looked clean and cool. I was hungry and I popped in. Climbing the escalier I entered a small room, to which I was attracted by the loud tones of what seemed a familiar voice. At a snug table in one corner was seated the substantial form of the colonel, whose bald head I at once recognized. His back was toward me, he had a napkin under his chin, and he was giving his order to a waiter in unmistakable English, and the latter was making responses and suggestions in the same language. As soon as the waiter left, I went around and took a seat at the colonel's table. When he saw

me his purple visage turned a greenish white. I had caught him at it. He was dining at a place where English was spoken!

"Never was in this place before," he said, trying to hide his confusion. Just then the waiter entered with a half bottle of wine.

"This is what you left over at dinner yesterday, colonel," said the waiter as he put down the bottle. The colonel glared at him with an expression of mute but frightful indignation. I was sorry for the colonel, and pretended not to notice the painful incident.

After dinner we strolled off for a little exercise. We went up one street and down another, discussing Chicago and St. Louis—the colonel is from St. Louis—until we discovered we were lost.

"Ask a *sergent de ville*, colonel," said I.

"I'll do it."

A moment later we met one of these vigilant guardians of the peace.

"Pardung, Musseer," said the colonel, with his politest bow; "Vully-vous nous montray the—the—h—l and damnation!"

"What's the matter, colonel?"

"I am trying to think of a word. Oh, d—n it, what is it?"

"Perhaps I can *aid* you. What is it?"

"Head station."

"*Tête de ligne*, is it?"

"Oh, yes, that's it. Vully-vous nous montray the *tête de ligne* doo tramway poor Vincennes?"

"Oui! oui!" said the policeman. And then he shot himself off, and began vomiting French with a rapidity and a splendor only equaled by the eruptions of a Roman candle. We were to go down six streets, then go, a gauche, nine streets, go up an alley, cross five places, turn short around to the right, and then keep on straight ahead. The colonel listened to every word. He smiled appreciatively, nodded incessantly, and said "Oui! oui!" as fast as he could get the breath to do it. We both said "Merci," and touched our hats to the *sergent de ville*, as he finished, and then turned away.

"What did he say, colonel?" I asked.

"D—d if I know!" answered the colonel, with an air of supreme disgust.

And then he opened on the French in true western style. He was mad. He swore worse than the army in Flanders. "Why

in blank don't they speak a decent language? *Ang! ang! ang!*" said he, driving the air at fifty-horse-power pressure through his nose, in trying to imitate the French nasal sound. "It's all ang! Blank 'em to blank and blanknation, why don't they speak English, like Christians! A lot of blank grinning, chattering, bobbing monkeys, blank 'em, with their blasted blank *ang—ang—ang!*"

I let the colonel run till he ran down. We found the tête de ligne, and he went home. But he won't ask me to take any more



A COLOSSAL IMPOSTER.

drinks or drives with him. He knows that he stands revealed as a colossal impostor. I've heard the last of his French and had the last of his patronage.

The colonel, I may say, not only exists as I have described him, but he stands as a representative of any number of Americans.

When I got over to the so-called exposition yesterday, I found an addition had been made to the American department. Several marines in full uniform guarded the approaches to the rooms

of the American commissioner. Two or three federal officers, in the gayest of uniforms, were buzzing about, as gorgeous in hue and as busy as bottle-flies. Passing by the sentries, I entered the private room of the commissioner. There was an unusual crowd. In the further corner stood General Noyes, the American ambassador. To his right was Commissioner McCormick. Between them was a short, thick-set man, with a close-clipped beard and mustache, and upon whose swollen, puffy features there prevailed a sullen expression of indifference. People were walking up and shaking hands with the man in the corner, the man with the swollen features and the sullen expression. I followed suit.

"Glad to see you looking so well and stout, General," said I. "You have not changed since we fought together from Belmont to Vicksburg."

He looked at me with a cold, fishy stare. He shook my hand as if it had been a chunk of cold meat. He made not the slightest reply to my genial allusion to our campaign experience.

Which, I take it, was very unkind on the part of Gen. Grant.

After everybody had had a shake, the General opened his mouth for the first time. It was to put in a half-smoked cigar, which he had been holding in his left hand. Then a little procession was organized. Noyes and two or three other dignitaries went ahead. Then came Grant. After him fifteen or twenty nobodies-in-particular. In this order, and gazed at by a curious mob, the procession moved about.

I could not help but be pleased with the interest Grant showed in everything. He moved by cases of silk, lines of sewing machines, bundles of hemp, machines for boring and machines for not boring, with the same expression. He never turned his head. His eyes wandered from side to side; and these, with his legs, seemed the only movable things about him. All the rest of him appeared to be fixed, jointless, immovable.

After the General had walked about for an hour, and not seen anything, and been all around and apparently had taken the slightest interest in nothing, he was marched back to the pressed-meat, leaf-lard and pickle-department of the American section.

Here a most complete collation had been improvised under the management of some patriotic and thoughtful Yankees. Two large, impromptu tables had been constructed from boxes covered with boards. Upon these were canned meats, and poultry, peaches peers pickled oysters, bottled beer, champagne *ad lib-*

itum, strawberries, everything wholesome and delicious. The French and American press had been invited, and these, with the rest, made up a party of a couple of hundreds. Grant took one end of the table and General Noyes the other. A party named Woods said grace, that is to say, he addressed a very eulogistic speech to General Grant, to all of which the ex-President listened — if he listened at all — without looking at the speaker, and without the smallest change of countenance. When he finished, Grant made a reply by harpooning a weighty piece of corned beef, which he had dexterously transferred to his plate and half swallowed before the roar of the three cheers and a tiger which followed Woods' speech had ceased to vibrate the iron arches of the roof. Then the General's jaws opened and shut after a fashion which satisfied me that they were not locked. A procession of beef, poultry, champagne, pears, strawberries, champagne, bread, peaches, champagne, and along with all some more champagne, entered the cavity which yawned and closed in his face — entered and disappeared in quantities that somehow reminded me of the manner in which he sent in the reserves at the battles of the Wilderness.

All the time the feed was in progress, a curious crowd pressed around the outskirts of the area protected by the bayonets of the marines. I am satisfied they did not understand it at all. Nevertheless, there was one good effect, for, during the hour so devoted to demolishing the edibles and absorbing the potables, the American section was crowded as it was never crowded before.

To-day the United States had an addition to its exhibit which attracted more attention in the course of half an hour than anything which has yet appeared. It was Albert Edward and Alexandrina — otherwise the Prince, and Princess of Wales. In French he is the Prince of Galles — which some wretched punster, in view of the Prince's reputation, will at once twist into the Prince of Gals. If so, I absolve myself in advance from complicity in any such atrocity.

Could the Prince be kept in the American department, there would be a permanent remedy for the paucity of visitors and their languid interest in our exhibition. Of course, in the mob which environed their royal highnesses on yesterday, every Yankee in the American department was to be found. He pushed himself as closely as possible to the royal pair; and, in several cases, made desperate efforts to shake hands with Albert. That

didn't work, however, except in the case of Commissioner Mc. Cormick, who managed to extract a square shake from the Prince and a bow and smile from Alexandrina.

The couple went through and created a much more favorable impression than did Cæsar Grant. He either didn't see anything or pretended that he didn't, and went through without the slightest exhibition of curiosity or interest of any kind. The Prince was polite, smiling, interested. He stepped inside the railings of several of the exhibitors, asked questions, examined goods, and appeared to be as anxious to seem interested as Grant was to seem stolid and indifferent. The fine display of the Waltham Watch Company occupied the attention of the royal couple for some minutes, and they examined with much curiosity the workmanship of several watches shown them by a polite attendant. When they left this case of goods, the Prince lifted his hat, as I noticed he did in every instance when he asked any questions.

Fancy Mr. Grant lifting his hat to an attendant!

Fancy even Mr. Grant having enough interest to ask a question; but more especially asking one of an attendant.

The Prince and Princess spent half an hour in the American department. They noticed everything, and stopped for some time to admire an exquisite collection of photographs of babies, arranged and sent over by Smith, a photographer on North Clark street, Chicago. They took in the dental display, Tiffany's collection, everything, in short, of interest; and then left with many a polite adieu to the gentlemen who had escorted them through the department. I fancy that, could there be a vote taken among those Americans who were present, as to their preference for Grant or the Prince for the next President, the latter would go in by an almost unanimous majority.

For the benefit of the lady readers of *The Times*, I will state that Alexandrina is a lady of medium height, slender figure, rather brunette as to complexion, has large, dark, handsome eyes, a prominent nose, and a small mouth, with thin lips. She wore a quiet hat, turned up on the side, and a dark dress, of some plain material. She has a very intelligent, vivacious, sympathetic face; and so far as her expression is concerned, there is no contradiction to the assertion I have often heard, to-wit, that she is the most popular and most generally-loved woman in Great Britain. As for the Prince, he went away leaving everybody convinced that, however much a Prince he may be, his salient and most no-

ticeable points are those of—a gentleman. If there are no reasons, constitutional or otherwise, why a Prince cannot be a gentleman, I can't see why the same cannot be true of an ex-President.

LETTER XLI.

AN EXCURSION PARTY.

ON-THE-WING, June 7, 1878.

T is something over two weeks since your correspondent mailed his last letter to *The Times*. The interregnum is a long one, and probably has given the readers of that sheet a much-needed rest. There may be too much, even, of a good thing; and hence the vacation enjoyed by the patrons of Chicago's greatest journal has not been an undesirable one.

The exposition was dragging dreadfully. It was a display as much of boxes as of contents. There was more to break the shins than please the eyes of a spectator; as much to ruffle tempers as to gratify artistic tastes. Hence, it was thought best to intermit writing about the exposition till there is something more than chaos to write about. Mud, slush, débris, litter, and the like, are not pleasant or profitable themes for a long series of letters. One who is fairly gifted with genius and imagination can say all there can be said about such things in half a dozen communications of an average length. Having written this number, it seemed to me well to "let up" on the exposition until there should be an exhibition of something besides confusion and unreadiness.

Meanwhile your correspondent has been investigating other fields. In two weeks he has traveled much, although perhaps he may have seen but little. It has been said of a distinguished American traveler, now Minister at a foreign court, that he has "traveled more and seen less than any other man in the world." One can't see everything in two weeks; but such few things as have been seen by the present writer he will endeavor to lay before the *clientèle* of *The Times*.

So far as the correspondent and the readers of *The Times* are

concerned, it is a transaction in which the latter have all the best of it. They can sit comfortably at home and have an excursion in addition. They can take in half or more of Europe without a vexation or an annoyance. For them only clear skies and genial airs. For them no aching bones from long railway travel; no dust; no cinders or smoke from wheezing locomotives. They will escape the taste of vinegary wines; no cold winds howling down from snow-clad mountain-tops will freeze their marrow. They will have no "rows" with porters and hackmen; they will avoid the exactions of hotel-keepers, and thieves in other disguises who infest every highway and by-way of Europe. Upon them will pour no pelting rains. They will roam in eternal sunshine, incumbered with no baggage, bespattered by no mud, compelled to speak no language but their own, and take in Europe with feet on fender, cigar in mouth, and contentment blossoming all over their countenances.

As for me, in reference to my part in the transaction, I can only say — *au contraire*.

There was a little party of pilgrims who went forth to do Europe, or who, I may say, are doing Europe; for although in Paris to-day, it is only for a rest, and in a little time they will resume their pilgrim staves and journey. There were, or are, four of them. One of them is a gentleman, white as to hair, erect as to figure, distinguished as to appearance, and who is so well known in Chicago that of him I need give no further particulars. Him shall I term "The Commander," because for many years he has been in the van of a great public and private enterprise, and from that point has exercised the supervision and authority of leader. Then there is one whom I shall designate as "Madame"—a lady of artistic instincts, keen as to observation, and hunting always for rifts in clouds through which to catch glimpses of sunshine. And next there is, in many respects, the most notable member of the party, to-wit, a descendant of a long line of Senegambian Princes, but who was born and reared on American soil, and who, nobly superior to misfortune, blacks boots and brushes coats as if he were only the commonest of clay. Quite dark is he as to complexion, a trifle thick as to lip, and pronouncedly kinky as to covering of skull. In Germany he was known as "Herr Schwartze;" in Switzerland and Belgium he was styled "Monsieur Lenoir." In a confidential communication made to me one evening, I learned that he repudiates

emphatically being what is commonly termed a "nigger," but chooses rather to euphemistically class himself as a "shade." So be it, and henceforth The Shade be the designation of the dark descendant of the princely Senegambian line.

And, finally, there is another of this quartet who, although not a French citizen, may be known as Soussigné, and who hereafter in these narrations shall travel under this Gallic pseudonym.

What these four have seen, where they saw it, and what they thought about it, and such other germane facts and incidents as have presented themselves, will form the topics of a few letters.

It is nearly three weeks ago that the four were assembled in a room in the Westminster Palace Hotel, London. The Commander, with a pair of long-range spectacles on forehead, and a pair of short-range glasses astride his nose, was engaged in poring over an immense guide-book. The Madame, in an elegantly-trimmed morning wrapper, toyed languidly with a bit of Gruyere, and pensively awaited coming developments. The Shade was in a corner, pretendedly gazing out of the window, but in reality keeping a surreptitious, albeit a severe, watch upon a couple of bottles of porter which had come up with the luncheon, and the while speculating as to the probability of there remaining for him a drink of respectable dimensions. Soussigné—who is a tremendous smoker—sat on the sofa, and listened, while an undercurrent of thought bore along noiseless conjectures as to when he could slip away, and burn a choice cigar which he twirled lovingly in his fingers.

"We have now," said The Commander, in his deep, emphatic voice, as he looked up from the book and beamed upon the party, "some nine or ten weeks to dispose of. The question is, Where shall we go?"

"I favor Paris," said Madame. Soussigné ventured no opinion. The Shade took advantage of the moment, and silently moved the half-consumed bottles of porter from the table to the side-board.

"What we should do," continued the Commander, "is to put in these weeks to the best advantage. We must combine a pursuit of health and pleasure with a pursuit after information. We should go where there is the most to be seen within the smallest space of time and under the most enjoyable circumstance. The only question is, How can this be accomplished?"

"There is so much to be seen in Paris," said Madame, gently. "It will take weeks and weeks to see all the picture galleries, the

statuary, the monuments, palaces, and groves, and other things of interest."

The Commander thought Paris should be seen, of course, but later. Soussigné's opinion was invited.

"I do think," said that individual, deftly steering between Scylla and Charybdis, so as not to collide with either, "that you are right, and so is Madame. Paris is the world. One who goes to Paris and studies it thoroughly can study all nations and all products. It is a microcosm. At the same time, you are right in the suggestion that we should hunt up new and enjoyable routes. My idea would be that, in order to carry out the plan, we should spend our nine weeks as follows: Two weeks in London; then three weeks could be devoted to Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy; after which the other four weeks should be spent in Paris. This, I fancy, would be a very sensible division of time."

"A capital suggestion!" said Madame. "Only don't you think we are giving more time to the other places than is necessary, and that we might cut them down a little so as to devote more time to Paris? Two weeks, to be sure, is not too much for London, but how about the time for those other places?"

"There are," said The Commander, "hundreds of old cathedrals and castles in England which are worth a journey half around the globe to see, and which few or none of the rushing hordes of tourists ever care to visit. Here is the old home of the Warwicks, the king-makers of English history, for instance. Who knows anything about them? There is the armor to be seen of the gigantic earls so well known in history. Here may also be seen the 'Warwick Vase' found in Adrian's villa at Tivoli. Here is the magnificent Castle of Warwick, with all its curious relics and its inspiring historical reminiscences. Close by it is the Castle of Kenilworth, which Scott has immortalized in his novel. Within a few miles of these castles is Shakspeare's birth-place, Stratford-upon-Avon, and also the church in which he is buried. All these are within a circuit of less than a dozen miles in diameter. Now, is it not more sensible to visit such spots as these than to rush off to Paris with its tropical heats, its mobs of visitors, its discomforts and inconvenience? Let us go where we shall have rest, not excitement."

"How would it do," asked Soussigné, "to take the two weeks from London, and one from Holland, Germany, etc., and devote

them to such visits in England as you speak of? This would give three weeks; and one can see a great deal in three weeks if one is only active and stirring."

"Yes," said Madame, "I like that suggestion, only wouldn't it be better to give five weeks to English country places? The other week of the four could be —"

"Added to the time at Paris, you are about to say," interrupted The Commander. "No," continued he, "now this is exactly what we will do; it is rainy and cold in England, and it is now fairly comfortable on the continent. In a few weeks it will be more pleasant here, and less pleasant, on account of the heat, on the continent. We will therefore leave here to-morrow. We will give say five weeks to countries outside of France. Then one week in Paris—which will be more than ample—and the remaining three weeks in England and Scotland."

As these last utterances of The Commander were given in an emphatic manner, it did not appear to his auditory that there was any chance for argument. Madame said, "Oh, very well!" while Soussigné contented himself with "Certainly;" and then the council of war came to an end.

When Soussigné left the room, he was followed closely by The Shade, who had a very large swelling within his coat beneath each arm. Soussigné wished to ask the Senegambian some questions in regard to his royal ancestry, but the latter evidently had a pressing engagement somewhere below, for he declined to be social, and at once hurried away.

LETTER XLII.

GETTING OFF.

ON-THE-WING, June 10, 1878.

HE next morning after the council of war—whose proceedings were given at length in my last letter—that section of London lying between Paddington and Regent's Park might have seen a somewhat novel spectacle. That is to say, the people of that section might, had they been out of their beds.

But they were not. It was too early—not yet more than half-past six. Only the garden carts were astir, and a few working-men who were hurrying along, or who stopped for a moment to swallow a cup of coffee at the stands of the all-night street merchants.

The spectacle in question was that of a medium-sized man sitting on the curb-stone, and alternately closing his eyes, and a big hand-bag that lay in front of him. He was waiting for a cab, a



A CARPET-BAGGER.

cart, anything. He had the hand-bag, which was as large as a Saratoga trunk, and weighed a ton; an umbrella, a cane, an over-coat, a duster, a box of cigars, a small traveling-bag, a field-glass, a portfolio containing materials for correspondence, a hat-box, and a few other trifles. It was our new acquaintance Soussigné, who was trying to reach an underground station, so as to get to Charing Cross, where he was to meet the rest of the party. It was no job for a Christian, because no Christian could have stood the pressure of the occurrence without a display of temper which

would have cost him his standing in any respectably-orthodox religious denomination.

No hansom or "crawler" came along. They never do except when not wanted. No small boys turned up begging to assist in carrying the luggage. They never do except when not needed. It was half a mile to the station, and there were fifteen minutes to get there in. Waiting was no good; and Soussigné had to march. Taking the big hand-bag in one hand, the hat-box in the other, putting a cane and umbrella under one arm, the box of cigars under, and the overcoat and duster on, the other arm, he took up his line of march. First the umbrella tipped down one way and then the cane tipped up the other. In trying to catch them the overcoat fell off, and the duster got tangled up with his legs. When everything was in order, and he would get started, his hat would work down over his nose, obliging him to stop and unload in order to adjust it. It was hot—the only hot morning they have had in Great Britain since last July. The perspiration poured out like young rivers. No one hand and arm could carry the bag more than ten feet at a time, and hence he had to change every few seconds. This involved switching the box of cigars, moving the cane and umbrella, rebalancing the overcoat and duster, and bringing the hat-box and other fixtures into new positions.

But why prolong this agonizing recital? Suffice it that, with both hands raw, backbone cracked through at three joints, and remedilessly bent out of shape in several other places, he caught the underground, and, ten minutes before train time, he was deposited in Charing Cross station.

The others came soon after. The Commander, albeit a trifle lame, came up smiling; and beamed as benevolently through his gold-rimmed glasses as if he were disposed to take the whole world to his bosom. The Madame was radiant. The Shade staggered along with four umbrellas, some maps, The Commander's water-proof overcoat, a couple of guide-books, and five satchels of varying dimensions. In order to make it as interesting as possible for the Senegambian, Soussigné handed over his few effects to that person, with the result that he was so enveloped and covered up with satchels and things that there was but little of him visible except his lips in front and his heels behind.

A little later and the train went hissing over the iron bridge across the Thames, ran into and backed out of Cannon-street

station; and then went roaring and rattling over the roofs of the houses to the southeast. The alto-relief of the millions of chimney-pots grew flatter; the steeples became shorter and shorter; the great dome of St. Paul sank into the horizon; and, next, the train was flying between the trim hedges, the grassy slopes and quaint farm-houses of the open country.

"Ah me!" sighed the Madame, after a long look at the glorious panorama that flew by, "how very lovely is the English country! It is everywhere a picture."

"Yes," said The Commander, "it is very charming; but what strikes me most forcibly is the extraordinary neatness everywhere visible, and the evidences of economical management. There is no litter or waste anywhere—no rotting hay-stacks, no tumble-down fences, no out-houses in ruins. Every inch of land seems to be utilized. While we can teach these people many things, they can teach us something more valuable than everything else, and that is the meaning and worth of economy."

"Yes," said Soussigné, "the Britishers are a most economical people, especially in manners in public. I never knew any people so saving in this respect. The only extravagance they indulge in is in the size of their feet. However," he proceeded to say, with an apologetic sort of an air, "they may be saving as to manners and extravagant as to feet, yet they are a grand people commercially, financially, historically. Except, perhaps, in the matter of certain departments of art, and in invention, they are the foremost nation in existence. But"—and this he muttered almost inaudibly—"d—n their self-conceit, their arrogance, and their egotism!"

The Commander soon after gave the party a very interesting comparison of British and American forms of government, whose main feature was a strong leaning in favor of the system of ministerial responsibility. It was a terse, strongly-worded statement; and abounded with apt illustrations and pertinent historical facts. As a whole, The Commander seemed of the opinion that America has much to learn in the matter of government from the English.

Dover was duly reached. Its vast cliffs of chalk excited Madame's artistic admiration, and she said she would make a sketch of the harbor as soon as she reached the boat. She would have done so except for the little circumstance that, upon getting aboard, she discovered that she had neither pencil nor paper.

Besides this difficulty, in a little while she concluded that she was tired, and it would be much nicer to go below and lie down. The Shade soon after followed Madame, carrying a huge wash-bowl, although for what purpose—as Madame always averred that she was an excellent sailor and never the least bit sick in the world—will never be known. Soussigné endeavored to interview The Shade behind the smokestack, on the subject, but the Sengambian was sublimely reticent, and only answered by a grin which opened a chasm in his face like the yawn of a hippopotamus.

“They need a little American ingenuity and enterprise on this route,” said The Commander, as he made a frantic snatch at the bulwarks to save himself from the effects of a sudden lurch; “here is a route over which everybody travels, and yet they run boats that are about as large as, and have no more accommodation for passengers than, a Chicago river tug-boat. If an American company had this route, it would run the cars on great ferry-boats at Dover and transfer them to Calais and Ostend without passengers even leaving their seats. It’s scandalous—”

Just here the little tub gave a vicious pitch, and The Commander, who had incautiously loosened his hold on the bulwarks in order to give emphasis by gestures to his remarks, was flung half around and tossed backward. Fortunately, a leathern camp-stool caught him and saved him from a serious fall. What was “scandalous,” Soussigné never learned, as The Commander, with his back against the wheel-house, and his cane planted firmly on the deck, clung tenaciously to his stool during the remainder of the voyage, and glared over the little boat in gloomy and contemptuous silence.

Some six hours after leaving Dover, the boat entered the harbor of Ostend. The Shade was loaded up, and the party proceeded to the train which was in waiting a few yards away.

There is a custom-house at Ostend, which gave our travelers but little trouble. The Shade marched up to the platform for the reception of baggage, and proceeded to place in a row the dozen or fifteen packages with which he was loaded. He then produced a bundle of keys about as large as a half-gallon measure, and stood awaiting orders.

“*Mon Dieu!*” was the remark of an astounded green-coated official, as he ran his eye down the long perspective of parcels, and seemingly engaged in a calculation whether he could go through

the whole in a period much short of six weeks. Soussigné saw his look of dismay, and adroitly took advantage of it:

“Nous n'avons rien à déclarer, Monsieur,” he said, politely touching his hat to the official. The latter was evidently impressed with the politeness of Soussigné, as well as the supreme honesty which was apparent in his face.

“*Bon!*” said he, with a relieved air, as he proceeded down the line, chalking parcels as he went. Soon after the baggage was all aboard, the locomotive whistled, the train rushed out, and, half an hour later, was whirling through the lone and dreary stretches of northern Belgium.

“An uninteresting country,” said The Commander, as he looked from the car-window — “a mere dead level, like an Illinois prairie, without relief or break, except here and there rows of trees.”

“Ugh!” said Madame with a shudder, “how desolate! And see, it begins to rain.”

It did rain. Over the low, marsh-like expanse on either side came dismal clouds of a grayish black, and settled until they seemed to touch the dark surface of the green earth. The drops pelted the car-windows, rattled furiously against the roof, and splashed into foam the water of the net-work of ditches which extended everywhere over the adjacent area. The smoke from the locomotive, borne down by the depressing atmosphere, clung to the train and enveloped it in a moist and sticky pall. It was inexpressibly dreary, desolate, depressing. The Commander was overcome by the sinister welcome, and sank back into his seat and stared gloomily and weariedly into vacuity. Madame shudderingly pulled her wraps about her and shrank into a corner as if to escape the surroundings by retiring within herself. All seemed overborne by the sad portents of the first journeyings on the continent — all except Soussigné. It was evidently Soussigné’s opportunity. Like a great general he seized it.

“Ostend,” said he, “the town which we have just left, is a strongly fortified seaport, with seventeen thousand inhabitants. It is uninteresting save in August and September, when it has crowds of visitors who go there to bathe. It has a sea-wall forty feet high, which is used as a promenade. Historically, it is noted for its siege by Spinola two hundred and seventy-four years ago, when eighty thousand Spaniards and fifty thousand of the besieged perished.”

Madame listened languidly. The Commander made no answer,

as if he thought silence the only proper thing for such a country and such weather. But Soussigné was not to be put down. He proceeded:

"We pass through two towns of interest before reaching Brussels, or Bruxelle, as the natives term it. The first is Bruges. Bruges is a city of forty thousand inhabitants, although it once had two hundred thousand. It was formerly the commercial capital of northern Europe, but now it is of no particular consequence. Once the richest and the most powerful city in the old Flemish league, it has suffered persecution from various causes, until it is now scarcely more than a railway station. It has a cathedral, some pictures, and a chapel in which is a shrine said to contain some of the blood of the Savior."

"Have you ever been through here before?" asked Madame.

"No, I never have been," answered Soussigné.

"It's strange how well informed you are in regard to these places—and without ever having seen them!"

"Oh, a fondness for historical research and a fair memory will account for it," said Soussigné, endeavoring to look as if all such information in his case were a matter of course.

"What about that other town that you mentioned?"

"Oh, you mean Ghent, but which is here known as Gand. This town is a walled city, divided by a net-work of canals into twenty-six islands. It is known as the 'Manchester of Belgium.' It was begun eleven hundred years ago, and five hundred years since was larger than Paris. At one time Ghent could put eighty thousand armed men into the field. It has had its share of trouble, but has managed to retain its prosperity. Charles V. was born in Ghent in 1500. It has a cathedral, of course; some very valuable pictures, the remnants of a building in which John of Gaunt was born; and the Beguinage, an extraordinary place, in which live six hundred nuns in separate houses, who have taken no vow, and who spend their time in prayer and attending the sick. In Ghent, as in every other town in Belgium, lace-making forms a principal industry."

"It was in Ghent," said The Commander, "that the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was concluded in 1814."

"How very interesting!" said Madame. "I can't see how it is possible to remember so many details, especially in regard to foreign and remote places of comparative unimportance."

"It's not very difficult to one who is fond of history, and who gives more or less time to its study," answered Soussigné, with a polite bow, and a pleased expression at Madame's implied compliments.

The train halted at Bruges, and Soussigné went into a smoking-car to "draw a weed." He lighted a fragrant Havana, manufactured in London, threw himself into a corner, and then smoked, at peace with all mankind, including himself. He sat thus for a few minutes, and then reached lazily into the breast-pocket of his coat in search of something. Whatever it was that he sought, it was not there. The look of placid enjoyment on his face suddenly began to change into one of chagrin and anger. He rapidly searched all his pockets—nothing! He looked on the floor, under the seats, behind the cushions—nothing! He fidgeted; he inhaled great volumes of smoke; he was profane in emphatic undertones. When the train halted a moment at some small station, he rushed back to the car containing The Commander and Madame. The latter held in her hands a small book with a red cover, which she was glancing over with an expression half amusement, half sarcasm.

"You dropped this little book when you went out," she said.

Soussigné glanced at her sheepishly from the corner of his eyes, but said nothing.

"Here, take it. But no! I think I'll read you a little. It's so interesting!"

She began to read:

"Ostend is a strongly fortified seaport with seventeen thousand inhabitants. It is uninteresting save in August and September, when it has crowds of visitors who go there to bathe. It has a sea-wall forty feet high, which is used as a promenade," etc.

Glancing at Soussigné, who was looking somewhere else, Madame said:

"Very interesting, isn't it? And then here is something about a place called Bruges, which we have just left. Let me read."

She began:

"Bruges is a city of forty thousand inhabitants, although it once had two hundred thousand. It was formerly the commercial capital of Northern Europe, but now it is of no particular consequence. Once the richest and most powerful city in the old Flemish league, it has suffered persecution from various quarters until it is now scarcely more than a railway station," etc., etc.

Then Madame turned over a few leaves, and, with most exquisite politeness, said:

"Here is something about a place called Ghent, but which is known as Gand. Let me read: 'The town is a walled city, divided by a network of canals into twenty-six islands; it is known as the 'Manchester—'"

"Oh, dernation!" muttered Soussigné in an undertone.

"You have never traveled in this country before, I believe you said? Ah, well, it is astonishing what a fondness for historical research and a fair memory will do for a man. Now, isn't it?"

The Commander had dropped into a doze, and was hearing none of this interesting conversation. Soussigné stared sulkily out into the rain and pretended to hear nothing. Madame continued:

"It is so easy for one to remember details as to foreign places, especially when one is 'fond of history and gives more or less time to its study.' So very nice! Here, take your little guide-book. It's a good thing. Don't lose it, or your excellent memory as to historical details and all that might fail, you know!"

Just here Madame burst into a peal of merry laughter, in which, after a vain effort to continue sulky, Soussigné was compelled to join.

"I give it up, Madame," said he. "Now, if you won't say any more about this, I'll show you a shop in Brussels where they sell point-lace as cheap as they do second-hand bed-ticking in Chicago."

"All right; it's a bargain," was the reply.

Peace was concluded. Soussigné put the little book in an inside pocket and buttoned it in. A couple of hours later the train pulled up in the depot of the Belgium capital.

LETTER XLIII.

SEEING WATERLOO.

ON-THE-WING, June 12, 1878.

AT a nice, clean hotel in Brussels, in a conservatory used as a dining-room, three persons were engaged in dalliance with the dessert. A broad shelf which ran around three sides of the room was covered with pots of flowers. A subdued light came down in floods through the glass roof, and was caught by the red and white of blossoms and reflected from the thousand angles of the rich ware which loaded the tables. A bottle—an empty bottle—covered a half-inch thick with dust, occupied the place of honor on the table at which the trio was seated. Some glasses of delicate patterns, fragile, and diaphanous as if made of sunlight, were there, their rich crystal flecked with the crimson life-blood of Bordeaux grapes.

The Commander, none the worse for his journey, beamed on the others with his customary kindness. Madame was, as usual, characterized by a charming repose of manner. The Shade stood behind The Commander's chair, and had a far-away look in his eyes which bore witness that he was dreaming of his princely ancestral line, or else speculating as to the likelihood of his getting any dinner. Soussigné sat at the table intently listening, wondering when he could get away for a smoke, and now and then regarding Madame as she adroitly put away a slight yawn in her pocket-handkerchief.

"If this bottle of wine be a fair sample," said The Commander, "of the best Bordeaux wines, then I am satisfied we get better clarets in America. This wine is crude. It is not 'made.' And then look at that. What would you call that?"

Madame threw a languid glance at the cork which The Commander held up for examination. Soussigné asked permission to examine it more closely, and after having scrutinized it with the keenest attention, returned it, saying:

"Well, if I were put on my oath, I should say that to the best of my knowledge and belief that is a cork."

"It's a cork, of course, but what kind of a cork? The cork is something which is rarely deceptive. A good bottle of wine never has a poor cork. See how coarse and porous it is. If it

were a good cork it would be fine-grained, and with a surface as soft and as finished as satin. That cork at once shows that the wine is inferior, although it has cost the extravagant price—for this country—of ten francs. All the clarets we have thus far tasted lack age and finish. We get vastly better clarets from New Orleans. They have the sea-voyage in the first place, which is a good thing; and then they 'make' very fast in that climate. However, to change the subject, what's the programme?"

"Of course," said Soussigné, "the main interest connected with Brussels is the battle-field where Napoleon would have thrashed Wellington if Blucher had not gotten up with his Prussians."

"Oh, yes, we must go to Waterloo. Brussels without Waterloo would be 'Hamlet' with Hamlet omitted," said The Commander.

"As for me," said Madame, "while I would like to visit the battle-field, I would prefer to see the room in which

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry —."

But more especially should I like to see that place where

'Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain —.'"

"Ah well, suppose we see both," said The Commander. "We will go to the battle-ground first, and afterward we will look up that hall where Brunswick's fated chieftain sate.—"

"Provided you can find it," interrupted Soussigné. "There are several halls here which are claimed to be the ones where Belgium gathered her 'beauty and chivalry' the night before the battle; and there are at least seventy-five 'windowed niches,' each of which is said to be the one in which 'Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain,' and heard his morrow's doom with 'Death's prophetic ear.' In truth, in my private opinion, I don't believe there was any ball, or any 'sound of revelry by night,' unless it was some English officers bumming round the streets after a heavy wine dinner."

"You are an iconoclast," said Madame. "As for me, I prefer to believe these charming legends. They soften the harshness

of actual occurrences. They are the oases in the deserts of history."

"Waterloo was a one-horse fight, anyhow," said Soussigné. "Why, Grant used to lose in one or two skirmishes as many men as Wellington had to fight the battle with."

"It is not the number of the combatants engaged," said The Commander, "which gives to Waterloo its importance. Nor is it the desperate character of the fighting, whether we look at the valor of the furious and repeated assaults made by the French, or the stubborn and heroic resistance made by the English. There has been any number of battles in which the forces engaged were vastly greater, and the fighting qualities of the combatants equally marvelous. It is as a political fact that the battle of Waterloo becomes of tremendous magnitude. Had Napoleon won, it would have reversed the course of events, and the Europe of to-day would have had no existence."

Just here Madame tried to put away another yawn in her handkerchief. Either because the attempt was unskillfully made, or the handkerchief was so full of yawns that it would hold no more, the present one revealed itself to the whole table. Its appearance bred infection. The Shade slowly opened his jaws, and kept on opening them until there was nothing visible above his shoulders but a great chasm of red and white.

"I think," said The Commander, "as we have traveled a long distance to-day, we will retire early and so get a good start in the morning for Waterloo."

Good nights were exchanged and the parties separated.

The next day, soon after high twelve, a dilapidated and creaking vehicle, drawn by a bony horse, and containing three strangers, might have been seen crawling along the streets of Brussels toward the depot of the railway leading to Waterloo. As they thus moved along, one of them—it was Madame—said:

"Our progress is quite unlike a movement through these streets, and toward the same destination, which was made one night many years ago. Then

"There was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

"You are quite right," answered Soussigné; "nor is there any hurrying to and fro; for, mark you, how leisurely that animal

impels his skin full of bones along the street. There are no 'gathering tears,' unless those black clouds on the horizon are getting ready for a down-pour; in fact, our procession differs very essentially from the other. It is true that there were then 'cheeks all pale which blushed at praise of their own loveliness,' and there may be cheeks in our procession entitled to the same tribute, and—"

"*La gare, Mossu,*" said the cocher.

The trio dismounted, and in less than an hour were deposited at Braine Alleud, a little station a short distance beyond Waterloo, and where the extreme right of the English forces was posted.

Meanwhile it had begun to rain. It was not a mere rain, but a flood, which poured down accompanied by a wind as cold as if it had been lying for weeks on a glacier.

"Strange, isn't it," said The Commander, as the three huddled shiveringly under a little shed which served as a station, "that wherever we go a storm always goes with us? I'm afraid there is no Waterloo for us to-day," he continued as he gazed sorrowfully at the black and pitiless sky.

The Commander was entirely right in his apprehension. There was no let up in the storm. For three hours they waited and shivered, till a return train came along and took them back to Brussels.

"These Belgians don't seem to mind the rain," said The Commander, as they were returning. "See, the grain fields have droves of men and women who work on just the same as if it were sunshine."

"They're an economical people," responded Soussigné; "they find a use for everything—even for women. Now, there goes a cart in which is seated a man, while a dog and a woman draw it along. I like that! Women evidently have their rights in this country."

"Ah, indeed," said Madame, with an ironical accent.

"Yes," said Soussigné, "everything works here. Nothing is allowed to be idle. A Belgian dog, for instance, has no rosy time of it. He doesn't spend his time treeing cats, or loafing around with other dogs, or barking at small boys through a picket fence. Not much! The first thing he knows, he's put at work hauling a milk-cart, or a rag-wagon, or something of the kind. No cavoring around and having a good time for him. When he wakes

THE KIND OF A WIFE TO HAVE IN A FAMILY.



in the morning, instead of trotting around a couple of blocks to get up an appetite and see what's the news among the other dogs, or to find out whether that cat that he ran up a tree the night before has come down or not, he is put into his little harness and earns his breakfast like a Christian. And then the women—they don't sit around with a dozen silk dresses on hand, and nothing fit to be seen in. Oh, no! Just as soon as day begins to break, they slip on a nice blue frock and go to business. They don't dawdle around for a few hours, and then go down town and make the rounds of the dry-goods shops to match a piece of mauve ribbon. Nothing of the kind! They haven't the remotest idea as to what is the latest thing in 'bangs,' in waists, or pull-backs. That old blue frock which they wear, ties at the neck and buttons at the waist, and one of them can get into it, and be all dressed and ready for business before an American woman can get one eye open."

"How very wonderful!" said Madame, with ironical politeness.

"Yes, quite so," said Soussigné; "and then when a Belgian woman is ready for bed, it doesn't take her two hours to unbutton, unpin, unlace, unhook, untie, and unfasten generally. She gives a pull at the neck-string, a twist at the waist-button, kicks off her wooden shoes, hops into bed, and in two minutes is snoring musically—being altogether too tired to devote a couple of hours to candleizing and all that. That's the kind of a wife for a young fellow to go into business with! Only one pair of wooden shoes and one frock in a lifetime. Think of the saving in millinery and dry-goods bills! The only fault I can find with the Belgian system is that it puts too much on the men. Men are naturally, and by virtue of their intellectual superiority, managers. All they really ought to do is to plan the work and oversee its execution by the women. Otherwise the Belgian system is admirable. As soon as I get home, I am going to try and introduce it, dress and all, in Chicago, with such improvements as I have suggested."

The Commander had not apparently taken much interest in Soussigné's remarks. He sat and gazed gloomily out across the fields on which the rain fell with sullen persistence. Finally he said:

"Let's go somewhere else. We can do nothing here so long as this weather continues. What is there of interest to be seen in Brussels?"

"Nothing of great interest," responded Soussigné, "unless it be the house in which J. Russell Jones lived. We ought to make a pilgrimage to that shrine, I suppose."

"As for me," said Madame, "I should like to visit the palace at Lacken, where Joséphine once lived, and near which is the tomb of Malibran."

"That's all well enough," said The Commander, "but we can't visit anything unless we have some respectable weather. I propose we take a run over to Holland and then come back and 'do' Brussels."

"Agreed, *nem. con.*, so far as I'm concerned, replied Soussigné.

"What is there to see in Holland?" asked Madame.

"Why, don't you know," said Soussigné, "that Amsterdam is the greatest diamond market in the world?"

"Is it really? Oh, let us go to Holland, of course. How delightful! How kind of you to think of it," said Madame, as she gave The Commander a winning smile.

The next morning the party, including The Shade, was *en route* to Holland.

LETTER XLIV.

DOING HOLLAND.

ON-THE-WING, June 14, 1878.

THE same storm that used to hang around the Westminster Palace Hotel in London, so as to catch our excursionists whenever they showed a nose beyond the door-posts; which chased them up and pelted them when they were going from Ostend to Brussels; which waylaid them and caught them when they went to Waterloo—the same storm suddenly sprang upon them from an ambush as soon as they were fairly under way for Holland. It was a persistent, exhaustless, chilly, diabolical storm. It followed the excursion party as the snows and the Russians followed Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow. It knocked fiercely against the windows for admission: it clattered

on the top of the car as it were attempting to reach them by making a hole through the roof; it deployed its columns all about the train as if to surround the victims and render escape an impossibility.

The train was running across the low, flat lands of Belgium, going north toward Amsterdam. In due season it ran through the colossal fortifications and into the city of Antwerp.

"I suppose," said The Commander, "that we ought to give a little time to Antwerp; but as tourists have done it so thoroughly there is not much to be learned."

"I can give you all about Antwerp, or Anvers, as the French term it," said Soussigné, "in a nutshell."

"Ah, yes," said Madame. "You have, I have been told, a taste and an excellent memory for historical details."

"Taisez-vous, Madame! Here we have it in a dozen words," and pulling out his little book with the red covers, he read:

"Antwerp, Belgium, one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants; place great historical interest; situated on banks Scheldt; Rubens born and buried here. English Protestantism owes much to Antwerp, because here were issued many of the earliest editions of the New Testament. Very rich in historical, artistic, and archaeological associations. Particularly rich in art, having given birth to Reubens, Van Dyck, Quentin Matsys, and all the greatest painters of the Low Countries."

Here Soussigné closed the book and said:

"Voilà tout! It has a cathedral, of course. They all have. The women are an uninteresting combination of the stiffness of the Spaniard, the stupidity of the Flemish, dashed with a little French vivacity, taken from intercourse with modern civilization. The best thing in Antwerp is its pictures. I suppose that, as lovers of art, we should stop and go through the picture galleries."

"Can't we see Rubens and Van Dyck in the Paris galleries?" asked Madame.

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, then, what's the use of stopping here to see pictures, when we can see them at Paris?"

The party had a very narrow escape from missing a tour of Rotterdam. The train had halted in the depot of that city for refreshments. The Commander and Madame had returned to the car. Soussigné was walking up and down the platform, pulling

away at a big cigar, when it suddenly occurred to him that, as they were in a new country, the proper thing to do was to interview somebody. The guard of the train happened to be the nearest somebody, and him the interviewer went for.

“Parlez-vous anglais, monsieur?”

“Na,” was the reply of the Low-Dutch gentleman.

“Français?”

“Na.”

“Allemand?”

“Na.”

“Sanskrit?”

“Na.”

“Choctaw?”

“Na.”

This not panning out satisfactorily, Soussigné, still determined to interview somebody, went up to an individual with a red cap; and in order to have an excuse to say something, pulled out his tickets.

“Monsieur parle anglais, n'est pas?”

“Oh yes. What can I do for you?”

“When does the train leave for Amsterdam?”

He glanced at the tickets.

“It leaves in twenty minutes from a station about a mile from here. If you take a carriage and drive fast you may catch it!”

Soussigné tore himself away at a rate that must have astonished the gentleman in the red cap. The Commander was picking his teeth, and with his legs extended to the opposite seat, was particularly comfortable. Madame had wrapped up her head, and was half asleep in a corner.

“Get out, quick! Wrong train! Have to change here! Here, you Senegambian, tumble out with the traps!”

There was no time to spare. They had but barely reached the platform when the train rushed away. A cab was called, and the party driven to another depot, on the opposite side of Rotterdam. Madame was annoyed, and refused to look out the window. The Commander was evidently engaged in a speculation as to who was responsible for obliging him to leave a train which was going direct to Amsterdam, in order to take another train for the same place. Soussigné, therefore, had to do all the sight-seeing. He saw that Rotterdam is a quiet old town in which canals, streets, vessels, quays, are intimately mixed up. There are no

sidewalks to speak of, and consequently everybody, including dogs, donkeys, men, women, carts, cabs, children, goes along the middle of the street.

But there was little time for observation. Under pressure of extra compensation, the driver stimulated his steed into what was a suggestion of a trot, and they were soon at the other depot. The train was ready, the excursionists tumbled in, the doors were banged shut, and away they went.

"This is very provoking, I'm sure!" said the Madame.

"But console yourself, Madame," said Soussigné. "Don't you see that if we had not changed cars you would have missed seeing Rotterdam? How would it do to go back to Chicago, and confess that you had not taken in Rotterdam—Rotterdam, the second city in Holland—Rotterdam, near which is made the celebrated Schiedam Schnapps—the city where the great Erasmus was born—"

But Madame was chagrined at being rushed out of one train, through a city, and into another at such an undignified rate of speed. She shrugged her shoulders over Soussigné's remarks, whereupon he took the hint and subsided.

The rain still pursued them, but it could not prevent their becoming interested in the singular country through which they were running at thirty miles an hour. Everywhere canals, ditches filled with water, dykes, sluice-gates. Everywhere flat lands extending from horizon to horizon. Here and there dense masses of vegetation, amidst which gleamed the rich purple and gold and virgin white of blossoms.

"Oh, how lovely?" exclaimed Madame, whose artistic tendencies speedily overcame her chagrin over the Rotterdam fiasco. "See what exquisite tints in those flowers—how rich and massive the effects of the great waves of green in yonder grove!"

"I suppose you know," said The Commander, "that much of Holland lies beneath the level of the ocean—in some places, I am told, being from thirty to fifty feet below high-water mark; and that the country is only saved from being flooded by vast dykes constructed all along the sea-coast. It is said that in case of an invasion the entire region can be inundated."

"But in such a case," asked Madame, "what becomes of the inhabitants?"

"Oh, they go ashore, I fancy," said Soussigné.

"Inundating the country," continued The Commander, "would

be, it seems to me, very like the case of the chap who stood in his shirt in a doorway at midnight, in mid-winter, holding a dog out-doors for the purpose of freezing him to death—the Dutch would get the worst of it. But it is a country full of grand historical interest, dating back to the second century, when it was overrun by the Saxons and — ”

“ What in the world is that? ” suddenly exclaimed Madame, pointing to a melancholy-looking bird, shaped like a heron, with slender legs about three feet long, and a neck and bill of corresponding length, and which, poised upon one foot, with its bill stuck under its wing, stood in a most disconsolate attitude by a pool of water.

“ That, Madame, ” replied Soussigné, “ is a Dutch hen, one of the regulation kind which lays eggs, cackles, and scratches for worms. Its peculiar shape and length of legs prove the Darwinian theory that development depends on surroundings. This is an aquatic country. Hens cannot swim, but as there is everywhere water, their legs have gradually grown so that they can wade about without difficulty.”

Madame received the philosophical statement with a look of incredulity.

The country through which they were running between Rotterdam and Amsterdam lies along the east shore of the North Sea, and is, with scarcely any exception, devoted to dairy purposes. At intervals of three or four miles, the monotony of the treeless level is relieved by railway stations, in and about which are quaint houses, surrounded with charming flower-gardens, while the whole is enveloped with the dense foliage of evergreens and annuals, all of which seem to thrive most luxuriously in the wet soil and humid atmosphere. At all these stations are doll-like summer-houses, with living hedges trimmed into fantastic shapes, beds of gorgeous flowers, winding walks bordered with perennial plants, and arbors of light wicker-work, over which clamber vines purple in hue and dense and impenetrable in their luxurious growth.

In the distance, dotting the prairie-like expanse, appear at intervals, farm-houses, with their out-buildings. All these are anchored in little islands of green, which serve to protect them from the cold in winter, from the heat in summer, and to diversify a landscape which otherwise would be intolerable in its dreary monotony. Roads, there are comparatively none. Occa-

sionally a dyke, higher than the average is employed as a wagon track, and where one is thus used, there is usually a double row of trees planted on either side, and which covers the roadway with a living arch.

"Have you noticed," asked The Commander, "that since leaving Ostend, we have found neither in Belgium nor Holland, a single rod of fence upon any of the farm-lands?"

Soussigné owned up frankly that his eyes had not been blessed with the sight of even a suggestion of worm-fence, stone-wall, hedge, post-and-board, or any other of the numerous contrivances employed in civilized England and still more enlightened America.

"It is a good thing," continued The Commander. "It is estimated that the fences in America, and their repair, cost more than all the railways. In Nebraska they have passed a herd-law, whose effect is to oblige each owner to herd his cattle, and thus save the expense of fencing. The people seem to get along here without fences, and I don't see why we can't do the same. It is true that here in Holland the innumerable ditches serve as fences; but in Belgium there are no ditches or dykes, and they appear to have no difficulty."

"These ditches are really fences," said Soussigné. "Our fences are above ground, while these are inverted and run into the ground. The former is in alto-relief, the latter is an intaglio, or in reverse. The principle is the same, only the application is different. The intaglio style, it seems to me, is best. A cow can't throw down a panel or two, and so get over into the clover field. That white slave—the boy on a farm—does not have to take a dog and an axe and go over and chase the cows out of a corn-field, and then mend a couple of rods of rail fence, while the able-bodied farm-hands are taking an after-dinner snooze under a shade tree. I was a boy in the country once, and I know how it is myself. Ugh!" said he with a grimace of disgust, "I can even yet feel the Canada thistles which used to run into my bare feet. There was always a steer that would run four times around the whole field pretending he didn't know the way out, and who always went where the thistles and stones were the thickest and sharpest. As a boy, give me the Holland fence which can't be hooked down, and which doesn't stick slivers in a boy's hands, or oblige him to smash his shins with an axe when he goes to mend it."

In Madame, who had never been a boy in the country, these pathetic reminiscences seemed to awake no sympathetic chord. As for The Commander, never having gone barefooted when a lad, and stubbed his toe against a stone in the road, while racing a red squirrel along a rail fence, he too, seemed little or not at all affected. He did not wipe away any tears, or seem even sorry, which Soussigné took to be quite unfeeling on his part. The veteran mused awhile as if he were wondering what the deuce steers, cornfields, and Canada thistles had to do with Holland scenery, and then apparently giving it up, he said:

"It certainly cannot be a very healthy country. All these ditches are stagnant and covered with a green slime. It must be frightfully malarious. I wonder how they get along with so few roads?"

The answer came almost at once. The train ran by a group of cows which were being milked. In the nearest ditch was a flat-bottomed boat, loaded with glistening tins, and which a man with a pole was pushing along in the direction of a distant farmhouse. Frequently thereafter were the same vehicles to be seen, loaded with milk-cans, bundles of wood, farming implements, or hay, all being propelled in one direction or another.

"There are the Holland roads," said Soussigné. "In winter, when frozen, all these ditches serve as road-ways for sleds and skaters. When a Holland lover invites his sweetheart to take a ride, he places her tenderly in a flat-bottomed scow, and then with a pole sends her along, the while murmuring his passion in the softest, gutteral Dutch. They go to christenings, to funerals, to pay visits, to make love, to get married, in these primitive vehicles. There, for instance, you see that boat to which is hitched a cow, and in which are a man and a woman. That, I have no doubt, is some nabob taking his mistress for a drive. With his cow, he is to other fellows who propel their craft with a pole, what a four-in-hand in Hyde Park is to the donkey-cart of a costermonger in Petticoat Lane."

"Holland seems unique in everything," said The Commander. "When I get home I shall read Motley's 'Dutch Republic' with much more interest than I read it without having seen the country."

"One must see a country, or a people," said Madame, "in order to understand it. Writers somehow fail in doing what they



A DUTCH NABOB.

should do, and that is to present a country so the reader can see it as a picture."

"True," said Soussigné, "there's nothing like travel to correct false notions. I have no doubt, for instance, that many people are under the impression that the Dutch are web-footed, and have tails like beavers. Now that we see them, we discover that all our life we have been laboring under a delusion."

Thus chatting they rolled along — along over resounding bridges, across canals crowded with queer and clumsy boats; by herds of cows being milked in the open fields; through long and dreary stretches gridironed with slimy ditches, by stations with a whistle and a fierce rush, where flashed across the vision women in short gowns with high-crowned caps and golden ornaments that curled like ram's-horns about their foreheads; on and on until upon the horizon there came into view a dense black mass which slowly grew into domes, steeples, wind-mills, towers and houses; and then, a little later the tourists were in the depot among the odd figures, the queer architecture and unintelligible jargon of Amsterdam.

LETTER XLV

AROUND AMSTERDAM.

ON-THE-WING, June 17, 1878.

THEY were going from the depot to the hotel, through the streets of Amsterdam, in a close carriage, when Soussigné suddenly exclaimed:

"What in heaven's name are all these people staring at?"

It was something marvellous. As they went along, people stopped, and gazed at the carriage, with open mouths, and eyes which grew big with wonder. Out of the windows of the narrow houses heads were thrust; the white-capped servant-girls who were sweeping the front "stoops" suspended operations to lean on their brooms and watch the carriage; men and women in groups nudged each other to invite attention to the vehicle — in fine, all that portion of Holland's capital through which the ex-

cursionists were passing seemed possessed by a most singular and lively curiosity in regard to the Yankee travelers.

"This isn't the first time," said Soussigné, "that this thing has occurred, although the curiosity of these stolid Dutchmen seems more pronounced than that of other places. We seemed to attract an extraordinary amount of attention when we rode through Brussels and Rotterdam. I wonder if there is anything remarkable about us?"

"Perhaps they think we are grand dukes, or something, in disguise," said Madame.

"It's infernally annoying, anyhow," said Soussigné. "I wonder if there is anything going on outside. I think I'll take a look."

He thrust his head and shoulders out of the carriage window. The whole matter suddenly presented itself. On the seat with the driver was The Shade. His shoulders were thrown far back, and his thumbs were thrust into the arm-holes of his vest. His head was tipped so far back that he seemed to be gazing into the tenth stories of the houses along the street. His cap was on his left ear; and across his broad nose was stretched a pair of enormous eye-glasses, whose rims inclosed spaces as large as saucers.

"It's that d—d nigger — beg pardon for the profanity," said Soussigné, as in huge disgust he pulled himself in like a snail. And then he proceeded to describe the spectacle on exhibition on the driver's seat. The Commander was amused, the Madame furious. A moment later they halted at the hotel, whereupon The Shade appeared as usual to open the door. His cap was square on his head. There was no vestige of the eye-glasses except a furrow which had been pinched into the half pear-like formation which served for a nose. He was fairly round-shouldered with humility, and seemed as if he were too modest to look anybody squarely in the face.

Soon after the excursionists had gone to their rooms, Soussigné happened to pass by that occupied by Madame. Just then The Shade came out with a look on his countenance which convinced Soussigné that he had been receiving a piece of Madame's mind. He looked very chop-fallen and sheepish; and, during that evening, he stood around on one leg, and seemed the incarnation of wretchedness.

"The fact is," said Madame, at dinner, "they think more of a

negro on this side than they do of a white person. In England everywhere the prettiest of the servant girls, at the hotels, thought it an honor to get The Shade for an escort in a walk."

"And I never go out in front of a hotel where we are stopping," said Soussigné, "without finding him the center of an admiring crowd. They evidently look upon him as a Russian prince, and upon the rest of us as his attendants."

"It's a shame, and I won't have it," was Madame's reply, and then the subject dropped.

Among the waiters at the dinner was a tallow-faced person, of some thirty-four years of age, who became noticeable because he spoke English very fairly, and because of his close attention to the wants of the excursionists, and his general air of dejection.

After dinner, Soussigné was smoking a cigar in the hall, when the tallow-faced waiter with the dejected countenance came up to him, thrust a card into his hand, and said:

"I see you are from Chicago. I once lived in Chicago."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, I was a drummer for Field & Leiter."

"What are you doing here?"

"I was born here, but went to America when I was young. I have been also in China, Japan, Australia, and Russia. I saved a few thousand dollars in China, and went back to America and invested in White Pine mining claims. That ended me, and I came home to Holland."

"How do you amuse yourself now-a-days?"

"My mother is quite rich, and very old. She can't last long, I'm sure. When she slips out, I'll be all right again. In the meantime, I wait on the table here, and act as guide to travelers around Amsterdam. I'd like to show you around." and as he concluded he heaved a sigh that convulsed him like a young earthquake.

The next day was Saturday, and under the guidance of Field & Leiter's former protégé, the party went abroad in an open carriage to view the city. It rained, of course; but the weather, evidently wearying of its long effort to drown the party, had changed its tactics. It was no longer a steady rain. It now stormed in vicious showers, and between these a fierce wind came howling down from the Zuyder Zee, and chilled the very marrow of the excursionists.

"Of course," said Madame, "the first places we should visit are the diamond establishments."

"Quite unfortunately," answered the guide, "that is impossible, because to-day is Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath; and, as all the diamond business is in the hands of Jews, and every establishment closed, you cannot see any of the diamond works."

Here Soussigné informed the party that, for his part, had he known this, he would have seen Amsterdam more dammed even than it now is—and it is full of dams—before he would have come hundreds of miles to see a played-out Dutch settlement, which, outside of its diamond works, is of no possible interest.

"But," said The Commander, "there is certainly much else to see. Amsterdam is so intimately associated with the settlement of various parts of America that it cannot but be of interest to a traveler from that country, especially one from eastern New York. The student of race will find here explanations of the peculiarities in the manners and habits of one of the most respected and influential branches of the American nation."

"I see at once," said Madame, "the origin of various names. In fact, the English and Dutch seem very much alike. There, for instance, is a sign which reads 'Scheep Victuallen.' That's almost exactly like English, although it must be a queer business to furnish victuals for sheep."

"Pardon me, Madame," said Soussigné, "you are partly right and partly wrong. 'Scheep Victuallen,' in my humble opinion, does not exactly mean victuals for the sportive lamb and the innocent sheep, but rather, 'Supplies for Vessels.' Otherwise, I think you have it exactly."

The party rode for some hours, and saw much that they had never seen before, or even dreamed of seeing. There are two rivers and four principal canals, over which the town is extended, and these are connected by smaller canals in every direction. It is difficult to say whether Amsterdam should be regarded as a system of water-courses, with some houses on the banks, or a city, through which extends a net-work of navigable ditches.

"All Amsterdam," said the guide, "all the houses, streets, quays, docks—everything you see, even the canals, are built on piles. Where we now ride, wherever we may ride was once the sea."

The character of the houses struck the travelers as being very

queer. As a general thing, all have steep, double roofs, and stand with the gables toward the street. Just under the gable is a large, square window, over which projects a beam with a pulley and a rope. This, the guide informed them, is used for raising all the material used in housekeeping, so as to avoid the dirt, incidental to carrying things up the stairway. Few of the houses are palatial in their exterior, those on the more aristocratic streets falling behind even the third-rate private residences in Chicago. Many of the houses which run up five, six, or seven stories in height, are often not more than from nine to twelve feet in width.

The widest streets are narrow compared with those of Paris or New York. The majority are mere paths, through which, in passing, the pedestrian can, with extended hands, touch the buildings on either side. In such cases the streets are mere fissures opening down through the queer and antiquated tenements. Nearly every house in Amsterdam is provided with small square mirrors, placed at such angles before the upper windows, that one sitting before one of them cannot only see callers, but also all that is going on along the street in every direction.

"What are those mirrors used in such quantities for, do you suppose?" asked Madame.

"Probably," said Soussigné, "that the Dutch house-wife may know what is going on next door, without the trouble of dressing in order to go out and get the latest news. She now can glance in her little mirror and see what the people over the way have for dinner; who takes the young lady in No. 12 out for a walk or drive; who called at No. 25, and how long he stayed, and all that. It seems to me these mirrors are great labor-saving institutions in the interest of over-worked women. A woman can, with one of them, know all that is going on in a neighborhood, and without expending a tithe of the labor which an American woman must ordinarily employ in order to accomplish the same, and to her, desirable result."

Madame's answer was rather a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"Amsterdam," remarked The Commander, "is not, I believe, either directly on the North sea or on the Zuyder Zee, is it?"

"No," said the guide. "The river Ij here widens out into a sort of bay, and the city is on the south bank. It is between the North sea and the Zuyder Zee, being a little nearer the latter than the former. It used to reach the German ocean by way of the

Zuyder Zee, but many years ago a ship canal was built which runs from here north, and it is fifty miles long. Lately another ship canal has been constructed which is some sixteen miles long, and reaches the sea at the mouth of the Ij. It cost over \$10,000,000. It is about ninety feet wide at the bottom, over two hundred feet at the surface, and will admit vessels having a draught of twenty-four feet. It is expected that in time the entire cost of the canal will be more than met by the waste land on both sides of it, which was formerly a marsh, or at the bottom of a lake, and which is being gradually transformed into excellent farming lands worth hundreds of dollars an acre."

"Should you make a note of these important details," said Soussigné, "don't spell the river 'e-y-e,' for although it is pronounced exactly like that important visual organ, it is really spelt 'Ij.'"

"By-the-way," inquired Madame, "I see that every 'bus and street car which we meet has the word 'Dam' on it. Has it some particular meaning?"

"Nearly the same as in English," said the guide. "It means to dam a stream. The principal public square of Amsterdam is known as the 'Dam.' To and from this all 'busses and street cars run. Amsterdam comes from the river Amstel—which runs through the city—and the word 'dam.' The city itself is crescent-shaped and has four principal canals, which follow the shape of the outer rim of the crescent, and lie within each other—that is to say are concentric. All these canals are connected by hundreds of shorter canals, which cut the others generally at right angles."

"What a great pity," said The Commander, in an aside to Soussigné, "that a man of such extended information, and who once occupied the conspicuous position of drummer for Field & Leiter, should be reduced to waiting—that is, waiting on a table, and waiting for the death of his mother!"

They drove everywhere. They went out on the enormous dykes which separate the city from the gulf of the Ij. Beneath lay the city; higher up lay the gray and monotonous extent of water. Mile after mile of masts, from which floated the flags of every nation, bore witness to the extent and variety of the commerce of Amsterdam. Far to the northeast were banks of mist, in hue like the leaden clouds, which marked the location of the Zuyder Zee. Apart from the activity along the wharves, the scene

was cold, dead, cheerless. Away on every side from the city extended the monotonous level of the open country. Below lay the city, sombre, without a single relieving tint of color. On the north were the gray waters, whose low horizon gave the impression of an ashen, illimitable waste. The heavy clouds hung low in the sky, the wind came fiercely and freezingly from the north. The Commander shuddered. "Let us go to the hotel," said he. "This cold goes through me like a sword of ice."

On their return they made the circuit of the city, following the bow of the crescent.

"Good heavens!" suddenly ejaculated Madame. "How inhuman! See those poor little boys in this freezing weather, over there, playing soldiers, and each with his nursing-bottle slung over his shoulder!"

The guide fired up instantly. "'Little boys!' Those are regular soldiers, and what you call 'nursing-bottles' are cartridge-boxes."

"Soldiers! Has Holland any soldiers?" asked Soussigné.

"Yes, indeed! Holland has a standing army of twenty thousand troops."

"Is it possible! And what for? You must keep them to fight water-rats."

But the guide had become sulky, and refused any further information on the subject. The excursionists encountered large squads of these "soldiers" drilling on the dykes. Madame was right in her original impression. They were mere children as to size and age. Many seemed no more than sixteen, and few were more than five feet three or four inches in height.

"I can only account for the extreme youth of these soldiers," said Soussigné, "by supposing that all the veterans have been killed off in those tremendous wars in which Holland is always engaged."

"What wars?" queried The Commander. "I am not aware of her having had any very great war since the time of Philip I. and the infamous Duke Alva."

"The wars I refer to," answered Soussigné, "are her ceaseless combats with Schnapps, bad water, the malaria of these everlasting marshes, and the stenches from these canals. Have we seen a single healthy, ruddy face since we entered Amsterdam? Not one. The men are stunted as to height. The women are, without exception, pale, emaciated, cadaverous. There is not

even a healthy-looking child. Last evening I spent an hour in Rembrandt Square, which seems a great play-ground for children, and among the hundreds whom I saw there, I did not see one robust, vigorous specimen. As for beautiful women, I have seen but one unmistakably handsome woman in Holland."

Here Soussigné looked carelessly at Madame.

"Indeed!" said the latter, "where did you see her?"

"Oh, I saw her at the hotel, and then I saw her out driving to-day. I fancy, however, she is a foreigner; very likely an American."

"How I wish I could see her," said Madame; and then the matter dropped.

Everywhere, as they circled the city, they found hundreds of windmills, all tossing their long arms wildly in the stiff breeze. The guide explained that they do all sorts of work—pumping, grinding, sawing, turning, everything. Soussigné saw in them additional evidence of Dutch economy. "Wind costs nothing," he said, "and so it is a favorite power with these people. It comes from the land, rushing toward the ocean; but it finds here toll to be paid. It must halt long enough to grind a grist for these Dutch burghers, and then, gathering up armfuls of the stenches which lie along the canals, it bears them away to the distant ocean. Any wind coming this way has got something to do before it can get out of town. It doesn't spend its time in smelling at tulips and geraniums, or in tumbling up the green masses of the trees, or in chasing hats up the street, or blowing dust in the eyes of pedestrians. When it gets here it is just harnessed up and put to work, and like a casual in a London night-shelter, it is not allowed to go until it has done a certain amount of work. If you should treat these breezes in the same way at home they would sober down, and not go about unroofing houses smashing steeples, and making balloons of hay-stacks and small children as they now do so often in Illinois and Wisconsin."

"Shall we stay and see the diamond works?" asked Madame, when they had reached the hotel.

"Not necessary," said Soussigné, "because you can see the same thing being carried on in the exposition at Paris."

The Commander complained that the weather was too atrocious for human endurance; and despite the fact that they had not visited any of the picture galleries or the museums, he thought they had better hunt a warmer climate.

"We will go back," said he, "and finish Belgium and Waterloo, and then we will go south to Switzerland."

The next afternoon saw them seated beneath the glass roof, with the warm light, and amidst the fragrant flowers of the conservatory of the hotel at Brussels.

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LETTER XLVI.

AMSTERDAM TO THE RHINE.

ON-THE-WING, June 19, 1878.

HE excursionists were seated at the table in the hotel in Brussels, where they were at the close of the last letter.

The Commander had the floor. He was saying:

"I'm sorry the weather was so against us in Holland, for the people there are unquestionably the most unique in Europe, and, more than any other, worthy of close study. Their industry; the colossal work they have performed in rescuing so large a territory from the sea; their enterprise in colonial extensions; their great maritime performances, and their commercial enterprise place them second to no other European nation in all that contributes to the true greatness of a people. What we saw in Amsterdam is not fairly representative of the Dutch character. That city is scarcely more than a new or second Jerusalem, in which the Jewish element predominates. We should have gone into the country places; we should have gone into the farm-houses, in order to get a true estimate of the excessive cleanliness, the originality, the grand charitableness, the singular costumes and customs, the real life of the people. It's a great pity that we could not have given a week or two to a studious examination. We would have found the originals of Washington Irving's sketches, for these people do not change. We should have seen the Dirk Hatteraicks, Rip Van Winkles, Von Tromps, De Ruyters, and other characters, legendary or historical, exactly almost as they were in the originals."

"True," said Soussigné, "I would not have been surprised to have met the Flying Dutchman at any turning of the street.

What I am astonished at, however, is that the Amsterdammers allowed us to leave with any money. They evidently did not intend to leave us any; they made up their minds as to the amount they supposed we had, and made their bills to include it all."

"What do you mean?" asked Madame.

"Well, in plain English, I mean to be understood as saying that I regard the Dutch as the biggest thieves in Europe. The hotel bill was twice what it has been at any other place, and consequently was four times as large as it should have been. Everything that I priced at the shops was rated at six times its value. Every waiter at the hotel had some photographs or cigars, or guide-books, or something to sell; and robbed me when I bought anything, and abused me when I refused to purchase. You remember, perhaps, that when we left the hotel there was no one present, as is usually the case in European hotels, to touch his hat and say good-bye? Yes? Well, that was because I had just refused to buy a box of 'real Havanas' from the steward at ten times their value. He was so disgusted at my refusal that he did not come to see us off, although I had given him a fee of five francs. His last remark to me was that every *gentleman* who left the hotel always bought a box of his cigars."

"I must say," said Madame, "that I found many charming things in Amsterdam. This was especially the case with the chimes from the steeples. Every quarter of an hour they would ring out softly, and at every hour the carillons were full, sonorous and enchanting. Then the queer old boats in the canals, stained the color of rich mahogany, and built as if to last forever; the quaint head-dresses of the women; the tall buildings with their pointed gables mirrored in the canals—all these were odd, interesting, and often full of artistic qualities."

"And yet," said Soussigné, "strangely enough you missed one of the most charming things in all Amsterdam."

"What was that?"

"A public house of confinement and correction to which a husband can send a scolding or otherwise disagreeable wife for punishment and reform."

"Humph! I don't see anything very attractive about that. It strikes me as being more brutal than attractive."

"But I haven't come to what a woman would regard as the charming feature of this institution. That is, that a woman can

send her husband there in case he doesn't behave himself. Now, isn't that charming?"

Madame was silent.

"Just fancy how convenient such an arrangement for a wife who finds her husband a bore—as some husbands are. She sends him to the Spinhuis and keeps him there until he mellows and agrees to behave himself—to buy a couple of new bonnets, to send her and the children for a month to a watering-place, to not speak to that *thing*, Miss Millefleurs, and generally to conduct himself as a well-regulated, obedient husband ought to. Ah, you see, these thrifty people know how to care for the comfort of their wives!"

"What's the programme for to-morrow?" asked The Commander, suddenly breaking in on Soussigné's eloquent dissertation on the domestic life of the Hollanders.

"I don't know," said the latter. "What's your idea?"

"We ought to see Waterloo, of course, then take a look around Brussels, after which let us hunt a warmer climate."

"Where, for instance?" asked Soussigné.

"It must be delightfully warm and pleasant at Paris, just now," said Madame.

"I think," said The Commander, apparently not hearing Madame's remark, "that after having finished here we might go over to Cologne, and so up the Rhine. So much is said and written about the trip up the Rhine that, it seems to me, while we are in the neighborhood, so to speak, we ought to make it. After that we can take a run through Switzerland, over to Venice, perhaps then to Genoa, and from there to Paris."

"All right," answered Soussigné.

"Delightful!" said Madame. "I've always been dying to see the Rhine. Let's go there by all means."

"Good night," said The Commander, as he left the table for his room.

The next day it rained. No Waterloo. The Commander thought fate was against them. "It's too bad," he said. "Here is an opportunity to look over the ground from which history has constructed its most illustrious page; and yet we are defeated by a contemptible shower. It is the lost opportunity of a lifetime."

"Console yourself," said Soussigné. "When we were down to Braine Alleud, on the verge of the battle-ground, I saw a vener-

able old stick, who is a guide, and who, although not more than fifty years old, fought all through the battle, and was decorated on the spot, for his gallantry, by Napoleon. He informed me that not long since he had shown 'zee great Zhenerale Zhreedon over zee battle-feel.' Now, as the great General Sheridan has been over 'zee battle-feel,' and he lives in Chicago, anybody who is anxious to get full particulars about Waterloo has only to apply to the general, either by letter or in person. The general is a good-natured chap, and, not having much to do, will doubtless be very glad to answer all such applications; and, from his experience in military matters, his description, I have no doubt, will be very full, intelligent and instructive."

They dawdled around all that day. Madame managed to slip out between a couple of showers and sample a few specimens of Brussels lace. She returned with the information that for ten dollars she could buy a piece of lace which in Chicago would cost one hundred and fifty; that Brussels lace is finer than any other made in Belgium, or in the world, and that the spinning of the thread is so delicate an operation that it must be done in a darkened room, into which only a small bit of light is admitted. Mechlin lace, she said, is, or was, made at Malines, Mechlin being the French name for the town. She gave much other interesting information, among which was something to the effect that, however cheap Brussels lace may be at Brussels, it can be purchased at a considerably lower figure in Paris.

They had no opportunity for an examination of Brussels, except as they saw it on the way to and from the railway station. They saw that there are an old town and a new one; the former being quaint and antiquated, with narrow streets and no side-walks. The latter is simply a reproduction of Paris in its architecture, its streets, its places, and boulevards. It struck the excursionists as being, in the dress and manners of its people, the display of its shops, the style of its monuments, and the like, a thin imitation of Paris—that is to say, Paris of popular estimate. Viewed from the west, Brussels is seen reclining on a hill-side, and presents a most charming picture. As a whole, the excursionists were pleased with it, and wished as they were leaving it that they could have seen more of it, as the hotel fare and accommodations were excellent, the prices reasonable, and everybody polite and attentive.

On the next day, which was a Tuesday in May, A. D. 1878, the

excursionists were on board a train, flying nearly due east across Belgium, toward Cologne. It was raining, by way of variety.

"I suppose," said The Commander, "that we are passing over the most classic ground in Europe — perhaps in the entire world. For a score of centuries, the population of Belgium or Flanders, under one name or another, has occupied a conspicuous position in the attention of mankind. The Romans found here the most desperate resistance which they encountered in their northern march. The Flamands have been overrun by the French, by the Danes, and Swedes, by the Spaniards under the infamous Duke of Alva, and finally by the French. No country has experienced such tremendous changes — has been so barbarous, so civilized; so poor, so wealthy; so ignorant, so enlightened; so given to superstition, and yet so tolerant; so reduced to slavery, and yet so free. I believe it is the first state which attempted the management of railways by the government; and, according to all accounts, the experiment has proved a grand success. Fares are lower than in any other country in the world, and travel is many times greater in proportion to population. I am not certain that, in order to end the railway troubles in America, we may have to — — — "

"Oh, just see there!" exclaimed Madame, pointing to a plowed field, across which a cow, with distended udders, and a horse twice as high as the cow, were harnessed together, and were dragging an enormous harrow. A woman in a blue frock, a tight-fitting cap, and wooden shoes, was driving the queer team, while a man, with a pipe in his mouth, stood at one end of the plowed field, and seemed to be overseeing the operations of the others. "Now, isn't that a blistering shame?" continued Madame, with hot indignation. "See that brute of a man, dawdling there, while that poor woman wades through the heavy ground!"

"Madame," said Soussigné, "you don't look below the surface. Now, that to me is the most beautiful and poetical thing I have seen in many a day."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that when one looks at that scene properly he sees in it something touching beyond description or comprehension. He sees in it an illustration of woman's holy devotion to the other sex. The true rendering of what you see, or saw, is that that woman loves her husband. Yes, madame, loves him too well to permit him to weary his dear limbs, to soil his beloved feet — — — "

"Oh, nonsense!" said Madame, turning her head away, and cutting short Soussigné's remarks by gazing out of the opposite window.

They flew along, noticing that every inch of Belgic soil is cultivated. They saw grains of every kind; and instead of great square fields devoted to a particular species, they noted that the face of the country is agreeably diversified, like a chess board, by a succession of small patches, each of which was sowed or planted with a different grain. The deep green of wheat lay next to the dark-hued rye; the straight and slender barley contrasted harmoniously with the mazy and sinuous potato-tops. Everywhere thrift, industry, and a promise of plenty. Groups, composed of men, women and children, were seen in every wheat-field, uprooting invading weeds; cows were at work dragging cultivators through the potato drills; dogs were hauling light carts along the narrow roads. Nowhere anything unemployed; no person idle.

Suddenly the train drew up at a station. The doors were flung open, and a heavily-bearded face, with a head surmounted by a military cap of a new pattern, was thrust in, and the party ordered, in the hoarsest and most guttural of German, to descend.

"Halloo!" said Soussigné, "here we are on the North Side."

"What do you mean?" queried The Commander.

"Why, that we've crossed the Chicago river and struck the *Nord Seite*. This place is Herbesthal. We are in Germany. Don't you recognize that roar outside? It's North Clark street. I begin to feel as though there was an alderman to be elected, and I ought to go out and ask the crowd to have some lager."

They dismounted, passed through the custom-house, had their few dozen traps passed on, entered another car, and then went thundering along German soil toward Cologne.

There was a great change. The small fatigue-cap of the Belgic conductor was succeeded by an immense one with an overhanging crown, such as is worn by the German soldiery. There was a shunt in the language. In place of the low nasal of the French there was the hoarse, imperative roar of the *Deutsch*. In all the stations in Belgium, the waiting-rooms, ticket-office, eating-rooms, and so forth are shown by signs conveying the necessary information in Flemish, German and French. In the German stations, with a sturdy disregard for all other nationalities, the same information is given only in the vernacular. The Belgic conductors

were polite; the German conductors thundered their demands for *billets* with the brusqueness and volume of voice employed by a boatswain in giving orders in a storm to reefers in the main-top. All of the blond officers in spectacles who came along, seemed to have in their faces the proud intimation that they had just licked France, and were prepared to serve the rest of mankind after the same fashion, at the earliest opportunity.

Everywhere soldiers in blue, a majority with spectacles or eyeglasses, with the broad-crowned fatigue cap, thrown bravely up in front, and bearing themselves as if they had just come from Sedan. Fine-looking specimens are they, too; broad of chest, square as to shoulders, straight as ramrods, and moving with an easy grace, and a sturdy, powerful swing.

Thus the excursionists moved along North Clark street till toward evening, when they saw in the flat distance a mass of gray lying low on the horizon. This swiftly uplifted itself in Gothic outlines and vast dimensions, till, a little later, when at a hotel at its base, they found themselves on the banks of the Rhine, and under the great shadows of Cologne's famed cathedral.

It rained. Nevertheless they rode a little while before dark around the mazy, ancient, narrow streets of Cologne. They stood for a moment beneath the sublime arches of the cathedral. They went up to Farini's and bought some bottles of eau de Cologne, so as to be sure to get it from the fountain-head; and then, as it became dark, they returned to the hotel.

The Commander and Soussigné sat in the *salon*, discussing the situation. The Shade stood behind a chair, balancing himself on one foot, as usual, and yawning dismally when he thought nobody was looking. Madame, fatigued by the day's journey, had retired.

"I do hope," said The Commander, "that we may have fair weather for our trip on the Rhine, to-morrow."

"Yes," said Soussigné, "I hope so, too. There are so many places of interest, all of which will be new to me. By the way, I wonder if, before reaching Mayence, we pass Worms?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said The Commander, with a queer look in his eyes.

Just then The Shade rushed out of the room in what seemed unnecessary haste; and a moment later, Soussigné, bidding The Commander good night, followed him.

Hearing a choking sound in the opposite corner of the room

as he entered it, Soussigné glanced over and saw The Shade nearly bent double and evidently in a paroxysm of some kind. He had stuffed the bolster from the sofa into his mouth, and was now engaged in ramming in a boot-jack and a pair of blacking brushes, while all the time he was wildly swinging his arms and giving utterance to broken sounds.



“EE-YAH! YAH! EE-YAH!”

“What in heaven’s name is the matter with *you*? ” asked Soussigné, in great alarm.

“Yah! Yah! e-yah! ” came in choking gutturals from the Senegambian—“E-yah! Oh, de laud gaud amity! Passin’—E-yah! E-yah! Oh, golly! Yah! Wums! Oh, e-yah! Passin’—E-yah! E-yah! Yah! Oh, de good gaud! ” And then with an “e-yah” that shook the hotel like an explosion of dynamite, he crammed

the last brush into his mouth, and fled out into the hall and disappeared.

Musing upon the singular actions of The Shade, and wondering whether it might not be hydrophobia, or something, Soussigné betook himself to his couch.

LETTER XLVII.

UP THE RHINE.

ON-THE-WING, June 21, 1878.

WHEN the excursionists left the hotel at 8:30 the next morning, to go to the boat, it was raining as if it had not rained before since the flood. The even-tempered Commander began to become a trifle ruffled under the persistent down-pour, the more especially as it was now raining on the day which of all days should have been a pleasant one. His lips assumed the shape that they would naturally in giving expression to an ejaculation which might be profane, but would certainly be emphatic. They went up the gangway, climbed to the upper deck, and took a seat under the canvas which was extended so as to serve as an awning.

Just then a terrible clattering was heard on the stairway leading up from the gang-plank. Soussigné rushed over there, and saw that the racket was being made by The Shade. He was loaded down with the regular dozen or fifteen hand-bags, satchels, shawls, umbrellas, and the like; and in addition, had slung around his neck, by a stout cord, a couple of enormous wooden articles which looked not unlike old-fashioned bed-troughs or a couple of large canoes. These, banging about against the other packages and the railing, were the cause of the tremendous clatter.

"What in thunder have you got there?" asked Soussigné. "Are you bringing along a couple of private life-boats?"

"Dese ycre," responded The Shade, with an expression of intense disgust, "ain't no life-boats; deyse a paar o' wooden shoes dat de Madame is a goin' to take home wid her."

"Oh, I see. Madame," said he, as he came to where that lady was seated, "your two new wooden trunks have come aboard."

"What new wooden trunks?"

"There they are. The Shade is going to see the captain, and have him rig a derrick so as to lower them down off his neck."

"Trunks! Those are a pair of wooden shoes that I bought in Cologne. I am going to take them home and exhibit them as curiosities."

"Oh, I beg pardon. You had them made to measure, I suppose of course. Have you tried them on so you are quite sure they are not too small for you?"

"I dunno what to do wid dem dam tings," said The Shade a short time after to Soussigné. "Dey won't go into any ob de big trunks, an' I s'pose I'se got to take 'em aroun' my neck all over Europe."

"Put the big trunks into them, and get some wheels for them, and then you'll get along without any trouble."

There was nothing to see except low, flat, uninteresting shores from Cologne to Bonn. The rain poured in torrents; and everybody took advantage of the opportunity to relieve himself of a cargo of ill-humor. The Shade had taken the initiative. Soussigné followed suit.

"I'm getting sick," said he, "of this infernal currency business. In England, with sovereigns and shillings, there is no trouble, nor is there any with the francs and centimes in France and Belgium. In Holland, it was florins, gulden and cents. Now we have struck this enlightened country, it is something else. Now, how much do you suppose all that is worth?" and he drew from his bulging pockets a couple of handfuls of coins.

"I don't know," said The Commander; "but it looks like a small fortune."

"I don't know, either," said Soussigné; "but as near as I can make it out, it takes about one hundred of these to make one nothing; then, one hundred nothings are equal to about the one-half of an American cent. For a franc, this morning, I got a dozen cigars and about a quart and a half of this stuff. What with sovereigns, half-crowns, pennies, ha'pence, francs, sous, centimes, florins, gulden, cents, marks, pfennigs, kreutzers, and silbergroschen, my intellect is getting tied into a hard knot. What I ought to do is to go to a lunatic asylum and get treatment before my case becomes chronic."

"When we get home," said The Commander, "we must go in for a world's congress and a universal currency."

"It's provoking beyond all endurance," said Madame, whose turn had now come, "that we can't have a single day of sunshine! We have not seen the sun for twenty minutes since we left London. I'm sure that, having endured all this horrible weather, we are entitled to at least one fair day for our trip up the Rhine. If we had only gone to Paris first — "

"Console yourself, Madame," said Soussigné, "there's no misfortune wholly without compensation. The region we are to pass through to-day is as sombre as it can be made by spooks, goblins, the wails of wandering and damned souls, the shrieks of murdered victims and ravished virgins, the howls of demons, and the moans of unshiven wretches whose souls went out red-handed to wander forever among the black recesses of this sinister region."

"Ugh!" said Madame, with a little shiver.

"All this should be seen, not by the innocent and happy light of the sun, but only through the gray and solemn atmosphere which covers yonder hills and mountains like a shroud. The surroundings are eminently fit and proper for a section where the devil and his imps, in one guise and another, had full sway for centuries, where rapine, murder, torture, imprisonment, and unceasing diabolical agencies were everywhere the salient features. Suppose," continued he, "that in order to change the drift of our melancholy thought, I read you a short poem? I have here a little book entitled 'The Legends of the Rhine,' which I bought in Cologne. It is a translation from the German of F. J. Kieffer, by a genius named L. W. Garnham, B. A. Mr. Garnham, B. A., deserves encouragement. A few miles below Cologne is a place named Kevlaar, and which has a shrine where Virgin Mary is said to have dwelt, and where the sick resort, or did resort, to be healed. Heinrich Heine wrote a poem concerning this pious legend which Mr. Garnham, B. A., translates. I am sure you would like to hear a few verses of it." And then Soussigné read:

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

At the window stood the mother,
In the bed the son lay.
"Will you not rise, William,
The procession will not stay?"

“I am so very ill, oh mother,
 That I do not hear and see;
 I think on the dead Gretchen,
 My thoughts much pain me.”

“Rise, we will go to Kevlaar,
 Book and chaplet with might;
 The Holy Virgin will cure you
 And your sick heart quiet.

“There wave the church flags,
 The holy tones I mention;
 That is at Collen on the Rhine,
 There goes the procession.”

The mother follows the crowd,
 The son whom she leads,
 They sing both in chorus;
 With praised Mary she pleads!

* * * * * * * *
 The Holy Mother at Kevlaar
 Wears to-day her best dress;
 To-day she has much to do,
 Many sick in great distress.

The sick people bring
 Her there as offer-benefaction,
 Of wax-formed limbs
 Both feet and hands all waxen.

And who a wax-hand offers,
 Receives on hand the cure;
 And who wax-foot offers,
 The foot will heal that's sure.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches,
 Who now dance so stealthy.
 Indeed many now play the viol,
 Who formerly were not healthy.

“This is not all,” said Soussigné, “but that is enough of it to give you an idea as to the touching legend and Mr. Garnham B. A.’s exquisite handling. I may say that Rise William was cured in a most substantial manner—that is to say, he offered the wax-heart, prayed for relief, went to sleep, and woke up dead. The poem says:

The mother beheld all in a dream,
 And seen more, but hark!
 She awoke from her slumber,
 The dogs so loudly bark.

There lay stretched out
 Her son, and he was dead.”

"Ah me! how touching!" said Madame, as she proceeded to softly wipe her eyes.

"That is not Mr. Garnham's best by any means," said Soussigné; "it is not well to become too much affected at once. We will reserve other agonies and other beauties for later perusal."

A few miles above Cologne the country begins to rouse itself from its lethargy. It is a sleeping, motionless sea, which suddenly swells into enormous waves which roll off to the southward till lost in the horizon.

"That town," said a communicative Englishman, who was on a tour with a patient-looking wife and two slender slips of girls with flaxen hair, prominent feature and preposterous hats, "is Bonn, and those great hills rising up to the left are the Seven Mountains. One of them is the Drachenfels, on whose top is a castle, and in the side there, you see, is a great cavern where a voracious dragon used to live and eat people."

"Oh yes," said Madame, "I remember that Byron wrote a poem in which he speaks of

—
The castled crag of Drachenfels.

How charming! You don't suppose that there was a real dragon there, do you, who used to eat people?"

"Certainly," answered Soussigné, "Mr. Harper's guide-book says so; and the Harpers are gentlemen of too much character to tell an untruth. They might crib an English book, but they wouldn't misrepresent facts, because that would be unchristian, as well as ungentlemanly, you know."

The Madame made a sketch of Drachenfels as they flew by it, and which was very creditable considering that it was taken on the wing.

"We might fancy," said The Commander, "that we were going up the Hudson river, if we only had the right kind of a boat. If an American company had the management we should see a very different class of conveyance. This thing is not even a fair second-hand ferry-boat. Its paddles are not more than six feet in diameter, and it is narrow and ugly in appearance. With fair weather and a Hudson river boat, this trip might have been made a most delightful one."

Just above Bonn they passed a small island in the river. Opposite, on the south bank, are seen the ruins of a castle.

"Where those ruins are," said the English volunteer, "a great knight once fell in love with the daughter of the owner. He went to war and was reported to be killed. The young lady thereupon entered a convent which was upon the island, and took the vows. The knight came back after a while and spent the rest of his life in gazing down from the castle into the nunnery to catch an occasional glimpse of his beloved one."

"How very touching such devotion," said Madame.

"What an immaculate ass he must have been," said Soussigné. "The world is full of women, and why an able-bodied man should make a bellows of himself and spend his life in sighing over one of them, I can't understand. This story can't be true. Men and women don't act in that way. In reality, the young woman, upon hearing the reported death of her lover, would have consoled herself by a suit of the latest and most becoming style of mourning, and then calmly awaited another offer. If this is the kind of stuff these Rhine legends are made of, I shall have no confidence in any of them."

"You are very unfeeling," was Madame's response.

"Andernach," said somebody, as not long afterward there came into view, on the right, a handsome old town, nestled cosily at the foot of the hills.

"If I remember," said The Commander, "Andernach was once visited by Julius Cæsar, and has played an important part in modern wars."

"Is it not of this place," asked Madame, "that Longfellow has given in 'Hyperion' a very pretty legend?"

"Yes," said Soussigné, "it is about a man with a ladder and a lantern who used to go about nights patching leaky roofs and mending old boots and kettles; and nobody could find out who he was, or why he took such an erratic course. I don't believe that yarn, either."

"Besides its improbability," said The Commander, "I must look on such fabrication as demoralizing. They are a premium on laziness. They induce people to let their thatches go unmended, in the hope that some supernatural philanthropist will come along in the night and tinker them up. All these rotting old towers along the river seem to show that the people are all waiting for somebody to do for them what they ought to do for themselves."

This utilitarian view of the case produced a warm “ear! ‘ear!” of approval from the Englishman.

The boat puffed slowly along against the swift current, whose muddy hue reminded the travelers of the Mississippi. There were hills, and long winding ravines, and terraced vineyards. Now the heights came close to the water’s edge, and then retired into the distance, leaving little plains upon which are gathered a few gray old houses, which seem the creation of other centuries. Thus they glided along until suddenly a bend in the river brought them into view, on the right, of Coblenz, and on the left of Ehrenbreitstein. The bluffs at this point come close to the river and rise with scarcely any slope to the height of hundreds of feet. All the front, the summit, the adjacent ravines, are a network of fortifications. A wall of enormous thickness runs along the foot of the hills, following the bend of the stream and pierced for musketry and cannon. It has a well five hundred and eighty feet deep, and cisterns which will hold water enough to last a garrison three years. The fortress is said to be the strongest in Europe; and although it has been captured by the French, its present condition is such under Prussian management that there seems little likelihood of there being an early repetition of a French occupation. All these facts, together with the additional one that it was formerly a Roman camp, and that it can accommodate one hundred thousand men, if necessary, were communicated by Soussigné to the party, as they were rounding to, to land at Coblenz.

“I will not deceive you,” he said, with an air of unspeakable candor. “I got it all from a guide-book, which is as necessary to a traveler as an encyclopædia to an editor.”

“I wonder,” said Madame, “when we shall reach Lurlei?”

“What’s Lurlei?” queried The Commander.

“What! Don’t you know about Lurlei? Why, it’s the most celebrated part of the Rhine. Here is where the scenery is finest and where there is a great whirlpool. There is a siren who lives on the side of the mountain, and when a boat passes she sings so beautifully that the men stop to listen, and then they are drawn into the whirlpool and are all drowned. Oh, it is exquisite!”

“What’s ‘exquisite,’ ” asked Soussigné “the singing of the siren, or the drowning of the men?”

“Oh, I mean the legend, of course.”

“Ah, yes! Well, I can’t see anything very ‘exquisite’ in such

an arrangement. If it were some chap who sits up there, and sings and drowns women by the operation, you would probably think it anything but 'exquisite.' I think when we get there I'll land, and go up, part my hair in the middle, put on a swallow-tail and sing a few staves myself. Then when you ladies are kicking and splashing around in the fatal whirlpool, you will have some pity for the poor devils of men, because you will know how it is yourself. I wonder, by the way," he continued, "what Garnham, B. A., has to say about Lurlei. Ah, yes, here he is on hand like a thousand of brick! There is a young chap who falls in love with the siren. One night he gets near her grotto, and, says Garnham, B. A., 'he expressed his longing in low singing, and, casting his glances to the height, there hovered round the top of the rock a brightness of unequaled clearness and color, and in increasingly smaller circles thickened, was the enchanting figure of the beautiful Lorc.' Charming, isn't it? The next night he goes around, and sings to her as follows:

Once I saw thee in dark night,
In supernatural beauty bright;
Of light rays was the figure wove,
To share its light locked-hair strove.

Thy garment color wave-dove,
By thy hand the sign of love,
Thy eyes sweet enchantment,
Raying to me, oh! entrancement.

Oh, wert thou but my sweetheart
How willingly thy love to part!
With delight I should be bound
To thy rocky house in deep ground.

"As might be expected, the singing of such stuff raised the very d—l. Flames rose out of the waters, the waves surged about the lover, and engulfed him. The next day the old man went to hunt for his son. He corrals the fairy and demands his son. She points to the depths and sings:

There below stands in the wave's womb
Crystal-clear my fine castle tomb,
There conducted I my darling expected,
Whom already long since I have selected.

"Touching, isn't it?" said Soussigné: "Here is one more poem, which might have been written by 'the sweet singer of

Michigan, but isn't, because Garnham, B. A., says he has translated it from Heinrich Heine."

And then Soussigné read in his low, musical voice, the following:

THE LORE-LEI.

I do not know what it signifies,
That I am so sorrowful!
A fable of old times so terrifies,
Leaves my heart so thoughtful.

The air is cool and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The summit of the mountain hearkens
In evening sunshine line.

The most beautiful maiden entrances
Above wonderfully there,
Her beautiful golden attire glances,
She combs her golden hair.

With golden comb so lustrous,
And thereby a song sings,
It has a tone so wondrous,
That powerful melody rings.

The shipper in the little ship
It effects with woes sad might;
He does not see the rocky clip,
He only regards the dreaded height.

I believe the turbulent waves
Swallow at last shipper and boat;
She with her singing craves
All to visit her magic moat.

And thus chatting, the excursionists went on toward the fatal Lurlei, with its overhanging rocks, its swift current, its voracious whirlpool and its sinister memories.

LETTER XLVIII.

UP THE RHINE.

ON-THE-WING, June 24, 1878.

HE boat bearing the excursionists reached the Lurlei and passed its majestic rocks, through its magnificent scenery, and by the famous and dreaded whirlpool, without experiencing any harm. No siren made her appearance in the densely-wooded hillsides, combing her long tresses and singing a song to woo the travelers to destruction. Soussigné suggested that she might be absent shopping, or was out making a friendly call on some other siren, and that the two, absorbed in discussing the latest fashions, or some scandal about some other siren, had not noticed the arrival and passage of the boat. Whatever may have been the cause, the excursionists were not the less grateful for their escape.

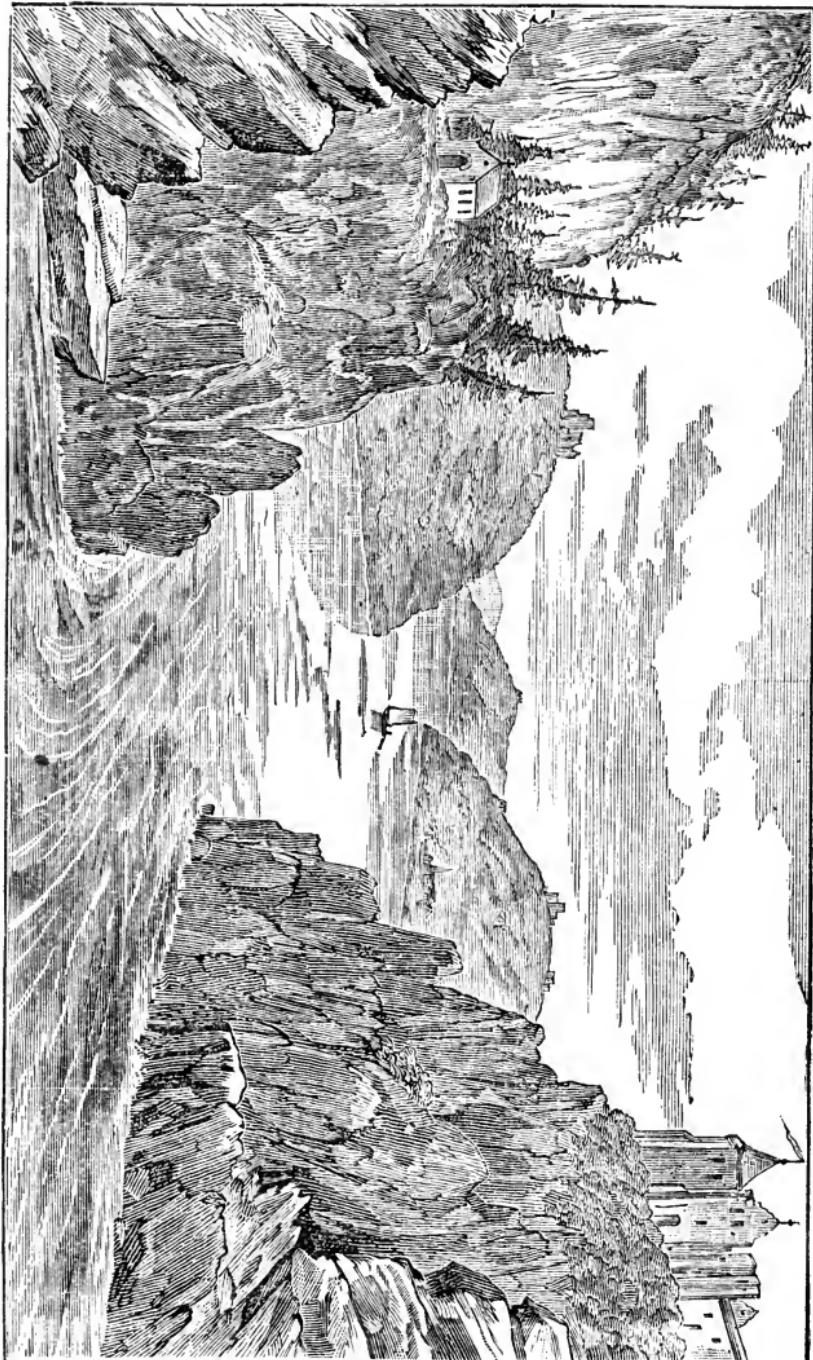
"It would have been a nasty, damp thing," said one of the party, "to be drowned in such weather as this. To have the job a pleasant and comfortable affair, one should be drowned during the dry season. Why, the way it rains now, we should have all been soaking wet before we struck the water."

Not long after passing the dangerous Lurlei, they came to a large rock in the middle of the river.

"This," said their English informant, "is one of what was formerly a range of rocks, and which was known as the 'Seven Sisters.' The legend is that there were once several young ladies, sisters, who refused all the offers of marriage which came along, and then, as a punishment, were turned into rocks."

Soussigné averred that he didn't believe the statement. "That is not like the sex," he said; "one might believe it if it were said that they were thus punished for accepting every offer which they received, and being at the same time engaged to all the eligible young men in the neighborhood. And, moreover, turning women into stone is impossible for the same reason that it is impossible to turn water into—water. These Rhine legends are as improbable as the promises of a Chicago ward politician made to his constituents before election."

"It is rather a burlesque on religion," said The Commander, "that wherever there is a ruined castle which was once the



THE FATAL LURLEI.

residence of a Rhine robber, there is always a church in the vicinity. Whenever we come in sight of a steeple I always look for a castle on a neighboring height, and generally find it. I suppose they went to the churches to pray for success before starting out on a raid of robbery and throat-cutting, and to return thanks when they came back loaded with booty and the scalps of their neighbors. There is, however, one creditable fact, and that is that the churches stand, while the castles are in ruins, showing that in the end, the fittest has survived."

Not the least charming of the region through which they were passing were the vineyards. This was especially the case between Lurlei and Bingen, in what is termed the "Rheingau," and which is probably the most noted of the Rhenish wine-growing regions. Through here, and more particularly on the north bank, the steep hills are cultivated wherever there is a slope which lies at the proper angle to the sun. The effect of the dark green of the vines against the brown earth, and the effect, in turn, of these set with surroundings of the dense and gloomy forests, was fine beyond description.

"Along here," said the accommodating and well-informed Englishman, "are produced some of the finest and most expensive of the Rhine wines. The labor involved is extraordinary and almost incredible. In nearly every instance of the vineyards along the north bank the earth has to be carried from the lowlands below. Almost every foot of these brown patches has been carried up these steep heights and around these dangerous precipices in baskets on the heads or shoulders of men and women."

"There appear to be other slopes less precipitous and dangerous," said one of the party, "which are not cleared. Why are they not used in preference to the others?"

"Because they lack some essential feature. Their slope is not just the proper one, or they are not protected from the wind by the intervention of some other height. All of these unused declivities would probably grow a fair article of wine, but none of them have precisely everything needed to perfect the grape, as is the case with those in use. In this Rheingau district the cultivation of the vine was introduced by the Romans, of course many centuries ago, and is now carried on to the highest possible result."

"Is this the vicinity" queried The Commander, "that the Johannisberger wine is produced?"

"Yes. The entire extent of the Johannisberger vineyard is less than one hundred acres. Probably, however, the amount of 'Johannisberger wines,' so-called, put on the market could not be grown from fifty times as many acres. The same is true of the Hockheimer wines. The entire product of the Hockheimer vineyards is only about a dozen casks per annum; and yet perhaps more than this quantity of 'Hockheimer' is sold and consumed in each of the large cities through christendom."

Thus innocently prattling, the excursionists went steadily on up the river. They passed a castle on almost every height; they went by Assmannshausen, whose vineyards produce a wine as red as the hues of sunset; by Bingen, concerning which every young lady in Chicago was once howling in a pathetic ballad, whose burden was, "Bingen on the Rhine;" on by terraced slopes, frowning heights, and great ravines in shadow, which were always rushing at them from out the landscape, as they wound about along the devious stream — and thus on, ever prattling like innocent children, they came within sight of Rüdesheim.

"This town," said the Englishman, "is full of interest. Charlemagne once lived here; that high, oblong tower was built by the Romans, and the vineyards produce the Rüdesheimerberg — a very famous and excellent article."

"What a charming old ruin!" said Madame enthusiastically, as she took out her material in order to sketch it. "I wonder what its legend is, for of course it must have one."

"Certainly," answered Soussigné. "Mr. Garnham, B. A., tells us all about it. A knight lived there once who had a beautiful daughter. He went away to kill a few Saracens, and while engaged in this truly Christian operation, some of the Saracens surprised him and 'took him into camp.' They threw him into a dungeon, whereupon, after standing it a few months, he vowed if released to build a convent and make his daughter the first nun. Providence, seduced by this bribe, let him out. He went home, and after kissing his daughter a few times, he informed her of his vow, and the felicity which was in store for her. Meanwhile, as some young women occasionally do, she had fallen in love with a handsome young Rhinelander, and as a matter of course she preferred white, orange blossoms, and a wedding trip to Paris, where she could do her shopping, rather than a black stuff gown and a diet of black bread, with eternal

celibacy. After the old man had informed the young lady of the happiness he had in view for her, she fell down in a fit, and was thenceforth as crazy as a loon. Here is the sad denouement, according to Garnham, B. A." Soussigné then read as follows:

"She wandered through, like a spirit, the wide corridors of the castles, and once as a raging storm ploughed through the waves of the Rhine at the midnight hour, and the howling tempest broke the oaks of the near forest, the unfortunate one crept to her father's bed, whimpered him farewell, hastened then to the balcony, and precipitated herself into the Rhine. The hastening after father came too late, to be able to restrain her; he only saw her waving garments disappear in the profound depths.

"Grief and remorse now embittered the life of the childless old man. It is true he omitted nothing, to restore his diseased mind, and he not only accomplished the building of the convent to calm his conscience, but also tried by other means, indeed by mixing himself in quarrels, and the pleasures of hunting to procure himself distraction; but neither private warfare nor hunting, could deafen the torment of his conscience."

"How very sad!" said Madame in a voice which was tremulous with emotion.

A little later, the boat reached Mayence, and the journey up the Rhine was finished.

"I always had an idea," said Soussigné, as they were seated that evening at dinner in the hotel, "that the journey up the Rhine occupies two or three weeks, instead of the ten hours in which we have made it."

"And as for me," said The Commander, "I never had much of an idea about it. Accounts of trips up the Rhine are usually so smothered in poetry, gush, and exaggerated description, that until this visit, I had no more conception of the Rhine than if I had never seen it. It would probably be a revelation to most people who have not visited the Rhine in person, to inform them that all that is worth seeing can be seen in a few hours' ride, and that the scenery nowhere has any elements of grandeur, being simply a very picturesque arrangement of river, hills, vineyards, winding ravines, and ruined towers. In no essential respect can it compare with the Wasatch and Sierra Nevada scenery in the United States."

"It's great charm, I think," said Madame, "is found in its hoary associations, its reaching back to the very childhood of

man, and its beautiful legends which seem to embody every phrase of human development."

The Commander was still in haste to reach a warmer climate; and so, the next morning early, they boarded a train, and went rushing off to the south. By getting up at daylight, Soussigné had managed to get a partial look over Mayence—the city where Drusus was once encamped, where the Emperor Constantine was located, which is famous for the splendor of its former archiepiscopal rulers; which was once the most famous stronghold on the Rhine; and which—greatest thing of all—is the birth-place of Gutenberg. Soussigné saw the quaint old house in which Gutenberg was born, the statue of the great printer, the wonderful old cathedral of red sand-stone; and many remnants of works erected by the Roman invaders. He concluded that it is a very nice city to visit, but so utterly unlike Chicago that it would be a most undesirable city to live in, or even to die in.

The train rushed along through a most charming country. To the travelers' right was the wide, level bottom-land of the Rhine; to their left was a succession of heights, valleys, forests, beautiful and romantic beyond description, and which has a thousand times been written about as the region of Odenwald. Historical and scholastic Heidelberg was reached and passed. Carlsruhe came along in due season, and was succeeded by Freidburg, with its host of historical vicissitudes; and then the train rushed in from the open country to the Rhine, along whose rocky east bank it tore around curves, through tunnels, and across ravines, till a little before dark, it came to a halt in Bâle, the northmost city of Switzerland. A half-hour later the excursionists were seated on a balcony of a hotel. Beneath them went the foaming, furious torrents of the Rhine, just leaving here its mountain cradle to commence its long and variegated journey to the Northern ocean.

"How did you stand the journey to-day?" asked Soussigné, a little later, of The Shade, whom he found leaning against the arch of the doorway, his countenance expressing only intense disgust.

"Dam bad," was the rather profane answer.

"Bad? What was the trouble?"

"Trouble enuff! Duz you remember dat yere Englishwoman on de boat yesterday, wat sat on de deck all day wid her feet on a stool, an' her head under a big umberrill, and who never lookt once at all dem hills, an' cassels an' tings?"

"O, yes, I remember her. She looked so lonely that I went up and spoke to her, but she bluffed me so, I had to leave instanter."

"Well, dat yere ole cat was in de secon-class car ware I was. You jess bet she talked fass enuff den."

"She did? What did she have to say?"

"Oh, it was de cussedest an' curiosses string o' stuff I ever lissened to. I cuddent tell you de tousant part on it. Fust she ast me if I lubbed de Lord, an' wen I tole her I spected I diddnt know fur certain, den she rolled up her eyes, and groned like she



A DISGUSTED NIGGER.

wos a sick hoss. An' den she ast me sposin' de cars shud run off de track an' I wos killed, wot I wos goin' to do about it. An' den I tole her dam if I know, an' den she tole me I was an offal sinner; an' she give me a heep o' traks, an' all sorts o' Sunday skool truck, an' jus kep a tawkin an' a tawkin like she wos greased fur it. Nebber had sich a missoobul day in all my life. By golly, she jus moren worrid de seben sensus clean out o' me. I cuddent git shut o' her no how. I ain't wuff a dam to-night, I ain't!" and so saying with a most woe-begone countenance The Shade went out and mingled with the darkness.

LETTER XLIX.

THROUGH THE ALPS.

ON-THE-WING, June 27, 1878.

BY the first train the excursionists went southward from Bâle, toward a warmer clime. Up to this morning it had rained every day since they had left London. It was still cold, although the first of June. Summer seemed loth to enter upon its regular annual campaign among the mountains, preferring apparently to linger in the classic plains of Italy. Although the air was cold it was bracing and inspiring. The sun shone with a clear light, touching brilliantly the clover blossoms of upland meadows through which they were running. The fragrance of flowers came in harmonious bursts through the open car-windows. It was a charming change from the monotonous bottom-lands of the Rhine through which they had passed the day before.

“How lovely!” exclaimed Madame as she inhaled the richly-perfumed air, and her eye took in an expanse gorgeous with blossoms and heavy with the massive green of orchards and groves nestling about the farm-houses. “How unique everything is,” she continued. “See those quaint farm-houses with their steep roofs, and which descend so as to form a covered way on either side. What a subject for a picture!”

“Very fine,” said Soussigné, but still I don’t think this region is as attractive, especially for a woman, as the Rhine, the Odenwald, and the Black Forest, through which, for the last two days, we have been passing.”

“No? Why not?”

“Because the Swiss are a plain, common-sense people, given to the manufacture of honey, cheese, wooden images, and the making of money. There is no Rhine or Black Forest nonsense in their legends. They have no ruined castles, no rocks which were once women, no love stories; in short, no nothing. The only romance they have is concerning Tell and Gessler——”

“Who,” said The Commander, “are known to have never existed in reality. The same story in one guise or another appears in the legends of a half-dozen nations. It may at some time, have had a foundation of truth; but in the present case it only

typifies the Swiss hatred of oppression, and their determination to kill a tyrant rather than to submit to him. I believe that Switzerland is to-day the freest and most perfect type of a republic in existence. The form of government is very simple, being conducted at a very small expense, and run without friction. They have an Assembly which corresponds somewhat to our Congress; a Council whose seven members exercise executive and administrative authority, and a Tribunal, whose eleven members decide all legal questions relating to the confederacy. In many respects the Swiss system is vastly superior to ours; and much of it could be studied and copied with profit by our statesmen."

"Its very simplicity, I am apprehensive," said Soussigné, "would render it unpopular in America. Politics in such a case would form no trade; and were we to adopt such a system it would throw all our politicians out of business. That wouldn't do at all. Politicians must live, you know. I think —"

"And I think," interrupted Madame, "that politics are very stupid and tiresome. You are missing all this charming country, these odd towns, and ever so many things worth looking at."

A hint as broad as this could not well be mistaken, and politics were dropped like a hot potato.

They were running across a country almost perfectly level, and with nothing resembling a mountain in sight.

"I thought," said Madame, "that Switzerland is all mountains. Where are they? This looks like an Illinois prairie in a high state of cultivation."

"Oh," said Soussigné, who was a great traveler, having been to Calumet, Gutenberg, Iowa, and other remote points, "we shall have plenty of mountains after a little. There are some Alps here somewhere, and we can't keep on at the rate of twelve miles an hour, in this small country, without running against them in course of time. You watch out of your window, and I will out of mine, and we'll see who'll pick up a mountain first."

"Agreed!" said Madame.

An hour passed, each keeping a vigilant watch for a stray Alp, or anything in the shape of a mountain. Gradually the level line of the horizon grew wavy and broken. The outlying distance began to roll in low swells, as if touched by the first breath of a tempest. The swells grew slowly into waves, which rushed, now up to the train, and then receded, growing always higher,

as if feeling more and more the weight of a coming storm. On flew the train, plunging deeper and deeper into the uplifted waves, into the turbulent regions of the storm. The plains became broken into swells, the swells grew into hillocks and hills, and the hills grew and rose and mounted until —

“I see some mountains!” suddenly exclaimed Madame. The others rushed to her window and looked out. The train was just issuing from a deep ravine which opened into a long vista between two lines of broken hills. At the end of this vista, on the horizon, slept some vast, black masses whose tops and sides showed great pencilings of white, which extended here and there like reclining clouds. They had barely time to see them when the train rounded a curve, and the mountains disappeared behind a range of hills.

“I saw them first, didn’t I?” asked Madame with exultation.

“Yes, that’s so,” said the somewhat mortified Soussigné; “and yet I was the first to announce that we should see some mountains before long.”

“Indeed! As if it required any great genius or foresight to foresee that one traveling in Switzerland should see mountains!”

Soussigné gave it up.

From this time until they reached Lucerne, the scenery was of charming variety. For a few minutes the train would be buried in the drifts of the foothills, and then suddenly emerging on some plateau, there would flash into view, high up in the sky, the solemn and ponderous masses, cloud-kissed and snow-crowned. Now the train ran along where the great Colossi seemed to hang over the roadway; and they receded and disappeared, and came into view, veiled and softened by the blue haze of a great distance. Every few minutes the track crossed some mountain stream, whose crystal waters, with a mighty struggle and rush, made their way between high and precipitous banks, around the bases of jutting promontories, along crevices rent through the naked rocks — always going fiercely and hurriedly, as if mad to escape the broken uplands and gain the quiet of the plains below.

“Ah, how beautiful!” was Madame’s incessant exclamation, as, with pencil in hand, she sought to fasten on paper the outlines of the grander features of the panorama which came and went with kaleidoscopic variety and velocity.

The Commander said nothing, but his glistening eyes and rapt

attention showed that he was appreciating the glorious scene in all its sublime entirety.

Some three or four hours after they had left Bâle, the train suddenly came out from the maze of hills, and the excursionists saw spread out before them a silvery sheet of water, while around one side stretched from the shore of the lake into the very sky the tremendous forms of the snow-covered Urner and Engleberger Alps.

"*Voilà Lucerne!*" said Soussigné, who had been slyly studying a pocket-map of Switzerland. "Here are the town of Lucerne, Lake Lucerne, the noted Rigi, the stately Pilatus; in short, behold one of the loveliest spots in all Switzerland, and perhaps in all the world."

"How long do we stop here?" asked The Commander.

"As long as we like, I suppose. Let us wait in the depot awhile, and I will make some inquiries."

Soussigné interviewed several people, and found that the season was not yet open. The boats would not commence excursions on the lakes for several days. None of the hotels were yet in readiness for visitors. He reported the situation; and it was decided to wait four hours for the next train to Berne, and during the interval to see as much as was possible of Lucerne.

A mountain of satchels, almost equaling Pilatus in height, was erected in the waiting-room of the depot, and The Shade placed over the whole as a guard. The rest of the party chartered a French-speaking hackman, with a comfortable carriage containing two seats, and started out to look over the locality. The town lies on the borders of the lake, and around it rises an amphitheater of mountains, some dressed to their very necks with garments of green; others, more savage, bare to their waists, as if stripped for some gigantic gladiatorial conflict. From out the lake runs the river Reuss, about twice as wide as the Chicago river, and more than ten times as attractive. The waters have the clearness of glass, and they rush along as if time were of the utmost consequence, and they had a train to catch, or an engagement further away of the most pressing importance.

"What is there to be seen," asked The Commander, "apart from the natural scenery?"

This being interpreted to the driver, he informed them that notable sights were to be found in the Garden of the Glaciers; and thither accordingly the party was driven. After laboriously

climbing a roadway that ascends a hill, the carriage stopped before the door of a high wall. Through this the trio passed, and found themselves in a species of garden, on the side of a precipitous hill. Steps cut into the rock lead to a succession of narrow, winding terraces, each of which is also cut on the rocky hillside. Trellises, arbors, covered-ways, all luxuriantly clad with vines and bright with flowers, give the place a fresh and charming appearance.

A guide proffered his services at the entrance. Him they followed up the stone stairways and around the rocky balconies until they reached a large open space, which, upon first sight, seemed to be composed of holes of various sizes.

"Please look down into this," said the guide, as he stood upon the edge of one of the cavities. The trio stepped up to the verge and did as requested. They saw before and beneath them an opening into the solid rock, and at the bottom a rounded boulder. The cavity is some fifteen feet across the top, and gradually narrows, as it descends, until at the bottom it is some three feet in diameter, which is a little more than that of the loose boulder at the bottom.

"How very odd!" exclaimed Madame. "What in the world do you suppose it is?"

The Commander, having no opinion on the subject, characteristically said nothing. Soussigné ventured the suggestion that it might be a sort of devil's mortar and pestle. The guide waited until his auditory was quite puzzled and bewildered, and then said:

"Not long ago, the gentleman who owns this ground thought he would build a house up here, because it has so commanding a view. Workmen commenced to remove the surface soil and undergrowth, when they came upon these places. They were filled with dirt, which was removed, and the result is that all these openings were brought to view."

"But what caused them?" asked one of the party.

"They are the work of glaciers. It is not long since, in a geological sense, that all this region was covered by a descending glacier. As it moved, it carried with it fragments of rocks. That loose rock you see there at the bottom is granite, and must have come from the height of the mountain far above, where it is only found. The glacier brought along that rock perhaps from a dozen or fifty miles from here. At this point, a portion of the

glacier must have assumed a circular motion, whose result is the grinding out of this cavity."

He then showed them a score or more other openings, all included within the space of a sixteenth of an acre. They differ mainly in size, the largest being ten to fifteen feet across, the smallest not more than from three to five. Some are twenty-five feet deep, and others not more than five or six. All have the round granite boulder at their bottom. In the case of all, the surface of the rock is as smooth as glass, but not always regular in its proportions. Some are simply hollowed out evenly all the way down, while others are spirals cut in intaglio — somewhat as if the opening had been molded around a gigantic corkscrew.

"How long," asked The Commander generally, "do you suppose it took a glacier to grind out one of these openings?"

Soussigné said he wouldn't like to say to a minute, but he should think it must have taken somewhere from five hundred and seventy-five thousand centuries to a couple of billions of years. "Glaciers," he said, "although they keep busy, are never in a hurry. They don't sit around when the foreman isn't looking, nor do they lay off for noonings. They don't stop for church on Sundays, nor quit work and go off on a spree on the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving Day. Still, they don't get ahead quite as fast as a locomotive or a chap going from his work to dinner; and in my opinion a glacier that managed to turn one of these boulders at the bottom once around in two years was doing good work, and should have rated as A 1, and been entitled to full wages."

The guide then proceeded to point out, in various points within the wells, fossils, "showing," he said, "that this elevated area must once have been the bottom of the ocean."

Here Madame glanced rather nervously at her watch, and inquired if the same thing was likely to occur again before train time. She was calmed by the assurance that it was positively certain the ocean would not come that afternoon, owing to previous engagements.

Half way down the Garden of the Glaciers they turned through an opening to the left, and found themselves in front of the greatest artificial attraction in Lucerne. Before them rose a perpendicular wall of rock, a hundred or more feet in height. About half way up, cut in alto-relief in the face of the rock, is an enormous lion,

some thirty feet long by twenty feet in height, and who is represented in his dying agonies. A spear is driven into his side, and beneath his paw are some lilies which he endeavors to protect at his last gasp. The monument commemorates the twenty-six officers and some seven hundred soldiers of the Swiss guard, who, during the revolution in Paris in August, 1792, were massacred at the Tuileries. The model was made by the celebrated Thorwaldsen, and the work executed by a Swiss sculptor.

The thing is unique in conception, and grand in its location and surroundings. The mighty rock out of which the work is hewn affords a background—a support—of indescribable dignity and strength. Far up in the air, the brow of the precipice is covered with vegetation, which projects and looks not unlike a gigantic wreath, in which a commingling of evergreens gives an impression of perennial pride and rejoicing. A deep and tranquil pool at the base adds an element of flexible repose which harmonizes perfectly with, while it softens, the rigid grandeur of the rocky front.

After this, the party drove for a short time along the lake. They visited one of the bridges across the Reuss, beneath whose roof are more than a hundred half-effaced paintings, representing saintly carnivals and scenes in Swiss history. They gazed up the long sides of the mountainous amphitheater, admiring its rugged contour, and its towering grandeur, and then, it being close upon train time, they reluctantly tore themselves away.

"I duzzent g. b much fur dis yere country," said The Shade, confidentially to Soussigné, just before the train started.

"Why not?"

"Cos dere's so many hills an' mountains yere, you can't see anyting. De prarrarees ob Illinoy is de place where you oughter go, ef you want to see something ——"

Here a rapid shutting of car-doors cut short The Shade's remarks by forcing everybody to go to his seat.

Some five hours later the excursionists found themselves in Berne, the Swiss capital.

LETTER L.

AMONG THE ALPS.

ON-THE-WING, June 30, 1878.

THE excursionists were to leave Berne, the Swiss capital, at 10:30 A. M.; and, as it was long after dark when they reached the town, the night before, Soussigné concluded that what he saw of the city must be in the morning. Accordingly, soon after daylight, a stranger, yawning fearfully, and crouching under an umbrella, to escape a cold and driving rain, might have been seen wandering about among the dismal streets of Berne, and taking in its quaint peculiarities as thoroughly as could be done considering the hour and the weather. What he saw can perhaps be best told by giving his remarks to the others, after they were on the train and going toward Geneva.

"Thus far," said Soussigné, "Berne is a more characteristic town than any I have seen since we started. That is to say, it is original, odd, and scarcely at all disturbed by modern or any other kind of improvements. To begin at the bottom, it has a river called the Aar. This occupies the lowest level along which houses are built. Then on the left bank is a range of hills or mountains, on which stands the town. There is a second tier of houses which begin where the roofs of the river houses leave off. Where the latter finish another series commences. You walk along among the last-named, and the street suddenly ends on a perpendicular precipice, walled up with solid masonry. Below are the chimneys and steeples of other houses. You go down among these, and very soon you find yourself on a level with the roofs of tall houses on a terrace below. It is quite easy anywhere in Berne to reach out your hand and play with the weathervane on a church-steeple, or to climb to the top of a steeple and get a look into the basement windows of the houses of a neighbor."

"How do you get from one level to another?" asked Madame.

"Principally by the use of stone stairways for pedestrians, and steep, winding streets for vehicles. But this system of terraces, while nice for drainage, must be inconvenient in a great many other respects. How, for instance, are Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith to lean out of their back windows, and exchange their

opinions of each other, when one has to yell up a distance of seventy-five or a hundred feet? As a whole, I think Berne is a town constructed with a shameful disregard for the conveniences of its women. How can two women take any comfort in gossiping over a back fence that is half a mile high on one side. There's work there for Mrs. Livermore."

"Anything remarkable in the town otherwise?" queried The Commander.

"Well, yes. Nearly all the buildings extend over the sidewalk, 'flush' with the street, leaving beneath arcades for pedestrians and traffic. Then there's a cathedral, of course, on one of whose fronts is a very fine sculpture of the Last Judgment. As it was so early I did not get in, but there is said to be a grand organ there, which of course must be inferior to the one in Boston. Then, I saw everywhere statues, alto-reliefs, and bas-reliefs of bears, which animal the Bernese are said to worship. In one of the squares is an odd old fountain, spouting the purest of mountain water, and surmounted by a fat old chap, who is in the act of ramming a small plump boy into his mouth, and who has a dozen other small boys sticking out of his pocket and from under his belt, and which apparently he proposes to eat in a few minutes. Sensible people, these Bernese, for they evidently comprehend what a nuisance the small boy is, and in this figure have typified his proper disposition. Finally, there is a wonderful clock in one of the squares. Just before the hour, a sickly-looking, weather-beaten rooster crows, in order to wake up the rest of the company and get them ready for business. A moment later some bears march around a circle, and a chap, looking something like a circus-clown, strikes a bell in order to let the rest know what hour is to be announced. The rooster then crows again, as if to say, 'All ready! Let go!' whereupon the hour strikes. Then an old gentleman who, I suppose, represents Time, turns an hour-glass, nods his head, and opens his mouth. At the same time a bear sitting by the old gentleman checks off the hour by nodding his head at each stroke. Then a figure higher up hammers the hour on a bell with a hammer, as though he were saying, 'You are quite right down there!' Finally, the rooster who made the opening makes the closing speech in a final crow; and that ends the striking of the hour."

"It strikes me," said The Commander, "as being very complicated."

"Yes. It demonstrates that these Swiss are way behind in mechanical ingenuity and labor-saving machinery. The idea of requiring a rooster, a half dozen bears, a circus clown, old Time, some more bears, and an overseer in the shape of a big stone figure, to do such a little thing as to strike the time of day! A Yankee would let the Bernese know what time it is with a brand new Connecticut clock, which would not cost over two dollars and a half. And then there's another thing. That Swiss arrangement has got no ambition, no 'snap.' You couldn't get that rooster for love or money to crow only at just such a time; and just so often, and so of all the rest of the company. But a Yankee clock isn't so particular, and has got some 'get-up-and-get' about it. It is always willing to do all it has contracted for and a good deal more. It may have agreed to strike six, or ten, or twelve, at a certain hour, but it's always ready to go on and do some more. I've known one of those ambitious Yankee institutions to go right on and strike three or four hundred, and never sweat a hair, when it needn't have struck but one or two. That's the kind of machine to have to get through with a good deal of work. But a Swiss clock, when it has fulfilled the precise letter of its contract, just lays down its tools and quits work until the exact time to commence comes again. Suppose you happen to be in a hurry, what can you do with one of these Swiss concerns? Nothing! They're altogether too particular. That's the difference between an old, effete people and a nation whose veins pulsate with the blood of progress and of—of—well, all the rest of the thingumbob—whatever it may be. And this, I believe, except that such natives as I saw are a rather stupid, sleepy-looking lot, is all I saw worth repeating, in Berne."

Swiss railways are probably the slowest, if not the worst in all other respects, in Europe. The only explanation of such a condition of things among so thriving and practical a people is that the trains run slowly to permit travelers to get a good view of the scenery, while it may be thought that the charm of the country will distract one's attention from the discomfort of the cars.

They rolled along southward, searching for tropical warmth and finding it not. It grew cooler as they neared the equator. Meanwhile, the travelers found no lack of mountains. They passed the Bernese Alps on their left, skirted the rugged Breulaire, and soon after rolled into Freyburg, whose suspension

bridge, with a single curve of over nine hundred feet, is said to be the largest in the world.

"Boston must look on Freyburg with envy," said Madame, as they sped away from the ancient town, with its tottering walls, its battlements and conspicuous watch-towers.

"Why so?"

"Because there is there, I believe, the finest organ in the world."

"If it be only the 'finest,' that does not concern Boston," said The Commander; "if it were the largest, then Boston would become at once an interested party."

Mountains to the right of them, mountains to the left of them, through which the train rattled and thundered. They dashed through tunnels, climbed hills, descended other hills, and rounded in vast sweeps the bases of towering heights. Now, the swollen waves rolled over the train, and now they retreated, leaving long troughs through which the travelers caught sight of blue-black mountain-tops battlementing the sky line like the walls of a fortress for the use of the gods.

Now and then, in the far and dim distance, there came into view great masses, but so remote, so indistinct, and so lofty, that they seemed rather the creation of the imagination than realities. Foremost among these were the Moleson, with its broken walls, the Dent de Jaman, and Dent du Midi, standing like advanced works in the mighty range of fortifications. Beyond these, towering far above them, blue, intangible, and seeming a part of the sky itself—a colossal continent in the upper air—was Mont Blanc.

The train halted a moment or two at Rue, which lies beneath the shadow of a turreted castle, and then rolled on, and buried itself among the hills. In the semi-darkness of overhanging heights, in the total darkness of tunnel after tunnel, the train drove on, until suddenly, with a shriek, it issued from the region of night into one of blinding daylight, and the travelers saw spread out before them a scene than which nothing more beautiful could be imagined or created. Far below them, to the left, extended Geneva Lake, or Lake Leman, widening, curving, glistening, until lost in the distance. The train was running along the crest of a lofty range of hills, every foot of whose slope, from the track down to the water's edge, was covered with the green and brown of thrifty vineyards. Across the lake could be seen

the glistening white of sleeping villages, beyond which rose gradually green and wooded hills which seemed to serve as mighty buttresses to a mountain chain behind them. The view along the lake is uninterrupted for miles, so that the eye takes in, at once, dozens of villages, dotting the shores far below the train; peak after peak lost in the clouds and blue of the distance — takes in a scene in which there are repose, grandeur, limitless variety, simplicity, and a mysterious suggestion of infinite strength and duration.

Madame was more charmed with the sudden and unexpected scene than she could find words to express. She could only refer to her favorite poet, Byron.

“And this is Lake Leman?” said she after some moments of speechless adoration of the glorious view, “this is the lake of which Byron speaks when he describes the storm:

‘From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud.
But every mountain now hath found a tongue:
And Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud! ’’

The Commander, who was suffering from some atrocious twinges of rheumatism, nevertheless gave utterance to his admiration in plain but emphatic prose, pronouncing it the most charming view he had ever seen.

Gradually descending from its elevated way, the train passed through Lausanne—the home of Gibbon—and finally, at the level of the lake, it halted on the banks of the Rhone. A half-hour later the excursionists were warming themselves at a fire in a hotel in the famous city of Geneva.

The next morning, being in the month of June of the current year, the party was huddled about a fire in the grate, engaged in discussing the situation.

“I suppose,” said The Commander, as with a shiver he hitched nearer the grate, “that we are now in a town which is the most celebrated—”

“And the coldest,” Soussigné managed to insert.

“—In many respects in all Europe. Here have lived John Knox, Calvin, Rousseau, Farel, Voltaire, Byron. From here has emanated a religious influence that has exercised a greater power on the world’s history than the discovery of America by Columbus. It may almost be termed the cradle of religious liberty, or

intolerance, or reform, or whatever is the proper name for that phase of religion which Calvin elaborated."

"A great man," said Soussigné, "was Mr. Jean Chauvin, alias John Calvin. By the way, if we get time we should not omit to visit a hill just south of the town, known as Champel. There are many of our Chicago friends who are so attached to Calvin that they would never forgive us if they knew we were near a spot so intimately related to Calvin and his religious teachings, and yet should fail to visit it."

"What is Champel?" asked Madame.

"What! You don't know Champel, you who live in Chicago and know Drs. Patton and Swing? Incredible! Why, Champel is the spot on which, by order of Jean Chauvin, alias John Calvin, the theologian, Michael Servetus was burned, and all because he had some views on the Trinity which were not indorsed by Monsieur Chauvin. I think I'll take home a vial of the soil from Champel and present it to Bob Ingersoll, just to see how it will make him spread himself and howl in his next theological discourse."

After a while they started out to visit the church where Calvin preached, and the house in which he had lived for some twenty years. They first interviewed the manager of the hotel:

"*Calveene? Calveene? Mais je ne connais pas M'sieu Calveene,*" was the answer of that worthy. A hack-driver had also never heard of M'sieu Calveene. It was only after having been driven twice across the Rhone, and up and down the adjoining heights, that they managed to find the place. They finally entered Rue d'Enfer, then passed into Rue du Purgatoire, and thence into Place de la Madelaine, where they found themselves in front of a ruinous old church, with decaying buttresses and toppling cornices.

"Odd, isn't it," said Soussigné, "that in order to reach the church in which Calvin and John Knox preached, we pass through a street named 'Hell,' then into one called 'Purgatory,' and finally discover it in 'The Square of the Courtesan?'"

The church was closed and they could not gain admittance. It impressed them as mouldy, decaying, unsightly. All about it are narrow streets and dirty alleys, whose mean shops are the permanent abode of filth, squalor, second-hand clothing and Jewish faces.

"Strange," muttered The Commander, "that Calvinism does

not rescue this, its Holy Sepulchre, from the infidels of poverty, decay, and dirt which now have it in possession!"

Near by is No. 11, Rue Chanoines, an old two-story house, with a stone front, a small court-yard, and a general appearance of having been left far behind by advancing civilization. This is the house where Calvin lived and died; and is now a hospital, as the travelers learned from an inscription over a small side-door. In a street still narrower and meaner, in the same neighborhood, Grand Rue, No. 40, they found the house in which Jean Jacques Rousseau was born. The house is in every respect more dilapidated and mean than the one which was occupied by Calvin.

"In the matter of style," said Soussigné, "Calvin seems to have had much the best of it."

"Two great men," was The Commander's response—"two great men. One was the poison and the other the antidote." He failed, however, for some reason, to say which was the antidote and which the poison.

They drove around the town for a few hours, admiring its quays, the swift-rushing Rhone, and the charming views up and down the lake.

"Geneva," said The Commander, "may be called a handsome town, situated on a charming lake, and surrounded by some of the grandest scenery in Europe. That is all. It has no great buildings, or statues, or curiosities. Its renown is built upon moral, social, religious foundations. It has never played an important part in the polities of the world—"

"You forget," said Soussigné, "that here was held that convention which gave so many millions of John Bull's money to Uncle Sam, for damages committed by the Alabama during the civil war. This fact alone gives Geneva the greatest prominence, at least in the United States. Among us the place is endeared by just as many tender recollections as there are dollars in the award."

Madame said that "the fact that Lord Byron had once lived in, or near Geneva, was sufficient to confer upon it immorality—"

"You mean immortality," said Soussigné.

"Of course I mean immortality. That's what I said."

They ascended the heights leading to Pregny, and had spread before them, across the lake, the entire range of the Alps of Savoy, with Mont Blanc towering among them—the monarch among the giants which surround it. They thought of going to Ferney,

where Voltaire lived, but it was too cold. Madame wished to go to Varemble to look over the chateau once occupied by Joséphine, but the weather repressed them. For the same potential reason they did not visit Diodati, where Byron once lived, which deprivation almost broke Madame's heart.

"Without seeing Diodati," said she, "it seems to me that our visit to Geneva will be in vain."

"I have made up my mind," said The Commander, "that we are too early; that it is still too cold to visit here with any comfort. I think, therefore, we will give up going to Italy—"

"What!" ejaculated Madame, "give up a visit to beautiful and classic Italy, where—"

"And," continued The Commander, as if he had not been interrupted, "go direct to Paris."

"How delightful!" said Madame, "such a sensible conclusion! Can we start in the morning?"

They did start the next day, and some sixteen hours later found themselves in Paris.

LETTER LI.

AN OPEN LETTER.

PARIS, July 3, 1878.

WEARIED by his long ride, and affected by the severe weather which had attended them every day since leaving London, The Commander found it necessary to lay up a few days for repairs. So to speak, he went into a dry-dock in a high and charming location on the Rue Faubourg St. Honore, and there commenced having himself overhauled by one of the most skillful of the profession in Paris.

To him came, a couple of days later, Soussigné, who said:

"I have written an open letter, which I would like to submit to you."

"What about?"

"Some points in our travels, and which will be explained as the letter is read."

"Very well; go ahead."

Soussigne then proceeded to read the following open letter, and which was dated Paris, July 1, 1878:

“MY DEAR MR. HARPER: In your invaluable guide-book you state that you will be glad to have tourists make any corrections or suggest any improvements. I am prepared to do both. On page 272 of your latest edition, in speaking of Strasbourg, you say that ‘*although belonging to France, it is essentially*,’ etc. Now, from some remarks I have heard since being in France, I am inclined to think your statement may be a trifle inaccurate. In any case it may be worth while for you to look the matter up, and assure yourself that you are not mistaken.

“There are several assertions of this kind which require verification; but I shall pass them in order to touch upon some omissions. It may not have occurred to you, but it is a fact, that people who are about to visit, say Europe, would like to know something about prices of living at hotels, the rent of apartments, cost of railway travel, and all that; and yet of these you say not a word. It is true your guide-book is already so large that, if much more were added to it, one would have to put handles on it and carry it like a trunk; nevertheless, you might omit some of the puffs of wine-houses, watch-makers, jewelers, etc., which occupy so much space in your book, and insert the class of information I have referred to.

“In company with some highly-respectable people, I have just visited various portions of northern and central Europe; and I am, therefore, in a condition to call your attention to these matters.

“In London, one may live in a hotel, boarding-house, or apartments. The last-named is by far the best and cheapest for one who proposes to remain in the English metropolis for not less than a fortnight. A well-furnished parlor, with a bedroom attached, can be had in an excellent quarter for about \$5 to \$10 a week. The landlady will always serve meals in the rooms, cooked to order, at reasonable rates. The boarding-houses are generally inferior, while prices are high, ranging, for single rooms, from \$20 a week, up. The hotels are slow, substantial, and expensive, as a general thing. But one or two in London have elevators. The occupant pays so much a day for his room, and then dines where he pleases. Some of the hotels have a table d’hôte, at a fixed price, but usually one dines and pays for what he orders. Living at a hotel of a fair kind in London costs about \$2 to \$7 a

day for room, including lights and service. A good dinner may be had anywhere at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to \$1.25. In securing apartments the first floor above the street is best. As a summing up, I may state that two persons can live very comfortably in London, having one parlor and two bed-rooms, with meals served in rooms, at a cost of \$10 each per week. At a hotel the cost per week, inclusive of meals, will be about \$40 for each person, and includes only a bed-room without a parlor. Of course these figures refer only to an excellent quality of living, and neither to the highest nor lowest. One *can* subsist in London on twenty-five cents a day; and one can also pay as many pounds per day, for extravagant rooms and furniture. These medium figures cover what any well-to-do American family would — or should — be satisfied with having.

"At the present time, during the exposition, prices are not at all representative of Paris in ordinary years. Room rents are more than twice as high as they are in other seasons; and almost everything else has gone up proportionately. Much now, however, depends upon the location, and the kind of people into whose hands the travelers fall. At a hotel a single bed-room costs everywhere from \$1 to \$3 a day. A parlor and a couple of bed-rooms connected cost from \$6 to \$20 a day, according to the style of hotel and floor upon which the rooms are located.

"Apartments for a family, including bed-room, small parlor, and closets, cost from \$50 to \$200 a month, according to the part of the city they are in, and the étage, or story. This does not include service, which will cost from fifty cents to \$1 a day. Then there is the concierge, who must be paid from \$1 to \$10 a month.

"A table d'hôte at first-class hotels may be had at from \$1 to \$2, inclusive of ordinary claret. There are, however, abundant places, notably at the Palais Royal, where dinner can be had — and a good dinner, too — for fifty cents, or two and a half francs. This will include a choice of three kinds of soup, fish, meat, vegetables, dessert, and a pint of claret. From two to four cents is expected to be paid to the waiter for his pour-boire — as many servants at restaurants pay for their positions, and depend for their remuneration upon the gratuities given them by customers. In fine, the cost of living in a sufficiently comfortable style in Paris, at the present time, may be averaged at from \$15 to \$20 per person for a week, in apartments. In hotels, it will nowhere cost less, but always considerable more. In ordinary times one

may live here in a thoroughly comfortable manner for one-half the sum. Getting about Paris is cheap. A carriage with seats for two costs forty cents an hour and three to four cents more to the driver. For three cents outside, and twice that sum inside, one can cross Paris from one end to the other by means of busses or street-cars. I may add that beer costs from six to ten cents a glass; a very fine article of claret, St. Julianne or St. Estephe, from sixty cents to \$1.20 a bottle; champagne, \$2, and the best article of brandy about ten cents per glass. It may also be stated here that what is known as the premiere, or first floor in Paris, is usually what in America is the third floor. There is the floor on the level with the street; next the *entresol*; then the premiere, seconde, etc., so that a person occupying the seconde étage, for instance, has to go up three flights of stairs to reach it.

“Brussels is very much the same as Paris in ordinary seasons. The cookery, the hotels, in fine, the system of living generally, is almost a precise reproduction of Paris. In our excursion to that city we had a parlor on the first floor above the street, two bed-rooms, and a servant’s bed-room; these and the meals for the party averaged about \$16 per day. This included wines, attendance, lights, fires, everything, and all in first-class order.

“Holland is very expensive. The bill for the same party for one day at the Old Bible Hotel, Amsterdam, was seventy-one florins, or nearly \$30. This included very excellent living, but nothing extra, and it did not include the amount wrung from the party by a persistent horde of mendicants, who were composed of every servant in the establishment. In Cologne, Mayence, and other German towns, the cost per day of the party of four was about seventy marks, or something near \$20. At Bâle, Lucerne, Berne, and Geneva, the expenses of the quartet were about seventy-five francs, or \$15 per day. In the cases of Germany and Switzerland, the amounts given do not include the fees paid to the various servants. In fine, the cost per day per person averaged during the Continental tour about \$8. Considering that the party always had a parlor; always occupied floors as near as possible to the street; and that, owing to the lameness from a rheumatic attack of one of the party, meals were generally served in the rooms, it may be estimated that the expenses of this party in hotel bills were at least 50 per cent higher than they would be for a party traveling under more favorable circumstances. In other words, a person about to make a Continental tour may

safely count upon being able to live in excellent style at an expense for hotels of \$3.50 a day.

The food at all these points is generally of a good quality, well cooked, and well served. The custom is to serve coffee, hot milk, and bread for the first meal at the time of rising. Breakfast comes about noon, and dinner at from 5:30 to 7:30 P. M. In Switzerland, at all the hotels, honey and butter are served in the morning, with the coffee and hot milk.

"The item of fees to servants is not an inconsiderable one in the expenses of a traveler anywhere in Europe. The rule appears to be that everybody who does a service expects a 'tip.' If one wishes a guard on an English railway to be attentive, to give one compartments to one's self, to promptly unlock the door and let one out at the stopping places, one must either give him a shilling before the train starts, or at the end of the journey. The porter who carries the luggage to the baggage-van, and the one who takes it out and calls a cab, expect from six to twenty-five cents each. On the Continent about the same system prevails. I have never yet seen a conductor on a continental train refuse a 'tip,' except in one case; and that was in Belgium. In this instance he refused the amount offered him for the reason that 'it wouldn't buy a chope of beer.' It was doubled; and then his hesitation vanished.

"At every Continental hotel the persons who expect fees are the concierge, the porter, the head waiter, the waiter at the table, the one who answers the bell, the woman who takes care of the room, and the 'boots.' The concierge expects a franc a day, and the others a smaller proportionate sum,—perhaps in all, about five francs, or a dollar for a day. One need not pay these fees; but few have the audacity to break in upon this custom of universal robbery, and while cursing it, they submit with as good a grace as possible. Of course, a single traveler with a hand-bag escapes much more cheaply; and the longer a party stops in a single hotel, the smaller in proportion are the fees, as a week's stay will not require a much larger outlay than a single day and night. In the case of the party of four, the fees at hotels, at depots, and on the trains were nearly or quite a sum equal to one-quarter of what was paid for hotel bills.

"The cost of traveling varies very much, according to the country one may be in, and according to the class—whether first, second, or third. Second class is generally about one-third

less than first class, while third is not more than one-half that of first class. A first class compartment is finely upholstered, and carries six people. The second class is less pretentious, and holds eight. Third class has plain wooden seats, and accommodates ten persons—all of the compartments being of the same dimensions. For invalids and those who can afford it, first class is every way preferable, for in no case is European first class much in advance of an ordinary American car, while it is very much behind an American drawing-room car. Second class is not uncomfortable, and will do nicely for people who are disposed to be economical, especially as all the lines are so short that one can always arrange it so as only to travel during the daytime.

"The cost of tickets may be inferred from the statement that our party bought three first and one second class tickets from London to Geneva, via Dover, Ostend, Brussels, Cologne, to Mayence (by Rhine), Heidelberg, Bâle, Lucerne, Berne, Lausanne, for about \$140—or some \$36 per head. This included the privilege of stopping off at every place of importance, the tickets holding good for sixty days from date. Second class for the same distance would cost some \$28, while third class can be had for \$20. The fare from London to Paris and return, via Dover and Calais, first class, is almost \$24—by other routes it is not more than two-thirds the same sum.

"The best plan for a Continental traveler is to buy a round-trip ticket from London, which will take in the principal points which he wishes to visit. He can then stop at these places, and make side excursions in every direction. In every Continental country except Switzerland a reasonable amount of baggage is transported free. In Switzerland, everything except what is carried in the hands is charged for by weight. The average price of carriages from depots to hotels is about twenty cents a person.

"The cars in all Continental countries except Switzerland, are on the compartment plan. In Switzerland they have also compartments, but the traveler does not enter at the side of the car. He goes in at the ends, as in the American car, and reaches his compartment by passing down the central aisle. The compartments, however, are separated from each other by doors.

"In Great Britain tickets are shown to and punched by an official before the traveler enters the car, and then he is not called

upon to show his ticket until the end of the journey. On the Continent, except in Switzerland, the conductor passes along the outside of the car while the train is in motion, walking on a narrow railing. He opens the door and examines and punches tickets without entering. In Switzerland, the guard goes through after leaving a station, as in the American system. In all cases the guard will accept a fee, whether he performs any particular service or not.

“There are few or no sleeping-cars in the American sense, except on one or two roads, in England and Germany, where the Pullman cars are used. There are employed on the Continent what are termed ‘coupe-lits’ and ‘coupe-fauteuils.’ The former are small kennels at the rear of a car, having three seats, which may be arranged so as to make one bed and a seat. The ‘coupe-fauteuils’ are in the same location, with three seats, which can be extended so as to form sleeping arm-chairs. They must be engaged several hours in advance and cost about \$4.50 for each seat.

“In going from Cologne to Mayence, up the Rhine, meals are served in excellent style on the boat, at about double average hotel rates.

“In Belgium the guards and employés all speak French, and some speak in addition Flemish and German. In Holland the same class speak little or no French, making travel there very difficult. In Germany a majority speak French as well as German, and the same is true in Switzerland. At every station everywhere is an official who may be known by his red fatigue cap, who is the *chef du station*, and who is supposed to speak all modern languages. A majority of them speak English, and as they are always present when a train enters or leaves a station, they are very useful to the traveler who is in search of information, and who can usually get it in the language in which he applies for it.

“At every Continental hotel there is always a person with a gold band on his cap, and who is the *portier* or concierge. His business is to receive travelers and answer all questions. He is expected to speak at least English, French, and German. Sometimes he adds to these Spanish and Italian. In Germany nearly every waiter speaks English and French in addition to German — many of them having spent years in France and England to learn these languages and fit them for the position they occupy.

Nevertheless, while one can get along with only English, one will find a knowledge of French almost indispensable. This is substantially spoken everywhere; and the traveler who understands it will learn twice as much from a trip as a man who has to depend solely upon a knowledge of English.

"And, finally, let the traveler avoid too much baggage; be always polite and civil; resist extortion; be temperate in all things; and never forget that, as an American, he has to uphold the dignity of his country.

"Begging your pardon for having troubled you at such great length, my dear Mr. Harper, I am, very respectfully,

"Yours;

"Signed on behalf of the excursionists by

"LE SOUSSIGNE."

"How will that do?" asked Soussigné, when he had finished reading. "I could have made it longer, only I ran out of paper, ink, and — ideas."

"I think that will do for the present," said The Commander — "a good deal more might have been said which would be of value to Americans coming abroad; but perhaps the rest may be said at another time."

"I should think," said Madame, "that something ought to be said about the cost of laces and other articles peculiar to each country, and the places where one can get them without being robbed."

"You are quite right," answered Soussigné, "and as you are now in Paris where you have not much to do — — —"

"Not much to do?" interrupted Madame quickly, "and I haven't yet bought a yard of ribbon or done the least bit of shopping!"

"Oh, I beg pardon! Well, when you have nothing else to do, how would it do for you to prepare a memorandum on the points you suggest? Something of that sort would be a sweet boon to our countrywomen, and would save them bags of money and no end of trouble."

Madame said she would think it over.

And here the matter rests at the present moment.

LETTER LII.

THE EXCURSIONISTS IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 8, 1878.

THEY were all sitting in the parlor of The Commander's apartments. Madame was busily engaged with a needle on one of those elegant decorations upon which women spend so much time, and in which they find so much pleasure. Clad in purest white, and sitting where there fell upon her a softened flood of light strained through the crimson curtains, she made a most charming picture. The Commander was on the sofa, with a volume of Macauley by his side. Near him sat a youth of seventeen, the son of an American acquaintance, and who occupied himself mainly in close and surreptitious explorations over the region of his upper lip, under the thrilling impression that he had discovered something like down sprouting in that locality. Soussigné occupied a chair within easy hailing distance of all parties. The Shade, with a white apron around his neck which reached to the floor, and whose whiteness was in brilliant contrast to the ebon hue of his skin, was engaged, cloth in hand, in dusting an enormous music-box. The music-box was grinding away at a classic excerpt from a famous opera, and doing it in an unwilling, lugubrious sort of a way, as if it would much have preferred a shy at "Ole Dan Tucker," or something a trifle more lively and popular.

"I bought that music-box," said Madame, "expressly for The Commander, so as to keep him company while I do my shopping."

"Very thoughtful of you," I'm sure," said Soussigné, "and it must be very thrilling for him to sit and listen to '*Robert! Robert! Toi Que J'aime!*,' and '*Addio! Addio! Del Passato*,' and all such cheerful things. I think, now, if I was shut up with an arrangement of *misérérés* like that all in minor F, I should be—well, I am not exactly certain just how I should be. Somehow words, seem to fail me just at this crisis."

At this moment Soussigné was interrupted by a suppressed sound of giggling and choking on the sofa. Looking over there he saw the American youth cramming his handkerchief into his mouth. His face was blazing red, and his eyes, which seemed

about to burst from their sockets, were fixed upon The Shade. Turning in the direction of the latter, Soussigné saw that he was occupied with an astonishing performance. Standing behind the music-box—which was upon a table—he was engaged in running his fingers up and down the edge of the box, as if it were a piano. With eyes upturned till only the whites were visible, his head jerking from side to side in true artistic fashion, he ran along the suppositious keys, making the most extraordinary runs, trills, arpeggios, chromatic chords, and other specimens of instrumental efflorescence. Now and then he would look at the youngster on the sofa, and wink in so tremendous a style that it would bring the end of his mouth and the corner of his eye into direct contact. Then again, in the midst of his most ecstatic fingering, Madame would make some movement, whereupon in a flash his face would drop into an expression of the most lugubrious gravity and solemnity, and he would for a moment resume his dusting as if he had done nothing but dust all his life. Fortunately, just in time to save the young man on the sofa from a fit of apoplexy, The Shade was sent from the room on some errand, and the performance terminated.

“How do you like it here?” asked Soussigné; “and do you have any trouble with your landlady?”

“Nothing unusual, I fancy,” said The Commander; “everything goes in what is probably the regular French style.”

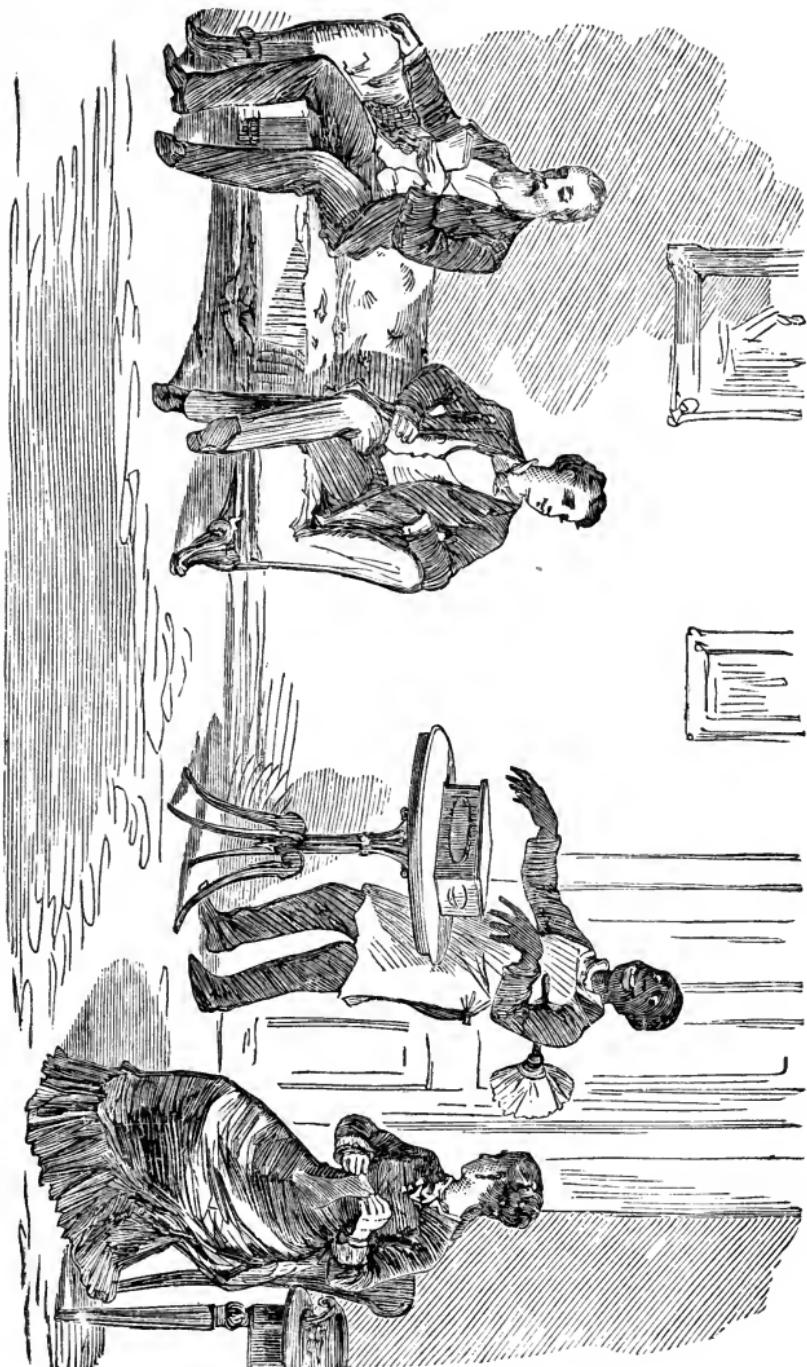
“How is that?”

“Well, in the first place, we were to have the rooms for so much a month, and everything, as we understood it, included. After we got in we found that we must pay twenty francs a month extra to the concierge. The next revelation was that we must hire bed-linen and table-cloths, and furnish our own towels, soap, and lights. When this had been agreed to, then we found that we must furnish our own knives and forks, plates, in short, table service of all kinds. We agreed to this, as we couldn’t help it very well, having signed a lease for a month; and then the next thing was that we are to pay twenty francs more to have the rooms cleaned when we leave.”

“Is that all?”

“Pretty much all, except that there was an inventory taken of everything in the apartments, even to the carpets, curtains, curtain-cords and rollers, rugs, candle-sticks—everything, in short, to keys and key-holes, all of which covered a half-dozen closely-

A MUSICAL NIGGER.



written pages of foolscap. All these are to be returned in first-class order, we being bound to pay for every scratch, crack, nick, chip, bruise, or any damage of any and all kinds whatever. I suppose our real payments will begin only when we get ready to leave."

"It's hard, and stupid, and all that," said Soussigné, "but it is the custom in *la belle France*. The French haven't built this beautiful city, and put in it all these statues, fountains, parks, drives, picture galleries, promenades, and the like, for nothing. It's a speculation on their part, and they intend that the outside barbarians shall pay the bills. I suppose, of course, that you have found out that the landlady is the widow of a nobleman, and has been reduced to poverty and the necessity of renting rooms by the failure of the empire, or the establishment of the republic, or something of the kind? That's the case with all of them."

"Yes, something of the kind, I believe. The present female doesn't say much about her own nobility, but she has a sister who is the wife of a great man. She uses this family connection to overawe us with whenever we feel like asking her to abate a couple of sous in her extortionate charges. Of course one can't 'jew' a lady all ruffles and dignity, and who is the sister-in-law of the peerage."

"Oh, certainly not. Nevertheless, I apprehend that you will find when you come to settle that a sister-in-law of the peerage won't hesitate to get a couple of sous the better of you on every possible point. That's the difference between an American sovereign and the French nobility. Why, I know French noblemen by the dozen whose average individual income is not over sixteen American cents a day. They make soup from a cabbage-leaf with a sprinkling of saffron. They have a grisette up on some seventh *étage* who furnishes them with funds for an occasional dinner. They walk up and down the boulevards for exercise and occupation, and are on the lookout for an American heiress. In this country, as you know, the woman must furnish some money before she can marry. Usually she furnishes the money and the man the position. That, it seems to me, is much more sensible than the American system, in which a father saddles his daughter upon a young man just starting in life. In other words he marries her off so as to get rid of paying her board and millinery bills, by putting the expense on somebody

else—and which is particularly hard and mean on a young man who is commencing business."

"By the way," asked Madame, "are there many Americans in Paris just now?"

"Many Americans! Why they are all here," replied Soussigné. "Slouch hats are as thick in Paris as parasols on a hot day."

"Who are here, for instance?"

"Everybody! The American general, he's here. The American colonel has come. The judge has arrived. The member of Congress, the member of the Legislature, the alderman, the lawyer, and the doctor, they're all in town, with and without their families. They're occupying all the first floors at hotels, all the best seats at the theaters, all the front places at the Cafés Chantants. Their wives are visiting Jouvin's, the Bon Marché, the Magazin du Louvre, and the Palais Royal shops, buying everything, and paying from four to sixteen times as much for goods as a Frenchman would pay for the same article. They pay five francs for *vin ordinaire*—worth twenty sous a bottle—under the impression that it is St. Estephe; they buy rotten *Alexandrine* gloves for Alexander's; they applaud the wrong pieces, and in the wrong place, at the concerts; they are littering Paris with a jargon which they fancy is French, and—"

"It seems to me," interrupted Madame, "that you are not in a benevolent humor this morning. It isn't quite probable that all the Americans who come here are idiots, gulls, fools, and all that."

"Not at all, although it happens to be the fact that the Americans who make themselves most conspicuously American are precisely of this class. The modest and really gentlemanly American element nowhere makes itself noticeable in dress, behavior, or conversation. The difference between the English and American—of the 'loud' kind—is, that one knows the former by their dress, the latter by their manners. An American has a false pride which prevents his cheapening an article, or exacting the right change of a coachman. He fancies that this kind of thing will pass for generosity, whereas it only has the effect to make the French think he is a prodigal fool, who is throwing away his money without any consideration. The coachman, to whom such an one gave yesterday a shilling more than his due, will to-morrow try, if possible, to get two shillings extra from the same customer. He doesn't give credit for an over-payment, but on

the contrary, he makes it a debt against the other to be collected with one hundred per cent. added at the first opportunity. The same is true of a shop-keeper. If overpaid to-day, in place of subtracting it from a bill which the American may make to-morrow, he will rather increase the just amount, saying to himself: 'This idiot is throwing away his money; somebody will get it, and I may as well get as much of it as I can while it is going.' I tell you that American extravagance has almost doubled the prices of everything in Paris without having at all increased respects for Americans. However, I am happy to say, there are abundant exceptions; but it is no easy task for this class to redeem, by their just financial transactions, their modest behavior, their cultivated manners, the discredit which is brought upon the name of American by the mob of shoddy Yankees who annually inundate the French capital."

The Commander, deep in Macaulay, had paid no attention to the discussion. Madame was called away by some household matter, and Soussigné left to visit the Exposition—first being assured by the Commander that he should not visit that institution for a few days, until rested and somewhat recovered from his rheumatic attack.

"Beautiful Paris," thought Soussigné, "thou art the courtesan of civilization—not the gross cyprian of the slums, but the successor of the Greek ante-type whose home was in the gleaming marble of palaces; whose poetry and intellect exacted the respectful admiration, as her beauty and graces did the devotion, of all men. Thou art the artistic, the poetic courtesan of the nations. Thy perfumed breath falls upon men, and they grow languid and forget the world in which they live and the duties which demand their attention. To sit at thy feet, to listen to the music of thy voice, to watch for the shimmer of thy white arms, to note the ever-changing beauty of thy face becomes the task of all who fall within the influence of thy potent spell. The stars seem to shine with a softer light where thou art, and the wind to smooth its brusqueness so as to touch thy cheek with only a light caress. To be with thee, to be near thee, is to forget the world, is to have the hours dance swiftly by, chanting amorous lullabys as they pass, lulling the listener into a dreamy ecstasy. Already I feel the languor of thy influence stealing over me like a—"

"Hullo, what the d—l you a doin' here!" suddenly fell upon

Soussigné's ear like a nasal thunder-clap, scattering his reverie as the advent of a big cat will "flush" a flock of snowbirds.

Soussigné turned and saw before him a black slouch hat, with the front turned down knowingly, so as to partially obscure a pair of grey, small, keen eyes; a red moustache, a big cigar, a long "goatee." Below were a slim neck, a bony pair of shoulders, a thin waist, and a pair of slender legs, ending in square-toed boots. As a whole, it was a man of about thirty, with a shrewd face, restless movements, and a suit of clothes which had evidently been purchased ready-made and without especial reference to fit or harmony of color.

It was the American member of the Legislature who had run over to Paris for a three days' stay, after having given a few weeks to hunting up his relatives and former acquaintances in the south of Ireland.

They exchanged congratulations, and information on the weather; and then the member gave Soussigné the latest news from home.

"How do you like Paris?" asked the latter.

"It's not a bad place to luk at," said the member as he fell into an oratorial position and raised his forefinger as if he were addressing his constituents; "it's by no manes a bad place to luk at, an' that's all ye can thruthfully say about it. There isn't a drop of dacent whisky in all Paris, an' divil a sowl ye can say a wurred to ownin' to their ignorance in not understandin' English. There's no bars where ye can walk up an' take a thimblefull, an' then go about yer business, but ye must sit down to a table, an' ask a blundherin fool for something he hasn't at all, in a language which he doesn't understand. I'm thinkin' that the sooner I get out o' this the betther. And yet what astonishes me is that such mannikins, such hop-o-my-thumbs as these frog-aters, should build up such a wonderful city. That bates me!"

Soussigné took pity on the forlorn condition of the American member. He told him where he could get a toothful of the rale ould stuff, and where it could be called for in English, and where it could be drunk standing, at the drop of a hat. And then the two left the Palace of the Trocadero and went off together.



THE AMERICAN MEMBER AT HOME.

LETTER LIII.

THE EXCURSIONISTS IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 12, 1878.

Twas the American judge who had the floor this time. The Commander sat on the sofa coddling his rheumatic leg. Madame was out shopping. Soussigné was an attentive listener. The Shade had tried to become interested, but, failing to comprehend the subject, he put several immense yawns in his white apron, and then quietly stole away.

“Yes,” said the Judge, looking out from under his heavy eyebrows with the same expression that his friends have noticed a thousand times when he was settling an “objection”—“yes, there are a good many things about the French that I like, especially in the administration of justice. Now, I have often felt when trying a case, that I was a mere dummy, a figure-head sitting up there, and that the result had been arranged with the jury in advance. There’s nothing of that kind in the French courts of justice. When a case is begun it moves straight on without impediment until the end is reached. After judgment there is no unnecessary delay in execution—that is to say, there are no thousand and one processes and legal technicalities which can be invoked to embarrass the carrying out of the decision. An illustration of how easily the administration of French affairs progresses can be seen in the method of opening a new street.”

“With us,” said The Commander, “a labor of that sort extends through a generation.”

“Exactly. Well, there’s none of that nonsense here. The government decides that a street should be opened through a certain quarter, and at once notifies owners along the route of its intention, and, moreover, that they must vacate by such a date. Juries assess the value of the property to be taken, and the government pays the owner the price thus determined on. There is a right of appeal from the decision of the juries, but the court to which it is taken passes on it at once—there is not a delay of two years before the case is reached, and then another delay of two years because parties are not ready for trial. No! The case comes up at once, and is passed on at once. Then the houses are torn down

and the debris removed; after which the government advertises the lots for sale, and they are sold under an agreement that a certain kind of improvement shall be made within a given time. The result of this system is that a new street is made within an incredibly short space of time; and, what is equally worthy of note, the government makes money by the transaction—as the lots, owing to the improvements put upon them, always sell for more than they cost."

At this point Soussigné pleaded an engagement and left, after having expressed his regret at being obliged to lose so much valuable judicial information. Going down the Rue St. Honoré, he entered the Palais Royal, and then commenced flattening his nose against the glass of the show-windows, as he greedily devoured with his eyes the diamonds, jewelry, and other attractive features of this famous locality. While thus engaged he suddenly felt himself rather rudely brushed against, and he turned with the impatient remark:

"Where in thunder are you going to?"

It was a little chap whom he thus addressed—a young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, and who, from his position when Soussigné turned, had evidently backed against the latter without seeing him. At the sound of Soussigné's voice the little chap turned around and an expression of satisfaction flashed over his face.

"You speak English, I see," said he.

"Yes, a little," was the answer.

"Can you speak French?" and an eager, yearning look came into his eyes.

"A little. What can I do for you?"

"Well, there's a young lady standing there against that column, and I want to ask her to go to breakfast with me. I can't speak a word of French and she can't speak a word of English."

"Oh, certainly," said Soussigné. "Anything to help a lame dog over a stile."

And then he walked over to where the young woman was standing. She was at least ten years older than the little chap; she was dark as a mulatto, was pitted by small-pox, and was altogether, in Soussigné's estimate, what might be termed a "tough citizen." He lifted his hat, and in his best French conveyed to her Monsieur's desire to have her breakfast with him.

She assented. The little chap gallantly offered his arm; she took it, and they sailed away.

"That chap's a Yankee," thought Soussigné, as he marched along, pondering on the astonishing number of idiots there are in Paris as well as elsewhere—"he's a Yankee. Well dressed, and with rich jewelry, he's evidently a young man of wealth, who is over here to 'do' Paris. I know all about him. His mother and his two sisters are with him, and they occupy the



YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

first floor at the Grand Hotel. The old man is at home with his nose on the business grindstone; and the family is over here for a splurge, to do some shopping, to interview Worth, to pick up a French count for one of the daughters. I know them—the old woman is fifty, fat, stupid, stiff, and under the impression that it is her mature charms which excite so much attention from the *flaneurs* on the boulevards, when she goes out with her daughters. The young women are tall, very slender, have an unabashed look,

and can stare a four-horse wagon out of countenance. The little chap is an only son. He has never done anything all his life, except to bully the servants, be petted and scolded in turn by the old woman, and be snubbed and caressed by the girls. He plays billiards, smokes strong cigars, sits up late with the seductive champagne bottle, and wakes up the next day with a great pain in his wretched little noddle. He will die of dissipation, and they will chisel on his monument '*Ætat 27.*' One of the girls will marry a French count, who will gamble away all her money, will keep a mistress near the Bois de Boulogne, and finally ship her home to die of a broken heart. The other girl will go back, and on the strength of her continental trip and her new dresses will captivate and marry some young man around town in New York. The old man will set them up in a brown-stone front on an up-town avenue. The young man will get drunk, beat his wife, and then there will be a divorce, and the old man will get his daughter back again, with two grandchildren included. The old man will give way to the weight of business and domestic care, and will pass in his checks at sixty. The old woman, the daughter, and the grandchildren will retire to a cottage which has been saved out of the old man's effects, and that'll be the end of them, so far as the public will know their history."

Thus cogitating, and feeling inclined to wipe away a few tears over the affecting picture which he had thus created, Soussigné left the seductive precincts of the Palais Royal, and went over to the Exposition.

A French woman is easily known by the artistic fit of her dress, the quietness of its colors, and its harmonious adaptation to the size and complexion of the wearer and the surroundings.

One can locate the nationality of an English woman as far as one can see her. The material of her dress is of some "loud" color and bizarre pattern. She strides in place of walking. She is usually several sizes larger than the French and American women, especially in the matter of boots. She wears a hat which comes down over her forehead, while the other women wear theirs far back on their heads. In place of the predominant olive tints of the French, and the brown of the American, she has usually a clear, healthful, red-and-white complexion. Her hair is seen straggling out from under her hat, and this, with a general carelessness in her make-up, seems to convey the idea that she looks upon herself as being among a rather inferior class, and that it

is not necessary for her to look her best. She falls as far behind the just medium as the American woman goes in advance of it. This one dresses too much; that one too little. Nevertheless, even with her great ill-fitting boots, her traveling dress which looks not unlike the skin of a zebra, worn stripes outside, her stride, and her general appearance of carelessness, she always has something about her that is attractive. She is lithe, supple, vigorous. Her eyes have a modest firmness, and meet those of others squarely, as if at once she knew no fear and suspected no evil. The French girl goes along as if she regarded every man as a trap set to catch her, and she passes him with downcast eyes, as if she feared his presence. The difference between the three classes of women in their estimate of men, as shown by their action in public, is about as follows:

The French girl seems to think a man dangerous, and therefore to be avoided.

The English girl acts as if she sees nothing, knows nothing, wrong in the other sex.

The American woman bears the appearance of knowing that man is a very wicked, dangerous animal, but at the same time she shows in every movement that, while knowing this, she don't care a copper, and can take care of herself, anyhow.

Soussigné strolled hither and thither among the crowds, noting these differences, and after a while, being a little tired, he took a seat. Near him were several groups, all resting from their fatigue, and discussing the situation. After a little he noticed that there were two gentlemen near him who were talking English, and who, from their dress and the subjects of conversation, were evidently Americans. Just then a lank, swarthy individual passed them, and hearing the English, stopped and said:

“Excuse *me*, gentleman. You are speaking English. Are you from Ameriky?”

“Yes,” said one, “we hail from the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

“Well, now, excuse *me*, gentlemen,” said the last comer, “I am the Commissioner of the State of —,” mentioning a State that lies on the east shore of the Mississippi, and south of the Ohio, “and I seen in an American paper this mornin’ that thar’s to be a great agricultooral fair in Melborn, and I thought to myself that while I was over hyar, I ought to get all the information I could on agricultor. Now, I thought I’d run out to Melborn, if

it want more'n a couple or three hours from Paris. But I can't find anybody who can understand what I say. Now, what I want to know is, whar's Melborn, and what's the best way to git thar?"

"Well," said one of his listeners, with great deliberation, "you're just in time for the Melbourne fair, if you start at once. It is true that the fair doesn't take place till 1880, but, as Melbourne's in Australia, on the opposite side of the globe, and as the walking may not be good all the way, a man who wants to get there on time, so as to get a front seat, ought to start now!"

The commissioner from the State of — looked a little puzzled over this information. Finally he said:

"Oh, it's way thar, is it? Excuse *me*, gentlemen, for troubling you! I'm much obligeed, I'm sure. Good day, gentlemen!" and then he went his way.

A few days later the excursionists separated, and Europe, which had known them as a party, knew them as such no longer.

LETTER LIV.

OUR BABY ON THE STEAMER.

ON SHIP BOARD, August, 187-.

IFE on an ocean steamer, after the novelty of the situation has worn off, becomes monotonous. There is, to be sure, variation in the surface of the ocean. Its hues change everlastingly. Now it is of the deepest indigo, and again of a diaphanous brown. Sometimes it presents a sombre sameness for hours; again, within the same horizon, there is present an infinite variety.

Inky waves push forward in endless banks, crested with milk-white streamers, and which, now and again caught by the wind, are tossed away, and disappear in a vivid iris, which, for a brief instant, crowns the wave, a gorgeous aureole. Nowhere, at such times, is there uniformity of effects. Each wave, as it goes careering by, is a kaleidoscope, in whose depths there is an ever-

shifting, a superb opalescence. Yet all this grows wearisome in time. Even variety becomes a burdensome monotony. The waves are ever baffling the observer. There is no effect that can be retained; there is no development that is permanent. Wearying of an attempt to comprehend the evanescent, of endeavoring to fix ever-dissolving, ever-vanishing creations, the passenger turns *ennuyed* from the ocean and occupies himself with the microcosm of humanity within the ship.

Shut up within this little world, whose opposite horizons one can almost touch with extended arms, every occurrence, however minute, assumes importance. What would be mole-hills in the great world itself, become here vast mountain ranges, with monstrous, overhanging precipices, and fathomless ravines. What in another place would be trifles, become here of surpassing consequence.

Men and women, speedily exhausting each other of their experiences, or their mental novelties, are compelled to fall back upon the chance developments of ship life to secure relief from an overpowering monotony.

And so, when the doctor announced one day, over dessert, at the dinner table, that there was a baby in the steerage, the tiny fact became of great value. The intelligence passed from mouth to ear until it had gone the rounds of the tables; and the doctor took rank as a public benefactor. Its age, its mother, her nationality, her destination, all formed a welcome subject of speculation and comment. Each day, when the doctor returned from his official visit about the ship, he was interrogated concerning the baby in the steerage.

In time, we all learned, by dint of much questioning, that the mother was a young English woman, whose husband was a farmer in far-away Minnesota. She had gone back to England on business, and while there the babe was born, and now, although but a few months old, she was carrying it across the broad ocean to her western home.

A surpassing interest grew up and about this dot of life in the steerage. We canvassed its appearance; we speculated upon the feelings of the father as he waited the coming of this baby that he had never seen. Surmises were expended upon his anxieties, his apprehensions, his anticipations. All took a part in discussing the popular theme. Even some school-marmis, returning from a hurried trip abroad, became interested; and their faces

brightened as if from some distant maternal light, as they participated in the enthusiasm created by the absorbing event.

Such was the status of Our Baby when some four or five days of sea-life had enveloped us with its monotony.

One day at luncheon the surgeon announced that Our Baby was ill. Sad announcement! and yet one that came in time to rescue the baby from the danger of being, like other subjects, worn out and forgotten. Baby stock, already two days old, and losing its novelty, and consequently its value, at once rose, and became in active demand for conversational circulation and delivery. The next day's report was looked forward to with expectant interest.

The next day Our Baby was reported a little worse; and there-upon the interest grew apace. Men with impassive faces, engaged in handling pieces of painted paste-board in the smoking cabin, intermitted the deal to ask a new-comer the latest bulletin from the steerage nursery. The doctor found himself everywhere the recipient of eager questions and the centre of inquiring little groups. Passengers crouched in the lee of the skylights; couples flirting demurely as they leaned over the sides affecting to watch the waters; brisk passengers, with expanded chests, breasting the salty air in a vigorous promenade,—all these found time and opportunity to inquire, What about the baby?

The morning reports became more depressing; the evening bulletins less full of hope. And now, little pilgrimages were organized between cabin and steerage—not to the shrine of Our Lady of this; but of Our Baby on shipboard. Forms clad in water-proofs, and cowled like monks, might be met, threading the uneasy larboard gangway, running the gauntlet of its multifarious odors, lurching wildly like inebriated landsmen, all going to the shrine of Our Baby to deposit the frankincense and myrrh of sympathy, and kindred precious offerings.

Others came reeling back the self-same route who, with low voices, evolved sad forebodings, or gave utterance only to the most tenuous and fragile of hopes.

And then came one desolate morning; and with its gray mists and sombre skies the announcement: Our Baby is dead.

Gloom came like a fog and enshrouded the ship, and settled about the hearts of the occupants. Something salt, and misty, like the spray caught up by the winds and dashed across the deck,

filled men's eyes, fell like a fine rain against the windows of each one's soul.

The diurnal game in the smoking room dragged as if with much friction. A kind of silence came and hovered about the vessel. The regular groupings seemed rent apart as if by the repellent action of some internal force; and the human atoms of the aggregate wandered alone and apart, wrapped in their own musings, and gazing out sympathetically over the disconsolate sea.

Solitary figures stole forward to once more and finally pay their devoirs at the central shrine. Not much now to be seen. A form so tiny that one wondered how death could pierce so small a mark. The weak, querulous little wail of yesterday, hushed. Half-closed lids, revealing a crescent of blue beneath; a head ringleted with flaxen hair; waxen cheeks and forehead; thin lips rounded and pushed out as if to clasp the *tetin* of the maternal breast; a little face upon which there nestled an expression half of pain and half of contented rest; a pair of transparent mites crossed upon a speck of a breast—these, and a woman with a bowed head, hot, tearless eyes, and sitting rigid as a statue beside the recumbent form, were all.

That night, as the passengers lay rocking in their uneasy berths, there were none who did not think: Poor mother, sitting there by the side of her only one! Poor father, waiting away across the water for mother and child!

The next day at noon there was gathered a crowd about the starboard gangway. Social distinctions were for the moment obliterated, and the frieze and the corduroy of the steerage brushed freely against the finer stuffs of the aristocratic cabin.

Two sailors in their full uniform dress came slowly along from the forward part of the ship, bearing on their shoulders a long, wide board. One end of this was placed upon the upper rail of the bulwark; the other end was held by the two sailors, one of whom stood upon each side.

Then came another seaman, bearing tenderly a tiny burden, sown in canvas. This was laid upon the plank just over the rail of the bulwark, and then an officer stepped forward and reverently covered it with an American flag.

By the side of the two sailors holding the plank stood the Captain with uncovered head, an open prayer book in his hand, and close beside him sat a young woman whose head lay heavily

against the breast of another woman, and whose eyes were fastened clingingily on the shapeless object that was rudely outlined upon the plank.

A dull, leaden sky shut out the sun, and sent down long, vapory tentacula that seemed to clutch at the tossing hair of the uncovered crowd. The storm rushed by in fierce haste, dashing the spray high above the smoke-stacks, and mingling itself with the lugubrious southing of the escape-pipes. A twin trail of smoke fled from the stacks, and, uniting at the stern, was crushed down upon the crests of the waves, where it extended itself, a long, shapeless, sombre mass of funeral black. From the direction of the wind, vast troops of waves rushed from out the sinister void, tossing their crested manes, and bore down on the vessel as if anxious to witness the pending spectacle.

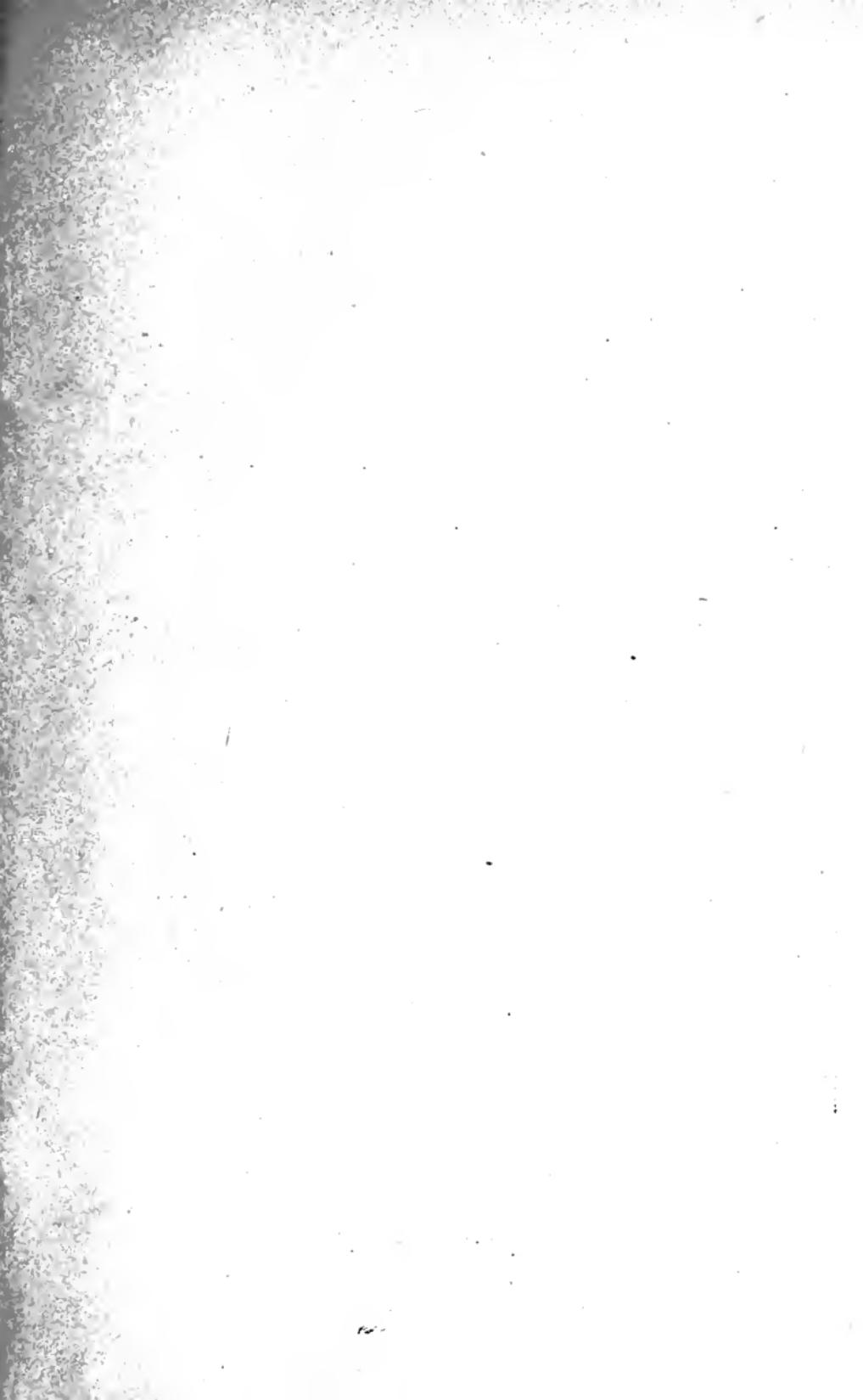
And now was heard through the voices of the storm the solemn tones of the reader: "I am the resurrection and the life." The storm caught the words and flung them up, and out upon the waters, smothering them with its clamor, and scattering them broadcast upon the damp scud that hurried away above the groaning ship.

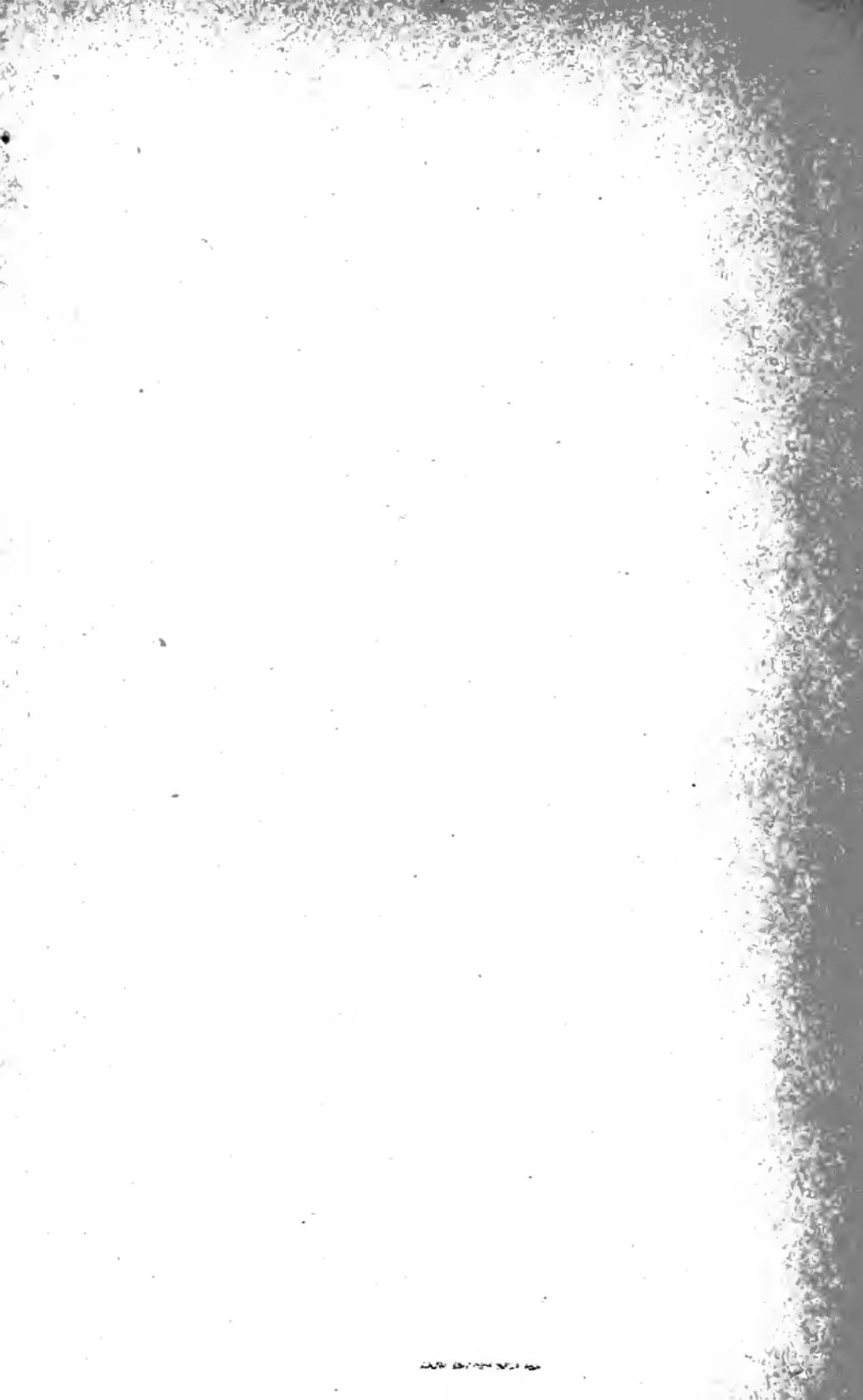
"We therefore commit this body to the deep" —

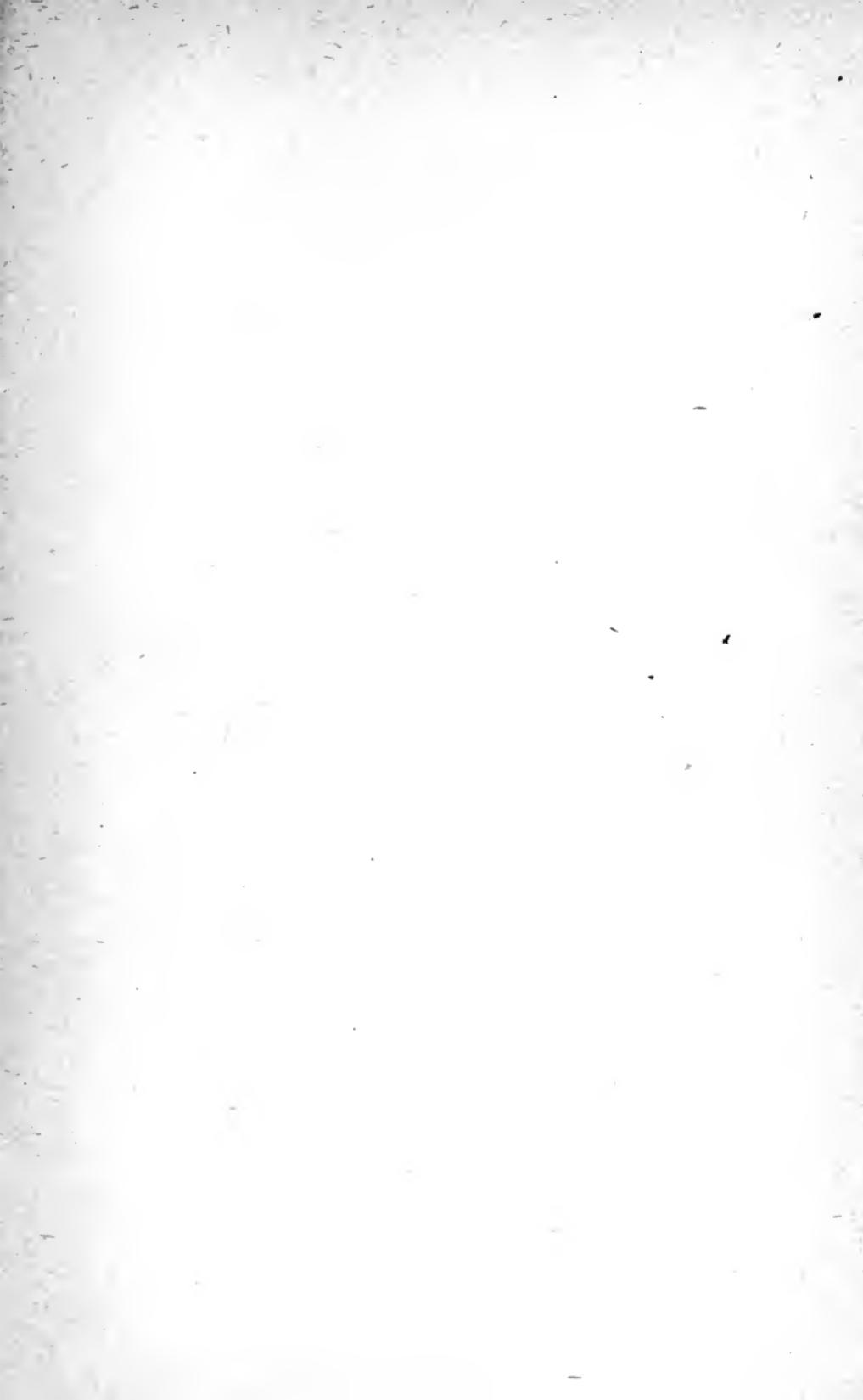
An officer lifted the flag, the two seamen elevated the inner end of the hearse, and the tiny bundle slid down into the wrinkled, seething waves. A great gasp from the breast of the mother echoed the thud that came back from the waters; and soon after kindly ones encircled her and led her away.

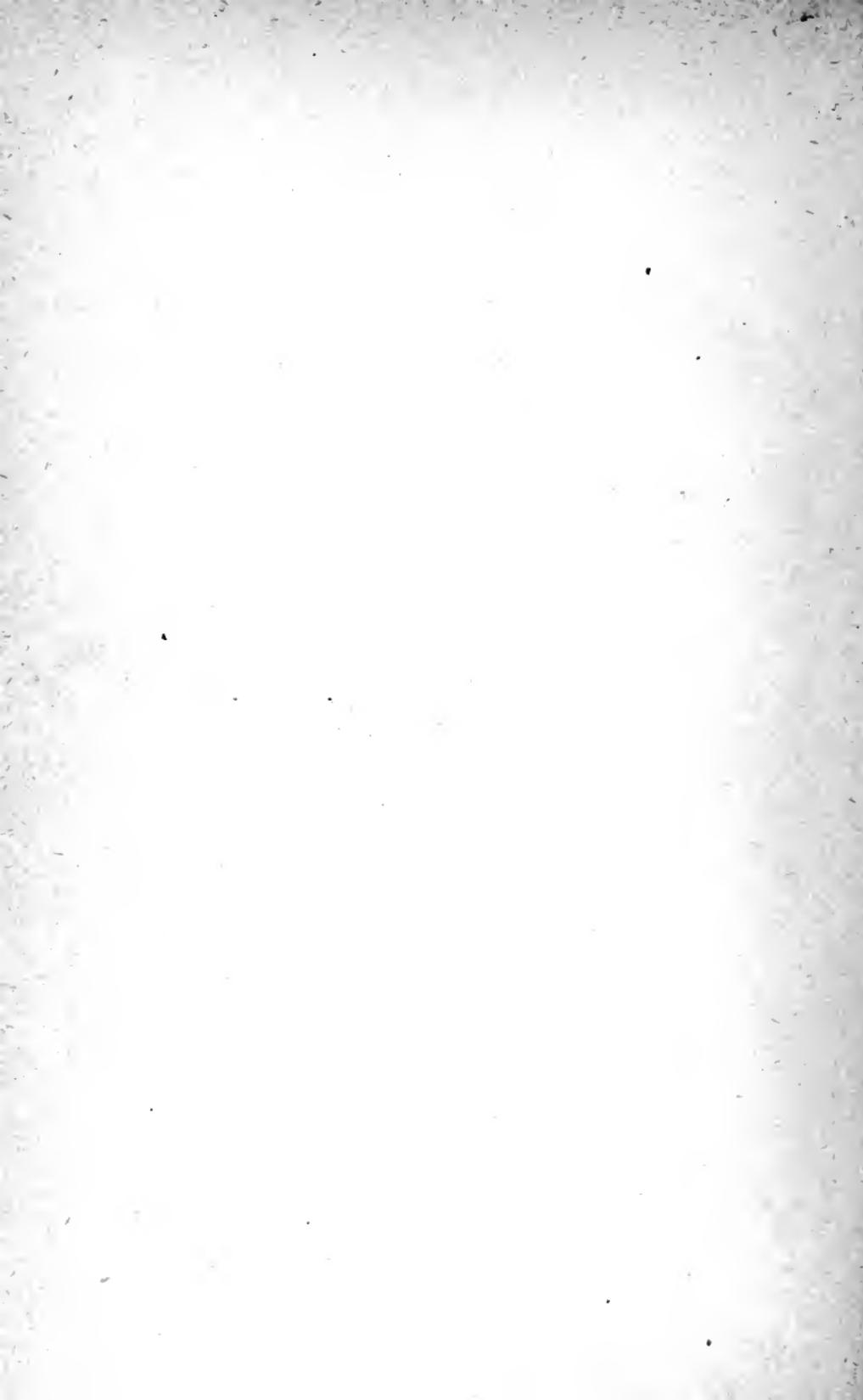
The great ship sped on; and the courser-waves, tossing their white manes, rushed over the grave of Our Baby, obliterating it until there shall come a final resurrection.

THE END.













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